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Our part is to conspire with the new works of new days.—Emerson.

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LYMAN ABBOTT, HAMILTON W. MABIE, } Editors.

THE OUTLOOK.

THE Inter-State Commerce Commission has commenced an investigation into the recent strike on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad. We are glad of this, because we think all classes in the community have confidence in the *personnel* of this Commission and will accept as substantially conclusive its finding as to the facts in dispute. According to the attorney of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, whose statement must of course be taken with allowance, the object of this investigation is to ascertain whether or not the Burlington road during and since the strike has been performing its duty to the public as a common carrier. He says that the remedy which his clients will propose is compulsory arbitration, a bill for which is now pending in Congress. Respecting the details of this bill we have no knowledge. But, as our readers know, we believe that the relations between a great railroad and its employees are peculiar, and the controversies between them ought to be settled by the community, which has a larger interest in a just and peaceful settlement than either the corporation or its employees. The tendency of both legislative action and judicial decision in this country is certainly in the direction of the recognition of this fundamental principle. A recent correspondent of The Christian Union has called us sharply to account for maintaining this principle, declaring that it is dishonest. Whether dishonest or not, it is entering into our entire legal structure, the latest evidence of it being a decision of the Supreme Court of Iowa that the Railroad Commission has the right under the law of that State, a law which the Legislature had a right to pass, to fix a maximum rate of tolls both for freight and passengers. Such a decision clearly recognizes the principle we have laid down, that the relation between the State and the railroad is that of an anomalous partnership in which the State possesses the superior authority. If it has such a right to fix freight and passenger tolls, it certainly has the right to intervene and determine with authority what is just in such a controversy as that which has been recently waged between the Burlington road and its employees at an estimated cost of half a million dollars to the employees, of two millions to the road, and a cost impossible to estimate to the public.

The Iowa Legislature has passed a bill the object of which is to put an end to so-called trusts. Railroad corporations are excluded from the operation of this law because they are subject to a separate law forbidding pools. With this exception, all corporations, copartnerships, and individuals are prohibited from entering into any combination or confederation to fix the price of any commodity, or the amount or quantity of it to be produced or sold in the State. And on the trial of an indictment for violation of this law all officers or agents are made competent witnesses, and may be compelled to produce books and papers, and shall not be excused from testifying on the ground that their testimony may criminate themselves; with the added proviso, however, that no such testimony shall be used against the person testifying in any suit in which he is a party. We have not much faith in this endeavor to prevent the steady onward progress of combination and bring back the days of free and often destructive competition. In our judgment, free and untrammeled competition is not the panacea which it has been regarded for industrial woes. Combinations of labor have been essential to protect workingmen. Combinations of capital are becoming equally essential to protect capitalists, and free competition has proved itself the parent of depressed wages, bankrupt capital, and adulterated goods. Industrial progress lies, in our judgment, in the direction of encouraging combinations but bringing them under State control. The law which Charles Francis Adams promulgated a few years ago, and which, we believe, Stephenson announced more than half a century ago, that competition is impossible where combination is possible, is of much wider application than to railroad corporations. We shall watch with interest, however, the practical effect of this Iowa anti trust law.

The Methodist ministers of Philadelphia have prepared and presented a reply to the President on the subject of the use of the vernacular in the Indian schools. This reply puts the whole issue between the religious societies and the Indian Bureau so clearly and succinctly that we publish it in full:

"SIR,—We, the ministers of the Methodist Episcopal churches of the city of Philadelphia and vicinity, have carefully considered your interpretation and modifications of the original order issued by the Indian Office of the Department of the Interior, prohibiting the use of the vernacular in all mission schools in the reservations. We frankly admit and heartily commend the wisdom of the Government's policy in teaching the Indians the English language as a preparation for citizenship, and concur with those who deem such teachings the paramount object of immediate effort. We nevertheless hold and maintain that for the Government to interfere with schools, and especially theological instruction in schools, which receive no financial aid from the Government, and to forbid or restrict the use of their native dialects in such schools, is to transcend the moral limits of its power, is an act oppressive in its nature, a dangerous innovation on the part of the civil authorities, and contrary to our national traditions and usages.

"We therefore respectfully insist that henceforth the churches be permitted, so long as they do not come in conflict with the proper exercise of the Government's authority, to carry on their mission within the reservations without interference or hindrance from the agents of the Government, and with the same freedom accorded them in all other portions of the national domain."

In our judgment, all the missionary societies and the Christian churches should unite with the Methodists of Philadelphia in the last paragraph of this letter. It is important that the Indian should be taught the English language, and in our judgment the teaching in the vernacular should be abandoned; but this is not half as important as that the first attempt on the part of the National Government to interfere with absolute religious liberty should be promptly and unitedly resisted. We insist upon the right of the Roman Catholic to teach Mariolatry, the Brahmo Somaj to teach Hindu theism, and Robert Ingersoll to teach atheistic materialism, to any disciple they can respectively get together anywhere in the United States, and in any language they like to use, from Volapük down, provided they pay the bills. The attempt on the part of the Government to tell private philanthropy what it may teach, how it may teach, or where it may teach is an act of despotism not to be endured because it so happens that the end which the despotic order seeks to accomplish is a beneficent one.

We do not believe in the motto which bids us remember nothing but good of the dead. It is a poor charity which compensates for indiscriminate abuse of men while they are living by indiscriminate eulogy after they are deceased. It is, indeed, a singularly vindictive spirit which will pursue a political opponent beyond the grave; but he who has endeavored to judge in a kindly spirit of men in their life may well judge in a spirit of just discrimination after they have passed away from life. To praise without discrimination such a character and such a career as that of Roscoe Conkling is to be unjust to young men, because untrue; and nothing but truth is to be said of either the living or the dead, though truth always spoken in love. Roscoe Conkling entered upon political life after the moral battle with slavery was substantially over. Though he was a member of the Thirty-sixth Congress, taking his seat December, 1859, it was not until his entrance into Congress in 1864 that his national career really began. From that time until his resignation of his position in the United States Senate in 1881 Mr. Conkling was an acknowledged leader of the Republican party in the Empire State. This leadership was won and retained, not by the cunning device of a manipulating politician, but by a courage amounting at time to audacity, and a forcefulness and power just coming short of true heroism, because founded upon a rare physique and a stalwart pride of character rather than upon conscience or a self-sacrificing devotion to either men or truth. He belonged to that clas

of politicians who, born in a time of war, carried the spirit of war into the period of peace and reconstruction. Every election was to such men a campaign, every Congressional deliberation an intellectual tournament, and Congress a great gladiatorial arena. As a party leader in political contests Mr. Conkling was one of the first in his epoch; as a debater in political polemics, the end of which is present victory for party rather than the permanent establishment of truth, he had few superiors. But this is not statesmanship.

That Mr. Conkling had capacities superior to those of mere party leadership he proved on the one occasion when he rose above party and personal considerations. It was in the Senatorial speech which did more than any other one thing to secure the organization of the Electoral Commission which resulted in the pacific arbitration of the dangerously contested election of 1876. This was the crowning act of his public career, which ended not long after in ignominious political defeat. By temperament and lifelong habit a party leader, when faction appeared in the Republican party he became, almost by necessity, a factional leader. It was not within the range of his genius to be a mediator, but neither was it in his nature to fight a political battle with foul blows. When, therefore, he found the National patronage in the Empire State, which under previous administrations had been subject to his control, passing from him, he resigned his Senatorial commission in confident expectation that his State would hand it back to him and that he would return to the Senate reinforced, and with a rebuke uttered by the State for his political adversaries. He was disappointed. Whether an appeal to the people of the State would have been responded to if they had had an opportunity to respond may perhaps be a question. They had not an opportunity, and the political combinations of men more astute and less open than himself were too much for him. He accepted defeat in the same spirit of self-reliant pride with which he had always carried himself in victory, turned his back upon politics, and returned to private life, from which no arguments or persuasion could afterward allure him. No breath of suspicion has ever tarnished his name with the suggestion of political corruption. He was too proud a man to be dishonest or to become for pecuniary reward any man's servant; but he carried into public life the lawyer's habit, regarded his party as his client and himself as its advocate. He had too much strength of courage, self-reliance, pride of character, to be a politician; but not enough largeness of view, breadth of sympathy, prophetic vision, to be in the best sense a statesman. Living in a epoch whose real need General Grant anticipated in the ever memorable sentence, "Let us have peace," he carried into it the spirit of a warrior and the methods of war, but always of a warrior brave if not chivalric, and of war always honorable, never predaceous.

A tax bill which, in part at least, aims at justice and honesty has been introduced into the New York Legislature. At the present time the owner of personal property is allowed to deduct what he owes before paying his taxes, but the owner of real estate is allowed to make no such deduction. The tax value of his farm may be only $10,000, and the farm may be mortgaged for $8,000, yet he is taxed as if he were worth the entire $10,000. More than this, the one who has loaned him the $8,000 is also nominally taxed upon that sum, which means double taxation in case the tax is collected, and dishonesty in case it is not. As a matter of fact, it almost always means dishonesty. The new bill (the Brundage Tax bill) effectually prevents both the injustice and the dishonesty. It provides that the owner of real estate upon which there are mortgages shall be assessed only on the value in excess of mortgage, but shall pay also the tax levied upon the assessment of the mortgages and deduct the amount so paid from the principal due to the holders thereof. This bill is demanded by the farmers, and is being opposed in the cities, where the mortgages are principally held. One influential paper in this city claims that the bill if passed will "play havoc with all existing investments in mortgages and make future investments difficult and onerous." Yet the holders of these investments, except a few corporations, now pretend each year that they pay taxes upon them, and it is difficult to see what right they have to complain. Another influential journal asserts that the measure will do the farmers no good, as the lenders will demand larger interest in the future. This objection has some point. The man who now lends money to a farmer at six per cent. and pays no taxes will, if possible, invest it somewhere else where he can still make six per cent. net. But can he find such investments? If such investments are easily found, then the farmers will get no relief, but if not, there is no danger but that under the proposed law a part of the tax will fall on the mortgage holders. At all events, the bill is honest.

There has been a good deal of suppressed excitement in France during the past week. General Boulanger made his formal entrance into parliamentary life on Thursday. His progress through the streets to the Chamber of Deputies was marked by a good deal of excitement, and at several points was made the occasion for a popular demonstration. It is reported that ladies threw flowers into his carriage, and the cable significantly adds: "The General saluted them and pressed the flowers to his heart." The *rôle* of dictator, however, was not assumed, and the new deputy took his place in the Chamber in a very commonplace fashion. The events of the last few days have apparently reunited the various sections of the Republicans to make common cause against one who may become a common enemy. On the day that Boulanger took his seat, the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 379 to 177, expressed its confidence in the Government and its conviction that the Ministry by its energy will secure respect for republican institutions. In the debate on the general policy of the Government which followed, M. Floquet, the Prime Minister, declared himself an advocate of revision, but urged the postponement of that measure until a time when it shall not be used as a snare by the Monarchists or by a possible dictator.

We are dependent on telegraphic reports for our information respecting the action of the Chicago Presbytery last week concerning the color line. If the telegraph has reported the action correctly, it strikes us as dangerously approaching surrender to caste prejudices for the sake of ecclesiastical aggrandizement. Dr. Herrick Johnson, who is on all questions uncompromising, introduced a resolution apropos of the proposed union of the Northern and Southern Presbyterian Churches, declaring that the Presbytery could not consent to the establishment of a separate African Presbyterian Church or to any provisional arrangement looking thereto, and affirming as a general principle that any separation of races, in presbyteries or synods, should always be the result of the unconstrained efforts of both parties, always subject to the acts of the General Assembly; and it then provided specifically as follows:

"If there are a sufficient number of ministers and churches to form a colored presbytery in any locality already covered by a synod, such presbytery may be formed if those on the ground desire it, but such presbytery shall remain in the same synod unless there be a synod of our colored Christian brethren near enough to which the presbytery asks to be attached."

This simple proposition, which seems to us to be self-evident, just, equal, and Christian, created, the dispatch tells us, a "profound sensation," and provoked vehement protests on the ground that it would "resuscitate all the old issues of a bloody and nearly forgotten war." After a hot debate, the matter was settled by what appears like an evasion of the issue, in the adoption of the following resolution: "*Resolved*, that this Presbytery is heartily in favor of the reunion with the Southern Church on the basis of our common standards, pure and simple." An added clause, "And the equal right of all disciples of Christ in every court of Christ's Church," was laid on the table. If we understand this action aright—and we shall be glad to be corrected if we misunderstand it—the Presbytery of Chicago has in effect voted for a reunion of the Southern and Northern Assemblies, leaving the Southern churches free to debar colored members, and the Southern Presbyteries and Synods to debar colored churches; in short, it has voted for a reunion on the basis of an affirmation of the Westminster Creed and a denial of the brotherhood of man. We believe that the "Interior" says that the Congregationalists are doing practically the same thing. We do not think this is true; but if it is, so much the worse for the Congregationalists. At all events, to make up a face and say, "You're another," is the small child's method of argument, not worthy of serious and earnest men.

Dr. G. Stanley Hall, of the Johns Hopkins University, has received the appointment of President of the new Clark University at Worcester, Mass. If Dr. Hall accepts this appointment, a very interesting and important departure in the higher educational methods of the country may be confidently looked for. Dr. Hall's experience as a teacher, his long and arduous work as student, and the marked success which has characterized his direction of the important department of Psychology in the Johns Hopkins University have already given him a wide reputation. There is no man of his years better equipped for the work of organizing a university, or one under whose direction it would more rapidly gain public confidence. If Dr. Hall decides to leave the very important position which he now holds in connection with an institution which has achieved distinction and position in a very short space of time, it will undoubtedly be because he believes he sees the opportunity for additional university work along the most advanced lines in this country. It is stated that Mr. Clark has had in his mind no stereotyped ideal, but has steadily kept in view a university which, without imitation of the German universities, should be fully abreast of them in the large liberty secured for instructors, in thoroughness of scholarly work along advanced lines, and in completeness and variety of educational appliance and apparatus. Such an institution, on a foundation generous enough to largely relieve its teachers of the routine of academic work, and to bring within reach of the most ambitious American scholars all the facilities for the most thorough work, would undoubtedly make its place, without unhealthy competition with institutions already doing work of the most valuable kind.

Death has removed many eminent men of late, but none will be more sorely missed than Dr. Cornelius R. Agnew, the celebrated oculist, who died at his home in this city on Wednesday of last week. The loss of a man of such thorough scientific spirit, such admirable training, and such wonderful natural aptitude for the work of the physician as Dr. Agnew possessed far transcends that which befalls a community when politicians and other public men pass away. Dr. Agnew was one of the few men who stand, by the common consent of their fellows, at the very forefront of their professions. To take advantage of his skill men and women came from all parts of the country, and there were doubtless multitudes who owe it to his skill that they were able to read with moist eyes the announcement of his death. Born in this city, educated at Columbia College and at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, with the exception of a few months spent in a small mining town on the shore of Lake Superior, Dr. Agnew passed his whole life in the metropolis. His services to the community were not only professional but personal, and he illustrated his character and ability in a great variety of positions of public trust. As a member of the United States Sanitary Commission he exerted "a commanding influence in its councils," giving himself without stint to its service. Throughout the dark days of the war his courage and zeal never faltered, and since that time he has been associated with a great number of public institutions. It will be difficult to fill his place, since men of such rounded character are always rare.

It was with a keen sense of loss that a wide circle of music and book lovers read the announcement of Mr. J. R. G. Hassard's death. That the nine years' brave struggle with disease was ended was indeed matter for rejoicing rather than for sorrow, but that so fine a nature and so true a man had ended his earthly work brought with it a sense of permanent loss. Mr. Hassard was known mainly through his literary work on the New York "Tribune," to the columns of which he contributed book reviews, articles on music, and sketches of travel full of beautiful insight and characterized by breadth of view, quickness of sympathy, and charm of style. If his health had permitted, he would have continued the tradition of disinterested criticism in the columns of the "Tribune" which Dr. Ripley created. In many ways he was a more gifted man, and, if at times he was less judicial, the wealth of his nature was much greater. But it is chiefly as a man that Mr. Hassard will be remembered by those who knew him—a chivalrous, pure-minded, and brave gentleman, who carried his conscience into his work and who infused into all his relations a large minded charity.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.—Major Anderson, of Iowa, who tries to represent the anti-monopoly sentiment of the country, has introduced a Pacific Railway bill which directs the Attorney-General to proceed against the railways for the recovery of the proceeds of the wrongful issue of stocks and bonds amounting to $75,000,000, and also to recover damages from misapplication of funds. The bill further requires that the Government purchase the first mortgage bonds of the Union Pacific Railway, foreclose its mortgages, and operate the road as a public highway. The experiment of State railroading has succeeded in Iowa, and Major Anderson believes that the Union Pacific affords a good opportunity to test it in this country.——The same gentleman has introduced another bill to prevent the suspension of railway traffic through strikes. It orders the Inter-State Commission to place the roads, after a few days of suspended traffic, in the hands of a receiver, who is authorized to employ, if he wishes, the old employees. This bill will appear to most people very one-sided.——The Republicans of the State Committee on Foreign Relations have decided to oppose the ratification of the Fisheries Treaty, and the Democrats are now urging the postponement of final action until next winter. Meanwhile, by paying certain license fees, American fishermen will have the opportunity to test the provisions of the treaty. ——By a party vote the Senate passed the bill for the admission of South Dakota as a State.——The Dunn Free Ship bill passed by the House last year has been again introduced, but so amended that the ships abroad cannot be employed in the coasting trade.——The House Judiciary Committee has reported in favor of an International Copyright bill. It is expected that the Senate will take favorable action on a similar bill this week.——The debate on the Tariff bill was opened last Tuesday, Chairman Mills, of Texas, representing the friends of the bill, and W. D. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, representing its opponents. Mr. Kelley declared himself in favor of the repeal of the taxes on whisky and tobacco and the retention of the sugar duty. Chairman Mills's speech was a remarkably able argument for free trade.

GENERAL NEWS.—So far as we can judge, the strike against the united breweries in this city is a failure, and the attempted boycott of pool beer has not accomplished much in the way of prohibition.——The suit against Holy Trinity Church of this city for the penalty for violating the law against the importation of laborers under contract in engaging the Rev. E. Walpole Warren was argued before Judge Wallace in the United States Circuit Court on Monday. ——In the hearing before the New York Senate Committee, Rollin Squire, who was indicted with Flynn for pledging the patronage of the Department of Public Works for corrupt motives, has given testimony tending to show that Governor Hill was aware of the facts long before the general public, yet refused to act on them. The testimony of Squire and of Mr. W. M. Ivins discloses a terribly corrupt state of affairs.——The French Chamber of Deputies has been advised by the Committee of Initiative to authorize the Panama Canal Company to raise $70,000,000 by lottery.——Queen Victoria reached Berlin Tuesday morning.——The bill to reform election methods has been ordered to a third reading in the New York Assembly.——The English House of Commons has again passed the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister.——The Edgar Thompson Steel Works (Carnegie's) at Braddock, Pa., have been opened. The property is guarded by a squad of Pinkerton detectives.

MORE EVIL FRUIT.

THE men who believe that the present spoils system in politics is the fountain source of political corruption and demoralization are not at all dismayed by the slow progress which this reform makes. On the contrary, the difficulties in the way of reform deepen their conviction of its necessity. The evil effects of the system are now being seen in France, where there has come about a state of affairs in which the Government is practically impotent. We have pointed out several times the reason for this state of things. The Ministry, instead of directing the attention of the people to the real cause and endeavoring to educate them to the point of removing it, have been trying to compromise with the situation and keep in power by distributing the offices at their command among the various sections, and so have committed themselves practically to an immense scheme of bribery. The use of patronage by the Executive to control legislation has always been one of the worst aspects of the civil system. We are heartily glad that in France there have not been offices enough to go round, and in consequence the Government is making an entire failure in its endeavor to rule by indirect corruption.

In this country the tremendous force of the spoils system has been illustrated during the last year in what seems to be the practical surrender of President Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland is a man who, by the consent of all who know him, detests indirection and incompetency, and who, by instinct as well as by conviction, prefers direct, honest, and business-like methods. To such a man the spoils system is detestable from every point of view. Mr. Cleveland is not a man of sentiment, nor a man of theories, and civil service reformers never expected him to lead the van in this movement. But he is a man of keen sense of public responsibility and of straightforward, business-like methods. They did expect him to deal according to his own nature with the question of patronage. His frankness in declaring his adhesion to the principle of civil service reform encouraged them, while his caution in declaring at the same time that his administration would be Democratic gave more weight to his utterances as coming from a candid man. The first years of Mr. Cleveland's administration were characterized, in spite of many mistakes, by a very decided advance on any of his predecessors in the matter of standing between his party and the loaves and fishes. During the last year he has receded from that position, and, while he has made many excellent appointments, and retained in office many Republicans whom he might have turned out, it has been clear for some time past that his concessions to spoilsmen were becoming more and more frequent and more and more important. We do not understand what has brought about this change of policy; we note it with regret. The President's strength has never lain among the politicians. He has risen to power in spite of them, by virtue of his courage. That courage was never more conspicuously shown than in his message in favor of tariff reform. Why he should have failed to see his great opportunity in connection with Civil Service Reform we confess ourselves unable to understand. It is a political blunder of the worst sort, to give it the mildest characterization. No better service can be done him now by the advocates of that reform than the frankest statement of his mistakes in this direction. He has missed on the civil service question the great opportunity which he has improved on the tariff reform question. Whether we agree with his message on that question or not, its political wisdom is evident. The same courage in the civil service question would have given him a great hold on popular confidence and respect.

We are heartily glad that the Republicans in the Senate are investigating the condition of the civil service, and we trust they will go to the bottom of it and give us the facts as they are. If the result furnishes them with political capital, the President can hold himself responsible for this supply of ammunition gratuitously furnished his opponents. The condition of affairs in Indiana and Maryland is already very well known. What is going on in other States is not so well known. Let the Senate committee investigate, not in the spirit of partisanship, but honestly and fearlessly, and spread the results of their investigation before the people. Sooner or later, in spite of the politicians, the voters of the country will sweep away this detestable and corrupting method, which we, with strange perversion of language, call a system. The parties have no honest purpose in this matter, but the people have, and a few public men have, and what is now needed is full information concerning the actual state of affairs.

CHRISTIAN AND UNCHRISTIAN AMBITION.

AMBITION for place is always an evil ambition. It is pagan, selfish, ignoble, unmanly; perhaps we should have said worldly, only, unfortunately, the epithet churchly would equally apply to it. It is as common in ecclesiastical as in civil politics; it has been as much the bane of the Church as of the State. If we were to point out how it has corrupted and degraded the Church of Rome; how it has turned her Councils into arenas in which men have struggled toward bishoprics, archbishoprics, cardinalates, and the Pontiff's chair; if we were to attempt to illustrate the truth by some dramatic account of the scheming and counter-scheming of which Papal history furnishes so sad a record, all Protestant readers would agree. Yes! they would say, the ambition for place is the bane of the Roman Catholic Church, ever turning it from a magnificent Ecclesia into a corrupt and selfish machine. If, further, we were to say that this same spirit has been the bane of the Church of England; that it has introduced worldly politics and worldly policies into that otherwise magnificent establishment; that it has more than once put into its highest offices men wholly worldly and selfish; that the same spirit has created at the same time a Laud in the Church and a Stafford in the State, most Americans would agree also to that statement. If we were even to go still further, and aver that this spirit is the bane of all ecclesiastical hierarchies, and that it introduces the political spirit, and sometimes the caucus method of party politics, into church assemblies and councils even in American hierarchies, all Independents, by whatever ecclesiastical name they may be called, would say Amen. But, in truth, the ambition for place is equally bad whether it show itself in a hierarchical or a non-hierarchical organization; whether it be an ambition to be Pope or bishop, or only pastor of a large and wealthy instead of a humble and poor church. It is a great mistake to suppose that this devil ambition never appears in churches which have not a bishopric attached to them. Whenever we desire a position for the position's sake, honor for honor's sake, title for title's sake, whenever we fail practically to recognize that position is nothing but an opportunity for service, and a title nothing but an instrument for doing good to others, we fall into the error—no, into the sin—of James and John when they asked, on the eve of Christ's Passion, for seats on his right hand and on his left in his kingdom.

It is not, perhaps, the same sin, and yet a similar one, when we seek for exalted experiences, for high spiritual rather than ecclesiastical positions; when, recognizing that the kingdom of Christ is a spiritual kingdom, our ambition is still not to bear great burdens of suffering or do great services of love, but to sit down in heavenly places and enjoy spiritual ecstasies. It is not without significance that Paul in his catalogue of the fruits of the Spirit puts love first and joy and peace afterward. Our prayer and our effort should be, not for the joy and the peace, but for the love. Love in due time will bring joy and peace. We must woo wisdom, not for the riches that are in the one hand, nor for the length of days that are in the other, nor for the paths of pleasantness along which she will lead us, but for her own sake. She detests fortune hunters, and will have none of their wooing. Many Christian people fail to get what they want because they want what they ought not to want—namely, seats by the right hand and the left hand of Christ; what they ought to want is a place somewhere in the ranks battling under Christ. "My peace I leave with you," said Christ; and, again, "That my joy might remain in you." But Christ's peace and Christ's joy came to him as the fruit of service and suffering; they came only when he saw of the travail of his soul and was satisfied. We want to come into this peace and this joy without this travail of soul; we want the Resurrection without the Passion. But the answer to us is always the same: "Except a man take up his cross and follow after me, he cannot be my disciple." Spiritual ambition is still ambition, if it is the desire for the rewards of service rather than for service itself, for high places rather than for great opportunities. The desire for the high place is an ignoble desire, whether it be in the spiritual or in the material kingdom; and no man can entertain this desire without doing damage to his own soul, deteriorating his own nature, deadening his own spiritual life.

We have often wondered what James and John thought when they saw Christ coming into his kingdom in the Crucifixion, and saw who was on his right hand and on his left in that dark hour when he hung between the two thieves. We wonder, too, what they thought when they heard his singular, and at that time certainly mystical, promise, "Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with." To our prayer for place Christ answers with a promise of service and of suffering. When he bade his disciples follow him, his only promise of reward was, "I will make you fishers of men." The reward of service is oppor-

tunity for more service. This is what Christ still promises us; and if this promise does not lure us we would better not follow him, for this is all the allurement which he holds out before his followers. Paul understood this when he revealed to the Philippians his ambition, "That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death." We may indeed shrink from what these words mean, and yet who is there who is not also incited and attracted by them? We make a great mistake when we minimize the self-denials that are involved in genuine living, and attempt to make either ourselves or others think that being a consistent Christian involves no real sacrifice. What draws the soldier to the battle-field is surely not the hope of booty; it is the noble ambition to have a part in the national sacrifice and in the national service; to be counted worthy to do and to suffer for his nation and his age. What draws the moral reformer into the service to which he consecrates his life is not some real or fancied reward that will be given him hereafter; nor is he more attracted by representing to him that the service is easy and self-denial naught. On the contrary, if there be any heroism in him, the harder the service and the greater the work, the nobler seems to him the opportunity and the more alluring the call. It is a trumpet, and not a flute, that calls us to the battle. So men are summoned to the missionary field, not by imagining that missionary service entails little toil and less burden-bearing, but by a noble desire to bear all the burden they are capable of bearing, and to do all the service they are capable of doing. There is only one ambition that is truly Christian: the ambition to drink the cup that Christ drank of, and be baptized with the baptism that Christ was baptized with; to bear our full share of the world's sorrow; to do our full share of the world's work; and to contribute, though it were out of our bleeding wounds, our full share to the world's wealth and the world's redemption. This is the only ambition which is worthy of the Christian, or even of any heroic and manly nature.

A SIGNIFICANT LETTER.

WE call the attention of our readers to the remarkable letter which we are permitted to give to our readers on another page, addressed by the Right Rev. Leon Bonland, of the Papal Household, to the Pope, withdrawing from the Roman Catholic Church and declaring his adhesion to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. Such a letter coming from such a quarter will strike the public of all communions as full of significance.

It might be expected that from time to time conversions from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic faith should be announced. Timid minds, dreading the responsibilities involved in the Protestant doctrine of individual liberty; peace-loving souls, weary of the necessary struggle of contending doctrines in a system whose fundamental tenet is that only in such a struggle is the highest intellectual and moral development of the individual or the race possible, may be expected from time to time to cast off the burdens of liberty and seek the relief afforded by a spiritual hierarchy, to flee from the stormy sea of theological debate and doubt to the haven of an infallible church. The doctrine of liberty has its repellent as well as its attractive aspect, the doctrine of authority its charm. And it is not infrequently the devoutest and sweetest, albeit rarely the strongest natures, which are driven from the arena of spiritual freedom to the repose of a spiritual autocracy. Nor, on the other hand, is it a matter of surprise if, from time to time, men in the less cultivated ranks of society, finding the law of the Church pressing somewhat heavily on them, or conflicting with their social schemes, their political purposes, or their industrial ambitions, and educated just far enough to escape the dominion of superstition but not far enough to come under the authority of personal faith, just far enough to be delivered from the bondage of fear and not far enough to come under the rule of love, should drop their allegiance to the Church of Rome, without taking any new allegiance upon themselves. Both forms of conversion are not uncommon.

But this case comes into neither category. The Right Rev. Leon Bonland is a high ecclesiastic in the Papal Court. He is a man of ripe scholarship and of both intellectual and spiritual culture. He has not been brought into conflict with the Church of Rome by the demands of other interests, as by those, for example, of Home Rule, Knights of Labor, Garibaldian Society, or what not. He does not exchange allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church for allegiance to his own self-will. He does not abandon his old church for a no-church. If we read his letter aright, he retains the essentials of a Gospel faith and even of a churchly belief. The reasons of his departure from the Church of Rome, as we gather them from his letter, are two: his repudiation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, and his revolt against the consequent claim to political, philosophical, and scientific domination by the Pope. His letter puts in sharp contrast the contending and irreconcilable claims of hierarchical authority and individual liberty. And he leaves the Church of Rome because it is not possible to remain in that church and be God's freeman.

Thus this letter has a double significance. It emphasizes the real distinction between Romanism and Protestantism; and it indicates the sure grounds for the faith that the former will decrease and the latter increase. That distinction is one between authority and liberty. The attempt to regulate doctrine or life by laws imposed by hierarchical authority from without is essentially papal; the resolve to leave both doctrine and practice to grow naturally out of the life that is brooded and germinated within is essentially Protestant. Between these two there is no middle ground; between them no abiding compromise is possible. And the spirit of the nineteenth century is the invincible ally of Protestantism so defined. Not even the walls of the Vatican can exclude this liberalizing air of spring. It is breathed, despite the Papacy, even in the Papal Court.

WOMEN WAGE-EARNERS.

IT is estimated that there are in the city of New York 200,000 women wage-earners, apart from those engaged in domestic service. If this estimate is correct, and we think there is good reason to believe that it is not exaggerated, not less than a quarter of the wage-earners of the great metropolis are women. This is a serious count in the socialistic indictment against modern society. "Men must work and women must weep," says Charles Kingsley; but under our present social order it would seem that women must both work and weep. The child nursery, where mothers may leave their babes while they themselves go out to earn a pittance for their own and their children's support, is a blessed beneficence; but that there should be need for such beneficence is pitiful. Surely the mother who has borne the pain and anxiety of child-bearing and child-nurture ought to be relieved from the further duty of earning bread for both. The fact that this necessity of bread-earning is laid upon so many women is a sad and a tragical one. She who ought to be set free from this battle of life is thrust into it; and some who count themselves her special champions greet her entrance into the arena with clapping of hands, as though it were her glory and her crown. Even in the forest the lioness lies leisurely down while the lions engage in their terrific tournament, and when it is ended she accepts as her suitor the victorious champion. She fights only for her cubs. The social condition which in America compels woman to join in the battle for existence, to match her feminine arts against her brother's masculine strength in that struggle whose issue is the survival of the fittest, is a sight rather to awaken our protest and our tears than our plaudits and our congratulations. In Barnum's hippodrome races a woman and a man contest the course for supremacy in the four-horse chariot race. Whoever has watched the eager, flashing eyes and tense face of the woman contestant has seen in the spectacle a type of the industrial contests of our day; with this difference, that in Barnum's arena gallantry, we believe, always awards the victory to the woman racer, but from life's arena gallantry is of necessity expelled.

Serious as is this count in the indictment against modern society, we do not exactly see how any one of the proposed reforms involves or points to any remedy. If with Henry George and Father McGlynn we vote to lay all taxes on the land, woman would not be relieved of the burdens of the market-place. If with Mr. Mills we vote to reduce the tariff, or with Mr. Kelley to retain it, she would still be found bearing the pack which does not belong to her to bear. Even if, adopting the views of her self-constituted but as yet disowned champions, we should impose upon her the added burden of the ballot, from which she has thus far been exempt, along with militia, police, and firemen duty, it is difficult to see how her vote would set her free from the necessity of earning her daily bread by the sweat of her brow. It is, indeed, possible that political economy may in the future solve the problem to which it is but just beginning to give its attention, and discover a way to equalize the wealth which heretofore it has only been endeavoring to accumulate, and that in that millennium day man may resume the burdens which, sometimes by deliberate greed, but oftener by unconscious neglect or under irresistible compulsion, he has thrown off upon woman. But, meanwhile, what of the women who are in the arena, and have to choose between hard toil and privation still harder to endure?

This, clearly: so long as woman is in the race, she must not be handicapped; so long as society compels her to earn her daily bread, so long it must give her fair opportunity for earning it; so long as woman must work as well as weep, so long the avenues to work must be open for her, and the equipment of work and the rewards for work must be given her. We may, indeed, not congratulate ourselves that woman is in America compelled to follow the example of Uncle Ned, "Take up the shovel and the hoe;" but we must certainly be thoroughly ashamed of ourselves if, leaving her under this compulsion of market-place industry, we do not give her opportunity, equipment, and adequate compensation. For many a weary year woman has been singing the monotonously mournful "Song of the Shirt." It is quite time that society put into her mouth a brighter and a better song. Society does not limit the sphere of man's activity, nor prohibit him from becoming a cook or a dressmaker; why should it limit the sphere of woman's activity and prohibit her from becoming a bookkeeper, a doctor, or a clergyman? We do not need to re-enact the laws of God. Woman's instinct can safely be left to take care of itself, without any masculinely constructed fences put about her. Those of us who believe that home is the best place for woman, and marriage her highest estate, may yet well believe that it is a disgrace to society to drive women into loveless homes and uncongenial marriages as the only alternative to penury, poverty, and starvation. The freer woman is to choose something else than home life, the more sacred will be the home life which she chooses. She is happiest when dependent—provided the dependence is that of love, not that of a coerced servitude. We demand, in the interest of justice and even of home sanctity, that the door of every avocation be left wide open to woman, that opportunity for every education be given to woman, and that equal wages reward her equal work. If any reader of The Christian Union thinks this demand is inconsistent with the sentiments expressed three weeks ago in an editorial entitled "The Woman's Movement," we advise him to read both articles carefully again, reflect upon the matter, and consider whether the view which they present may not be truer, because broader, than either the view which glories over woman's entrance as a wage-earner into the market place, or that which, finding her there, would restrict her to a few ill-paid avocations.

THE SPECTATOR.

A friend of the Spectator writes: "We have a real liking for the Spectator, and turn eagerly to his column when our good paper reaches us. So refreshing are his words to us that I had never thought of taking exception to them. Imagine, then, my surprise when, after reading a paragraph on devotion to work to Penelope, my little sewing woman, she turned quite indignant. "That is one-sided," she said; "a man who can write like that should write from a broader standpoint. Half the people in the world must do two things at a time or lose the better thing entirely. Take my own case as an instance. I should probably never have read Browning's 'Paracelsus' if I had not read it while I hemmed, by hand, yards and yards of ruffling for Mrs. Winslow. She was in no hurry about it, and, the work being purely mechanical, I enjoyed the originality and subtlety of the poem quite as much as if I had not been obliged to double up my occupations. I have learned *by heart* many poems—among them Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity,' Bryant's 'Flood of Years,' and Gray's 'Elegy,' while I crocheted the despised macramé lace. Much of my Chautauqua reading is done as I walk to and from my work through the streets of this quiet town where everybody knows me and no one wonders. Instead of feeling 'as if the Furies were dogging me inexorably down,' I have felt that I was being drawn rather than driven; and that an uplift of soul was given me which wonderfully lightened the toil of my day. Tell your Spectator, who is so

wise, to say some good words to the care-encumbered men and women who cannot so order their lives as to include amplitude of time, yet who do manage by this very faculty of doing two things at a time to live in an atmosphere of intellectuality while they labor all day for the meat which perisheth. If mine were an isolated case it would scarcely be worth mentioning; but I am only one of many who are 'urged toward the intellectual life by irresistible instincts,' but who can attain it only by means similar to those I have used."

Dear, brave little Penelope! the Spectator was certainly one-sided when he did not take you into account, and he is willing to admit that in certain directions his vision may be limited. But this is due to his sex, and as he is not responsible for that, his shortcomings should be regarded rather in sorrow than in anger.

Nevertheless, did it ever occur to you, dear Penelope, that sometimes people seem more one-sided than they really are, from the fact that they can only write about one thing at a time? Even if the Spectator were able to knit with one hand, wash dishes with the other, and write his great articles with his pencil held in his mouth, all at one and the same moment, he could not give all sides of a great question in a paragraph of forty lines; and, knowing this, he usually leaves himself a little loophole of escape, through which he may pass and come out on the other side of the question entirely if he finds it necessary! Such a loophole, which apparently you did not perceive, he provided for himself in the very paragraph that excited your indignation. It is not a large loophole, but that is just as well, as this time he does not wish to get entirely through it—all he desires is to put his head through and survey the landscape on Penelope's side while remaining where he is.

Did not the Spectator say in that paragraph, "Not that he would discourage those accomplished souls who are able to knit and read at one and the same moment That remarkable feat has always seemed to the awe-stricken Spectator a legitimate doubling-up of occupations"? He must admit that he followed this by remarking that he could not imagine reading Darwin's "Origin of Species" or Browning's "Paracelsus" by this method, but if any one is able to achieve this, far be it from him to do aught but admire the concentration of mind, the mechanical skill, and the genuine longing for what is best and highest in life which has led any one to read this very "Paracelsus" and hem Mrs. Winslow's ruffles at the same time.

It is not the Penelopes of either sex the Spectator had in mind, but quite another, and he fears a larger, class of people, who spend much time over foolish and unnecessary employments of one kind or another, and feel perfectly satisfied with themselves, simply because they are not what they call idle. They will speak with pride of their having worked so hard crocheting or embroidering that they are completely worn out, and then expect a tribute of admiring praise from their hearers for their industry and their mighty achievements. The Spectator has often longed to say to such a one, "My dear woman, what does it all amount to? You keep your fingers going, indeed, but your mind and soul are as idle as they can be, and are being narrowed and shriveled to nothing by your misunderstanding as to the true meaning and purpose of existence" Penelope knows very well that continual hemming of ruffles for Mrs. Winslow is not by any means the most elevating and inspiring function of her life, and is valuable chiefly as a means of support, and is perfectly clear in her mind as to the true relation between the temporal and eternal, the mortal and the spiritual. This is all the Spectator can ask of her or any one, and he often takes shame to himself that his own vision is so indistinct.

And just here the wily Spectator sees an opportunity where another loophole may be useful. He would not for the world be thought to disparage or despise needlework, either of the sort which he believes is called "fancy-work," or that other more solid occupation known as plain sewing. It has its place, and a very important place it is in the economy of the universe. Nevertheless, it has sometimes seemed to him that less Kensington embroidery and more spiritual and intellectual vigor would be interesting in certain quarters.

Finally, dear, valiant little Penelope, will you listen to a few words from the Spectator in defense of his obnoxious theory that, in general, it is better to do but one thing at a time? He is ready to admit, as before, that any occupation that is merely mechanical may be "doubled up" with one that requires some mental activity. But you yourself admit that even the mechanical operation of hemming ruffles is not done as *quickly* while you read "Paracelsus" as if you were simply and wholly engaged on your needle. This only means that doubling up might seriously interfere with work that ought not to be mechanical. When Mrs. Spectator's dressmaker comes to the house to make her a new gown, my impression is that if that august personage were learning Milton's "Hymn on the Nativity" or "The Deserted Village" while fitting the waist, and cutting it bias, and all the rest of the performances necessary to the proper construction of a fine gown, she would not be quite so successful in her work as Mrs. Spectator declares her to be. If I want a carpenter or a plumber or a workman of any sort to do "a job" for me, I want him to give the best of his mind to his work till it is done, and then he may go and read "Sordello" if he is so minded.

And as to doubling up your daily walk, my dear Penelope, with your Chautauqua reading, it may be best for you to do so—probably it is best, or you would not do it. But if you had any other time at all that you could squeeze out for those books, I should heartily recommend your taking it, instead of using for them your time in the fresh air. Think, observe, *live*, in short, while you are walking, even though you traverse the same monotonous streets every day. And when you meet an old friend, do not think, as my friend did, "Let me get on a little with my fancy-work," but give him your undivided mind and eyes while he is with you. The Spectator, also, has not much patience with people who read at their meals, unless they are condemned to eat in solitude, when they have an admirable excuse for doing almost anything till dyspepsia seizes them or they lose their eyesight. However, with you, Penelope, the Spectator finds no fault. Go on hemming and reading Browning to your wise little brain's content, and some day the Spectator hopes you may read Browning without the hemming!

IN AND ABOUT BOSTON.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

FATHER GRAFTON'S resignation of the rectorship of the Church of the Advent has been contemplated by him for some time, and is made actual at the earliest convenient and practical moment for the church to accept his withdrawal. He and Father Osborn came to this country to establish community life after the methods of the Cowly brotherhood in England, and commenced their labors in the old Bowdoin Street Church in which Dr. Lyman Beecher preached when he was pastor of the most aristocratic Congregational church then in Boston, and which colonized by forming the new uptown Mount Vernon Church of which Dr. E. N. Kirk was the first pastor, and of which Dr. S. E. Herrick is his successor. The work of the two English gentlemen at Bowdoin Street was of the very highest Episcopal cast, in some respects closely resembling the Catholic ritual, while the work was adapted to the needs of the poor. These two brethren did not agree, and Father Grafton took the Church of the Advent into the new church edifice which was built at the West End, contiguous to the Back Bay, where the character of the congregation has partaken of the style of the locality, the enterprise being popular and running to a high degree of success. Father Grafton felt compelled to recognize the order in England as superior to the American, but had to acknowledge the American Episcopacy, and has been accorded the right of "catholic principles" without addition of ritual, which has given him the liberty of High Church. The elasticity of the Episcopacy holds these two extremes in Boston in fellowship—Father Grafton at the Advent as the highest, and Phillips Brooks at the Trinity as the lowest and broadest. The church and parish very sincerely regret the withdrawal of Father Grafton, who has only the kindliest feelings toward the church.

He is the spiritual head of the Sisterhood of the Holy Nativity, to which service he proposes to devote all his energies This sisterhood is instructed in the methods of spiritual attainment, the members going from time to time to distant places and parishes to hold retreats and give direction and instruction in their methods, and to stimulate spiritual efforts to higher life in grace. It is the purpose of Father Grafton also to hold retreats for clergy and the laity in various places; the general method being to give sole attention for some time to close self-examination, prayer, and holy communion. The method of the retreat will be largely meditation, reading, daily partaking of the Eucharist, and listening to occasional lectures from the superiors in spiritual things. Father Grafton's power is largely of the emotional sort, free from flashy sensationalism, impressive by its personal *status*, the power of spiritual feeling to assert and impress itself. While the movement will be within the regular ordination vows of the Episcopal Church, it will expect to develop fuller spiritual freedom in advanced Christian life. As the spiritual head of this new order in America, patterned after the order in England, Father Grafton enters upon the work *ex animo*, and he, perhaps, is the best adapted to this special work of any one in this country.

Church work in Boston challenges new methods; the Methodists are bestirring themselves—in oratory, certainly—to take up evangelistic work in the West End, from which the larger churches have moved on to follow the emigration of society to newer and more fashionable parts of the city. To save the people remaining, and the changing populations incident to boarding-house and tenement-house life, there is needed something besides preaching and revival meetings; hand-to-hand work, contact of person with person, life touching life, and this continually. I am not informed that the Methodists have matured plans for their proposed movement at the West End, but they are zealous to enter upon it. They may find here a more successful expenditure of energy and money than at the People's Church. The Rev. Mr. Puddefoot, who is always bright as a sunbeam, put a mint of common sense into a terse interrogation at the Congregational Club some weeks ago when he asked, "What is a church for if it is not for the people?" It is a cheap attempt—almost a travesty of the Gospel—to seek popularity and attractiveness for an enterprise by labeling it a people's church. The Congregationalists find that if they are to hold their own in South Boston and the South End they must adapt their churches to the people in the localities; make them in the pure Gospel sense churches *ministrant* rather than churches militant. More Christ as personal presence and saving life, and less hue and cry against the devil as a roaring lion going about seeking whom he may devour, is the *desideratum*. Pure Gospel casts the demons out every time; they flee its path. At the Berkeley Street Church this kind of work is starting well under Mr. Dickinson's new administration, and the Union Church has called as the successor of Dr. Meredith the Rev. Mr. Boynton, of Haverhill, who will push the kind of effort I am describing with great vigor. His success in Haverhill has been marked. Dr. Horr, of East Boston, who came from the Methodists two years ago, is building up the Congregational church in a healthy way. He has drawn around him a large congregation which he fills chock-full of edifying Gospel, and has the happy faculty to send the people out as missionaries and lay pastors. In this way he multiplies himself manifold.

OBSERVER.

A PROTEST.

To the Editors of The Christian Union:

PERMIT me to say I had no thought of giving my own views in the brief account I gave you of Mr. Cook's papers in the "Atlantic" I did not think them worth mention beside the scholarly discussion of Mr. Cook, which I did wish your readers to know about; and I think that if you will re-read what Mr Cook says in the April "Atlantic," and then turn to his paper on Reform in the Celebration of Marriage in the May number, you will modify your criticism of his position. For he recommends that "it be enacted in unequivocal terms that no marriage shall be valid unless it shall have been solemnized by a third person, or a society acting, *or believed by either of the parties to be acting*, as the authorized representative of the State." This is almost the exact language of the law of Massachusetts, as stated by Chief Justice Gray in 1879 You will see that the clause I have italicized reduces the incidental evils of this more rigorous rule to a very small ratio. I must confess that though my personal opinion, such as it was, has been rather in the direction of your own favoring the recognition in certain cases of the legality of irregular marriages, but making them misdemeanors visited with a severe penalty, I have heard of far less trouble under the rigorous law of Massachusetts than under that of New York. Mr. Cook's papers will convince many that he is right. He would not, probably, agree with you that "the law should prescribe a ceremonial," unless it be that you use the word *ceremonial* loosely. Evidently he means that the law should provide for the "acknowledgment," "celebration," or "solemnization," as the term may be, leaving the *ceremonial* entirely free to the parties. You very likely do not really differ here Only your terms seem to the legal writer to be misleading because inexact.

A careful reading of page 526 in the "Atlantic" for April persuades me that the term "recognized," which you use in speaking of the present condition of the law, is too strong when applied to all but four States. The tendency of the law is that way, but I discover that actual recognition is still far short of that number of States.

It would be interesting, and I think very useful, were there room here, to discuss the statement: "Marriage is not, it is true, a civil contract, it is a divine ordinance; and the community never will come to an adequate understanding of family life until it returns to this primitive and Scriptural conception of marriage." But, briefly, this very common way of putting of the ideas of civil contract and divine ordinance seems unscientific and practically unfortunate. For they are not necessarily antagonistic, nor must their respective advocates play see-saw with them, each intent on rising at the expense of the other. Marriage is fundamentally a *natural* institution. This is the Scriptural ground taken in Mark x, 8–9, by Christ himself, where every element of it as there described, until we reach the last verse of the passage, is a statement of what we call natural law. And the ignoring of this fact—the neglect to follow the wisdom of the Great Teacher—is the source of endless embarrassment in discussion. When marriage comes before the law, the beginning of the married relations or of the family, as I would say, is in the form of a civil contract. Marriage is also religious because it is natural and the subject of divine direction. Real marriage may take place without the aid of civil law or of religion. It should undoubtedly have the sanction of both. The State has, as we all agree, undoubted right to recognize only such marriages as have been duly authenticated by some legal acknowledgment, just as in the matter of transfer of real estate. The only point is whether public policy should always lead the State to insist on its rights. I must confess that the argument

of Mr. Cook is well-nigh convincing. But it is his and not mine that was presented.

Permit me to add that the transfer of my article from its intended use in your editorial columns to the contributed articles was made without my having the opportunity to change some of its references to the National Divorce Reform League, of which I am, however, but a single officer. SAMUEL W. DIKE.

We do not think that there was anything in Mr. Dike's reference to the National Divorce League which might not with perfect delicacy and propriety be uttered by its chief executive officer. But we do think that if Mr. Dike should read again his previous letter, he would see that it very explicitly indorses the doctrine that the State ought not to recognize a purely private marriage. In our judgment it ought to do so. Not on the ground that marriage is merely a civil contract, for it is not that, though it is entered into by contract; but on the ground that the interests of the family and of the State are best preserved by a law which holds rigorously to all the responsibilities of marriage every one who has in any form, or by any method whatever, agreed to assume those responsibilities. Mr. Dike's verbal criticism is not without ground. It is the marriage celebration or solemnization or acknowledgment, not any particular *form* of ceremonial, which the law should require. But the penalty of disobedience should never be inflicted on innocent parties, as it is by a law which relieves the man from the responsibilities of marriage if the required celebration has not been observed.—EDS C. U.]

THE FIRST CHURCH OF NEW HAVEN.

ITS TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

BY D. WHYMAN.

WITH blue skies and sunshine there was nothing to detract from the great success of the celebration of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the historic Center Church, which occurred last Sunday April 22.

At the morning service the church was filled, and many had to stand. The remarkably complete programme for the day was prepared by the pastor, Dr. Newman Smyth. It covered eight octavo pages, besides the cover, on the front of which was a fine engraving of the present church edifice specially engraved for the occasion by Mr. Sherman, and underneath was a quotation from Theophilus Eaton, "I shall die here." On the back of the cover was an engraving of the first Meeting-House, a quaint structure sixty feet square, erected in 1639, and bearing the legend, "If we build the Lord's house, the Lord will build our house.—John Davenport." On the first and eighth pages were inscribed the names of the "Pastors and Teachers of this church: Being dead they yet speak." Except the last three, who are still living, a characteristic quotation accompanies each name, as follows:

"Gospel rules and patterns."—[John Davenport (1639–1667).

"Do not love your reward beyond your work."—[William Hooke (1644–1656).

"The answer should be of faith and not of fear."—[Nicholas Street (1659–1674).

"The library I am collecting for the College comes on well."—[James Pierpont (1685–1714).

"The freedom of the press consisteth in the publication of truth."—[Joseph Noyes (1716–1761).

"Religion is the source of the most exalted patriotism."—[Chauncey Whittelsey (1758–1787).

"May the love of country grow with its growth."—[James Dana (1789–1805).

"When explaining the Bible, call no man master."—[Moses Stuart (1806–1810).

"Follow truth though it takes you over Niagara."—[Nathaniel W. Taylor (1812–1822).

"Remember, then, our national responsibility. That is the thought which ends my service here to-day."—[Leonard Bacon (1825–1881).

[From his last sermon, November 24, 1881.]

"THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH."

GEORGE L. WALKER,	1868–1873.
FREDERICK A. NOBLE,	1875–1879.
NEWMAN SMITH,	1882–

After an organ prelude composed for the occasion by Mr. Ford, the organist, on the theme of "Old Sherburne," a chord was struck and sounded by the choir, which was composed of twenty ladies and gentlemen of the congregation, in addition to the usual quartet, this being the ancient custom—"*All please sound*" Dr. Smyth then lined out the 117th Psalm, taken from the Bay Psalm Book (1640), and it was sung line by line as he read it.

The other songs of the morning were metrical versions of the Psalms, taken, with their ancient spelling, from Sternhold and Hopkins's version, and were sung to the old fugue tunes of Sherburne and Proper Tune. The final hymn was Dr. Bacon's, beginning with the lines—

"O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea,"

and it was sung with grand effect. The reading of the Scripture was from the Geneva Bible, the version first used in this church.

The special feature of the morning was the historical discourse by Dr. Smyth, who, in his pride in the noble history of the church and in his untiring zeal that it shall keep up its ancient record of identification with all great causes of right, is a most worthy successor to Dr. Bacon, who delivered the address on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the church.

The text was from Eph. ii, 19: "Fellow-citizens with the saints." He began with a brief but comprehensive account of the characteristics of each of the first ten pastors of the church. Referring to the dissensions during Mr. Noyes's pastorate, he spoke of how completely they had all passed away, as shown by the present perfect co-operation between the Congregational churches on the green. Mr. Dana was a patriot whose sermon against slavery preached in 1790 proved him a worthy precursor of Dr. Bacon. If Mr. Stuart's preaching was like the coming in of the tide on the arid wastes of theology, Nathaniel Taylor represented the full flood of this tide, and with these two pastors began the period of great revivals. He summed up the difference between the Old and New Theology of that time by describing the old as "the moral waiting on God," and the new "a call to moral action toward God." After a very eloquent tribute to Dr. Bacon, and a fine comparison of him to a sturdy oak—most magnificent in storms, but yielding grateful shade to the oppressed—Dr. Smyth spoke of the church as a whole—4 070 members, including the some 500 now living. The contributions, which began with forty bushels of wheat sent to Harvard, have amounted during the past fifty years to $625 000, which only reflects the surface measure of our church work. The controlling idea, the undertone of the history of this church, he declared to be "the organizing of human life throughout in righteousness according to the Word of God." The special method of its progress has been by "a free and large debate," and everything we now hold sacred bears the marks of those fires of discussion. He briefly reviewed the progress of the church in respect to its theology, its methods of worship, its customs, manners, and morals, its political opinions, giving many interesting and curious illustrations of all these points.

He made a strong point of the fact that the early history of the church showed the evils of Socialistic legislation.

He summed up the lessons of the past in the great truth that this historic church belongs to the whole community and not to itself alone.

He concluded by asking what contribution Congregationalism should make to the holy catholic church universal; of such as we have, he said, our freedom of worship, our passion for truth, our willingness even to cease to be a sect for the kingdom of God's sake.

As the clock struck twelve before his sermon was completed, Dr. Smyth remarked: "You must excuse me if I have to turn the hour glass, as the old ministers used to do." But the marked attention of those who were fortunate enough to hear this remarkable discourse, of which only a bare outline is here given, showed that they would willingly have let him turn the glass again.

At the evening service, which was crowded to the utmost, the choir sang the 107th Psalm to the quaint and complex tune of the New Jerusalem, and to the tune of Majesty the 80th Psalm, which was also sung at the 200th anniversary of the church. Between the addresses which followed, the whole congregation united with full voice in the stirring strains of "America."

The subject of Professor Fisher's address was the connection between this church and Yale College and the debt which the latter owes. He paid a tribute to most of the pastors of the church, showing what they had also done for the College. He spoke at some length of Dr. Bacon, and, in reference to his eloquence on extraordinary occasions, said he considered his address of welcome to Governor Robinson, of Kansas, unexcelled in eloquence by Webster, Clay, Everett, or Phillips, all of whom he had heard.

Professor Harris then discoursed concerning the relation between the church and the welfare of the Nation. It is the business of the church, he said, to bring the great spiritual realities to the people.

Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, apologized for making the congregation break the Puritan rule that all must go home at nine o'clock. After referring to the recent celebration of a like anniversary in his own church, and urging us to make Davenport known in England as he had made Thomas Shepard known there, he pronounced a most brilliant and stirring eulogy on the old Puritans, as having fulfilled the work given them by God at that time. He said it was difficult for him to be patient with any who spoke disrespectfully of the Puritans, and said it only showed their ignorance. He would like to put any such out in a howling storm on Plymouth Rock on the 22d of December, and he felt confident that they would in fifteen minutes be feeling for Winslow's shoestrings to unloose. Every heart should thrill with loyalty to the Puritan founders of this church and New England.

THE RELIGIOUS PROBLEM IN INDIA.--I.

BY P. C. MOZOOMDAR.

INDIA certainly is not one of those countries where belief in the One True God is unknown. The great motto of *Ekmevadvityam* (one without a second) which the Brahmo Somaj has adopted from the Upanishads proves that the primitive Hindu realized the idea of divine unity. But this unity, it must be conceded, was largely pantheistic, and included in its sweep both the spiritual and material universe. Just now in India we have two theisms alongside of each other—the one Hindu, and the other Hebrew. The characteristics of these two theisms are not only different but mutually antagonistic. What can be more contrary than the historic conceptions of the Semitic Jehovah, and the infinite, unconditioned Essence of the Vedantic Parmatma?—the Lord of hosts descending to act on the stage of human affairs, revealing duties, unveiling destinies, slaughtering enemies, speaking through the fiery tongues of prophets; and the calmness of uncreated being, described in the Rig Veda thus:

"There was neither Aught nor Naught.
What covered all? Where rested all? In watery gulf profound.
Nor death was, nor deathlessness, nor change of night and day.
That One breathed calmly, self-sustained; naught else beyond it lay.
Gloom hid in gloom existed first—one sea eluding view."

This is undoubtedly very sublime. Yet what is the use of this barren waste of infinity, equally irreducible to enlightening conception or practical beneficence? Our sages have been dreamers of the ineffable Essence, while the millions have gone and worshiped trees and serpents. We want a living, conceivable, wholesome, soothing, fatherly Providence amidst the troubles and perplexities of life. What, again, is the result of this Providence, if it is grossly humanized, an angry deity, a fighting deity, a partial, passionate, pharisaic God, who, for a theological misjudgment, consigns the untold majority of millions to a baleful destiny, the evil of which knows no ending? Between which of these two to choose, that is our problem in India.

Yet there is a mysterious accord somewhere. Between the human pieties of the later Hindu scriptures and strange realities of the Hebrew revelation there is now and then a strange resemblance. The language of Job's trustfulness or David's tenderness, Jeremiah's sorrow or Isaiah's ecstasy, is rebounded in the Mahabharata, in the Bhagavat Purana, or in the Mahanirvana Tantra, and the agreement is so often so profound as to suggest theories of the common origin of the Hindu and Hebrew scriptures. Hinduism and Buddhism are either charged with wholesale plagiarism or with being machinations of the evil one to confound the faith of mankind! I believe in the common origin; in the common responses which the Father of truth gives to common wants; in the undesigned coincidences of human nature in all ages and climes in its spiritual destiny and Godward course. Yes, we want a monotheism in India; all this idolatrous extravagance, this worship of stones, images, and animals, must go, at least from among the educated classes. But our Hindu nature demands a doctrine of God that will retain the sublimity and tranquil depths of our national scriptures, adding thereto the experiences of an active, regenerating Providence, a sweet personal relationship to God. This forms the substance of the Hebrew scriptures, this also forms the substance of that part of the Hindu Shasters which form the present faith of the people of India. Our future monotheism is not to be metaphysical like the past, but human; not anthropomorphic, like that of the Hebrew, but beyond the passions and evils of our nature. We need thus a reconciliation of the doctrines of God as they reach us. The doctrine of infinitude and the doctrine of providence require to be harmonized. The whole subject of spiritual theism must be re-established on a new harmony.

Is it lawful to speak of any such thing as the humanity of God? And can infinity be in any sense predicated of man? There may be a harmony here which opens out new possibilities. Why is man exhorted to be perfect as his Father in heaven, and why is God addressed in tender human epithets as Father and Mother? There is at least one great religion which sets down every such expression as blasphemy; was not Christ killed for calling himself the Son of God? "He neither begetteth, nor is begotten. He says to a thing Be, and it is." But take away humanity from the conceptions of God, and what remains is worthless metaphysics.

Take away divinity from man—divinity minus infinitude is a dream—what remains is not very much better than a brute. If it is acknowledged that there is a divinity in man, it must also be acknowledged that there is a humanity in God. A Divine Man and a Human God coalesce in the Ideal of all true religion. The doctrine of providence, which constitutes the keynote of all religions, resolves itself into the doctrine of the humanity of God. And the divinity of man opens a new perspective into the nature and manifestation of the unknown Eternal. Man is infinite in his progressive perfection, and God is perfectly human in his relations to humanity. Devoid of limitations, bodily admixtures and interests, the august humanity of God inspires all that is good in man. He may be infinitely more besides, but he is without doubt the concrete immortal Humanity of the past, present, and future. Not merely as the free eternal Intelligence darkly enthroned behind the inviolable order of the universe does be appeal to our mind; not merely as the mysterious Beneficence, half veiled from the observer, does he sit behind the infinite uniformity of Law to touch our profound emotions; nay, not even as the Practical Reason of the German philosopher, the eternal yea of Moral Law, constraining conscience, is he sufficiently unmistakable to our aching vision. But his lineaments must recall at every turn the ever-familiar features of what is sweetest, truest, and best in our own humanity. The best and the holiest among us must present him as no other can. The problem is to realize the combination of personality and boundless being. A holy personality within definite or indefinite limitations is conceivable. But an Infinite Personality has never formed the object of individual worship. Hence the doctrine of incarnation in its various forms. Our question continually is, Can we make this Infinite Personality the attractive center of personal piety? We can only answer that question by realizing our heavenly Father as infinitely human. But even then we still oscillate between the two fatalities of sensuousness and abstraction. The glorious Spirit, the All-soul, enlivening every particle of matter, but above and beyond the senses, the Source and perfection of all humanity, but beyond every human evil, infinitely manlike but not man, shown forth in the divine humanity of the sons of God, shall reign in this land of classical piety.

SERMONS AND SERMONS.

By Kirk Manahan.

IN 1721 there was published in Boston "A Course of Sermons on Early Piety by the Eight Ministers who carry on the Thursday Lecture in Boston. With a Preface by the Reverend Dr. Increase Mather. And clos'd with a Discourse lately had by Him to Young People."

(In reading this title, substitute a long *s* for every short one, and lisp as you read it, and you will then have an idea of just how the words look in print.)

In 1882, in the same city, William Everett published a volume of "School Sermons, Preached to the Boys at Adams Academy, Quincy, Mass."

Side by side upon the desk before me are these two books. The one is rusty and musty with age, and is filled with the wrath of God from one board over to the other.

The later volume comes, bright and clean within and without, from Roberts Brothers. The sermons are short. They are unsectarian. Cheerfulness is made a duty. Thoughtfulness for others is taught, and Christ is preached as "The Light of the World," as "The Lifter," as "An Example," as "Our Master," and as "The Son of God."

Cotton Mather opens the Thursday course, and it is with his lecture only that we will become acquainted at this time, as it is the purpose of this article to show, by quotations from each of these preachers to young people, some of the changes that have been wrought in the methods of religious teaching within the past one hundred and sixty years in "this overstrained and over educated city of our Puritan fathers."

It will be interesting to note in passing that both these men had remarkable ancestors. The Rev. Increase Mather, father of Cotton Mather, was the sixth President of Harvard College (from 1685 to 1701), and the teacher at Quincy is the son of Edward Everett, who presided over the same university from 1846 to 1849

Probably the Thursday Lectures would never have been printed had not Mather opened the course; for this pompous old Puritan never wrote a word that wasn't printed almost before it was cold from his pen.

Although his discourse is intended for young people, he addresses himself in the beginning to parents.

"First. I pray, What is that *Heart* which these poor *Children* of yours are born withal?

"Truly, such an one as you know that *you* before them were born withal. A *Sinful Heart*, a *Corrupt Heart*, a *Vicious Heart*, an *Heart* that is a very *Hell of Wickedness*. What are your *Children* by *Nature!* Such a *Nature* as the *Poison of the Old Serpent* entering into our first *Parents*, has brought upon them? It is a sad *Relation* which the oracles of God have given of it; Eph ii, 3. '*By nature the Children of wrath*' What is the *Heart* which your *Children* bring into the world with them! What? But an *Heart that is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked* What, but *an evil Heart of Unbelief which always departs from the Living* God? It is the same *Heart* that the People before the Flood were infected withal.

"And *O Parents*, you are concerned the more to seek Deliverance for them, inasmuch as it is thro' your *Meditation* that this Distempered *Heart* is convey'd unto them. 'Tis an *Hereditary Distemper;* thro' your Loins there is made the conveyance of it.

"What! won't you do what you can, that your *Children* may be *Thoroughly healed* of the *Wounds* given them, whereto you yourselves are Accessory? O Worthy to be called *Parricides* rather than *Parents!* *Entrails* you may have; but *Bowels* you have none, if you can see the forlorn State of your *Children*, and not have your *Bowels* bleeding over them.

"Your *Children* have upon them the *spots* that show they are *not the Children of* God, until a *perfect heart* has taken away those ugly and Filthy *spots* But then whose are they? The *Heart* of your *Children* has in it, the *Seeds* of Eternal *Death*, the *Worms* that will never Dye The Dispositions in the *Carnal Mind* of your *Children* are such that they *cannot please* God in them—they are full of *Enmity to* God The Holy God can be no other but a *Consuming Fire* into them, until they have an *Heart* otherwise disposed. God will be *terrible* to them in his Holy *places;* yea, Fearful to be spoken! They are Fuel for the *Devouring Fire* and the *Everlasting Burnings*, until a *perfect heart* has given another Temper to them."

The remedy suggested to renovate the hearts of the children from all this depravity is "Prayer," but the "Prayer must have Two Concomitants. First, Men ought always to pray, and not to faint," and "Secondly, Your Pains must accompany Your Prayers."

In contemplating the wickedness that Mather pictures in the hearts of these poor children, their parents must have felt constrained to give a literal meaning to the command, "Pray without ceasing."

After calling down the thunderbolts of heaven upon the heads of the children who refuse to take warning from his advice, this gentle preacher demands of them answers to these three questions:

"Question I Are you sure, that you shall have any more *Time* than This very Day allow'd you, to make sure of what you must in a *Pious Mind* be brought unto? Is there any Report more common than this? *The Young Ones are dead* Are not our Golgothas full of *Graves*, that reach not unto your Dominions? Of the Six Thousand, Four Hundred and Odd, that have Dyed in our City within Twenty Years (besides our very many Young Men who have dyed abroad) were not probably more than Three Thousand who had reached unto their middle age! If you *Harden Your Hearts* and refuse to-day *to hear his Voice*, how do you know, but the *Angel of Death* may stand by your Bedsides, and, with an *uplifted hand swear by Him who lives for ever and ever*, that you shall have *no Longer time to Live;* and have order to strike you down immediately? Is any of you all assured of this; *that this* is not the *Last Sermon that shall ever call upon you?*

"Question II If you *Dye in your Sins* without that *Holiness of a Pious Mind without which no man shall see the Lord;* What will become of you? Can any *Imagination* yet clothed in Flesh, form a clear and full notion of what you must endure at the Hands of an Infinite God resolving to have a Triumph of His Justice, in what he will do upon you, if you go away unreconciled unto Him!

"Question III If you are the *Children* of *Parents* who have been themselves of a *Pious Mind*, and have done a great deal to bring you unto a *Pious Mind* but you remain impenitent after all; must you not receive a greater *Damnation* than any other *Children* in the world?'

"Consider these Things, O Young People, *Consider*, 'est the Glorious One Exasperated by your Impenitency, *tear you to pieces and there be none to deliver you!*'

A glimpse of the "Heavenly World" is given for those whose "Consideration will bring them to themselves, and who will come to be what they should be;" and, in conclusion:

"Let thy Consideration remove the *Bars of the Pit*, and uncover the dismal Vault, and look down into the *Infernal World*. *Consider* the Tremendous Things which are inflicted on the Despisers of *Early Piety* who for being so, shall be condemned to and confined unto that *Place of Torment* Visit the gloomy and howling Regions, where God *sets them in dark* Places, who have been *Dead of Old* God *hedges them about, they cannot get out;* God makes their *Chain Heavy* God is as a *Lion* unto them *in the Secret Places; He pulls them in pieces and makes them desolate.* God causes *the Arrows* of His *Quiver* to enter into them, and He fills them with Bitterness. Think; if I go down to *That World* an Almighty God Himself will take me into His *own Hands*, and make me feel such scalding *Strokes of His Wrath*, as no Tongue is able to express, no Heart is able to conceive. *Immediate Emanations* from an Offended, Omnipotent, Omnipresent God acting as *a Consuming Fire:* God Himself *will fight against me* with a strong arm, and in *Great Wrath*. And can my *Hands be Strong* or can my *Heart Endure* when God shall *deal* with me? Think if I come to be *Tormented in the Flames* of *That World* I know not of any *Period* for my Torment. An *Aking Tooth* for one Month, how tedious would it be unto me here! But if I lie among the Damned I must undergo much worse Grief than *That;* and after as many Millions of Years as there are *Leaves* on the Trees, or *Drops* in the Sea, or *Sands* on the shore, I have no prospect of any *Period*. The *Mediator* delivering up His *Kingdom* I shall be left still under the Vengeance of God with no *Intercessor* for me; *Laid in the lowest Pit, shut up where I cannot come forth* any more."

Before leaving this quaint old volume I want to quote one paragraph from Cotton Mather's "Mantissa," which precedes the discourse preached by his father, alluded to in the title page. The old man Mather was eighty-three years old at the time he gave this "Advice to the Children of Godly Ancestors," and he preached "as he had done all his Days Without Using any Notes. Nor could we have come at this particular Sermon, if we had not been beholden to the Pen of a pious Gentlewoman belonging to his Flock, who gives us a Copy of what the *Ready Writer* took from him, as he delivered it."

In Longfellow's "Michael Angelo" Julia says to the priest, "There are too many week-days for one Sunday." And he replies,

> "Then take the Sunday with you through the week,
> And sweeten with it all the other days."

Mr. Everett's sermons to the boys at Quincy are all in harmony with this advice of Valdesso to Julia.

"I wish," he remarks in beginning the first sermon, "to see if I cannot bring religion to you as a real matter of thought and study, like Latin and Algebra—yes, and of practice and interest, like skating or foot-ball;" and further on in the same sermon, "It is a hard subject, as any great subject is hard—hard to learn perfectly, hard to teach thoroughly; but that is no more a reason why we should avoid learning it than it is for refusing to study law, or to learn rowing, that it is so hard to be a good lawyer or a good oarsman, and that so few men get to be such.

"And above all, my friends, do not make that unjust and unkind mistake of supposing that the preachers who talk to you about God and duty, whether here or in church, set up to be spotless saints, that they do not know perfectly well their own faults, or that they do not feel that they need the very religion they talk to you about more than any one.

"It is for that very reason they talk to you; it is because they are your fellow-men, weary under their own transgression of God's law, that they are determined, if they can, to set that law before you, to be your help as it has been theirs."

"We have got to make ourselves whole men," he says in his sermon on "Thoughtfulness a Duty"—"not bundles of qualities either good or bad, but single, entire, consistent natures. And to do this requires study and thought. You cannot be a man, any more than you can be a good scholar or a good tennis player or a good shot, without constant attention and thought, so as to form your plan of life, to act up to it, to correct and modify it, to perfect it Nine-tenths of the faults and defects, nine-tenths of the unsuccessful and uncomfortable virtues, that you and I meet in our lives, arise simply from want of thought, from not giving attention and reflection to what we are doing and saying. I cannot tell you the number of times that, after calling some boy's attention to the harm he was doing or had done, I have received the answer, 'I did not think.' And doubly true do I know this to be of myself."

And so on through all these twenty talks to the Quincy School boys. Religion is no dead sort of a business which deprives a man of half his life and renders him bloodless, but exactly the opposite.

"The only way to explain Christianity to people," says this teacher, "is to send them straight to Jesus Christ, to what he did, to what he said, to how he lived—not to what apostles and preachers and philosophers have said of him but to the original story. If there is anything in that story which perplexes you, throw it aside and take what does not perplex you—take what you understand, take what you like—and that alone will show you why his religion is what it is to-day."

Enough has been quoted from these two preachers and teachers to show the difference one hundred and sixty years makes in presenting what are supposed to be the truths of religion.

From Cotton Mather to William Everett is a long stride. Will it be possible for the coming son of a Harvard President who may talk to the boys of Boston in the year 2048 to be as far in advance of Professor Everett as he is of his predecessor of one hundred and sixty years before Who can

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN BRAZIL.

By Emma M. Fitch.

AFTER some thirty-five days of life on the ocean, our Baltimore bark, the "Lapwing," entered the beautiful harbor of Rio de Janeiro. The children were delighted with all we had seen so far. Our voyage, though so very long, had been far from monotonous. First, there was the yellow seaweed in the Gulf Stream. The sailors hooked it up on deck for us, so that we might examine the funny little life in its folds. Then there were whales, sharks, and porpoises to fill us both with terror and amusement. The sailors caught a beautiful dolphin, and we watched the dying creature with its lovely change of colors (which is a reality and not a fiction). We saw, too, the beautiful flying fish, and the daintiest of Argonauts, sometimes called "Portuguese men-of-war." One night from my ugly porthole I had my first glimpse of the "Southern Cross." I was much disappointed in this far famed constellation. It is not so perfect an outline of the cross as I supposed. Professor Agassiz's wife, speaking of her first sight of this constellation, says, "With the visible I lost a far more wonderful constellation which had lived in my imagination."

Just at the setting of the sun we cast our anchor in the bay, *the* bay which has no rival. Not even the beautiful Bay of Naples can boast of greater claims to exquisite beauty. In my girlish delight I could scarcely eat or sleep that night. The setting sun lighted up the mountains and harbor, and glistened on the many cathedrals of the city. The twilight, only too short, followed; then the moon appeared, and flooded the whole scene with her light. Soon the city began to glitter with her gaslights all along the shore, and all around the crescent-shaped beaches, and away on the hillsides for miles back. The lighted city, the mountains and hills, the lovely water, the many islands covered with palms towering in the moonlight, and the shipping from all parts of the globe, made a scene never to be forgotten. This bay is thirty miles long, fifty miles in circumference, and three miles wide.

The next morning, after spending the night on board our ship, little boats came to take us ashore. We were taken directly to our Brazilian home. We were rowed into the little, quiet Jurujuba Bay, separated from the larger bay by a rock-like island completely covered with tropical vegetation. Going around this island, we were put ashore on our own beach. The black slaves took us one by one, as though we were babes, and put us safely on dry land. We walked up a steep path for a short distance, and then turned into the grounds of our new home. The yard was full of palms, bread fruit trees, beautiful flowers, and all the strange growth of a tropical clime. The house was large, and, like many Brazilian houses, of only one story, but with very high ceilings. The roofs are covered with red tiles for the sake of coolness. These red roofs and no chimneys give the city an odd appearance to a stranger.

Our house was furnished somewhat after the fashion of all Brazilian houses. There are no carpets, and the furniture is cane seated; the floors, though innocent of carpets, are often very handsome indeed. The Brazilian woods of different colors are inlaid in beautiful patterns, and bright rugs are laid about in front of sofas and tables. The insects of the country make it impossible to have carpets or woolen upholstery, and in such a warm climate the cool furniture and floors are a necessity and very refreshing. We became quite accustomed to immense red cockroaches walking the floors, gay little lizards climbing the walls, and little red ants marching in regular and sedate armies through the house, which, if not disturbed, would trouble no one and leave not an ant behind. Once in a while a big black spider, as large as a saucer, would peep at us from behind a door, and our father would give him a speedy end with a club.

One cool, rainy night a big black snake, fascinated by the cook's nice kitchen fire, crawled up the half-dozen steps and coiled himself under the stove. Imagine the panic among the servants the next morning, especially the fright of our mulatto Clara, who had been baking cakes, innocent of the fact that such a creature lay coiled at her feet! The poor girl brought in a plate of cakes, her face as white as it were possible for face of such a color to be, and begged our father to kill the snake. It proved to be a very poisonous serpent, but was dispatched with clubs before any one was injured.

Our home was situated in one of the beautiful suburbs of the city, called Saõ Domingo. We were on a rocky coast, quite high, and rising nearly perpendicularly from the beach. From the windows we saw the harbor with its shipping, the city opposite, the lovely hillsides back of the city, and the mountains of Lajea, Corcovado, and the Sugar Loaf. On another side was the view of our own lovely bay, with its beautiful hillsides and palm-covered islands. The beach was our constant delight; there were so many caves, and these were full of sea creatures, and the rocks were covered with seaweed. Many a lesson was learned and recited in a deep cave or on top of a big rock in the midst of the water. My brothers filled me with terror as they scaled perpendicular rocks or turned somersaults from some flat rock into the water, or filled their pockets with dreadful slimy creatures taken from the sea. Our bathing and swimming was our joy. The Brazilians dearly love to bathe. Before sunrise the air would resound with the sounds of laughter and the chatter of the women, slaves, and children enjoying the water. The ladies go down to the beach with their long black hair hanging down their backs and flowing over loose gowns. Their bare feet are incased in noisy wooden shoes easily thrown off for the bath. A procession of slave women follow behind with tents and all the necessaries for bathing and dressing. We felt very proud because all this tiresome preparation and the walking were not necessary for us. We dressed for the bath in the house, and then scrambled down the bank by some steps cut in the earth, and dashed into the water. The coming back with heavy, dripping garments was not quite so gay, and our appearance climbing the bank was anything but picturesque. The Brazilian ladies did not seem to swim, and thought our doings in the water very wonderful. I do not remember ever having seen a Brazilian girl swim. They took hold of hands, ducked their heads, gave little squeals, and thought they were bathing. Our experience soon taught us that swimming, or at least floating, was the best plan, for there were many sly crabs which planned to make an uncomfortable acquaintance with our toes the moment they touched the sand.

Going into the water so early in the morning, we were rewarded by seeing the nets drawn in with fish. Professor Agassiz has told us much of the great variety of fish found in Brazil. The most beautiful fish in the world are caught in this bay. Our cook was always on the beach to carry to the house a panful of little fish, so delicate fried for breakfast, or to buy a big one, or a piece of a big one, for dinner.

I was lying on my back one morning, floating on the water with closed eyes, enjoying the delicious sensation of being rocked by the waves, when a shout of alarm brought me to my senses, and I found myself just about to be sucked into an immense seine. A gentleman, a friend of ours, passing by, shouted, "Catch her and I'll pay for her!"

The city of Rio is the most important one of Brazil, being the capital of the Empire and a very important foreign shipping port for the whole country. The city is about six miles long, and lies along the west side of the bay. The population is about 700,000 composed of three distinct races, European, Indian, and Negro. A majority is composed of an intermingling of these races in every conceivable degree. There is no prejudice as regards color in Brazil. The language of the country is Portuguese, but all educated people speak the French language too. We could always make use of French in our shopping and in our social intercourse with the Brazilians. The streets of the city are nicely paved with stone. The roads, far into the suburbs, even to the mountain tops, are beautifully made, and now a fine system of sewerage has been introduced. The streets are very narrow in the old parts of the city, so narrow that carriages cannot pass each other; consequently there are city rules which allow carriages to enter certain streets from only one direction, so there can be no possible collision. This arrangement is sometimes very awkward when one is in haste, but then it is only the foreigners who are in a hurry in Rio.

The drinking water is perfect, coming through an aqueduct from the never-failing springs of the mountains behind the city. This aqueduct is more than one hundred years old. It is twelve miles long, and crosses a valley 90 feet deep and 740 feet wide, upon two tiers of arches, one upon the other. Ice we did not have, but the little red earthen pots or *ewers*, such as we read of in Eastern countries, kept the water wonderfully cool. In the palace square of the city is an immense fountain from which the water flows from a score of pipes, and, caught in tubs or barrels, is borne off on the heads of the slaves. When the mistress is puzzled to know what to do with her many house servants, she turns some of them into water-carriers. This fountain was and still is a great place for the sociability of the blacks. A wonderful amount of African gossip is carried on there while leisurely waiting their turns to fill their tubs. Here a group of *lavengeiras*, or washerwomen, could be seen washing their clothes by dashing them against the stones under the flowing faucets. These faucets, bearing this pure spring water into the city, are placed at nearly every street corner. What an untold blessing is this plentiful supply of pure water to a city in such a climate!

Perhaps the readers of this paper would like best to hear something of the children and women of Brazil. Many of the ladies are very attractive in appearance, though not nearly so beautiful as Spanish ladies. Their manners are very gentle and pretty. Their bloom fades early, as is usually the case in warm climates. Their education is confined mostly to music, dancing, and the French language. They are indolent, as are the gentlemen. The climate and plenty of slaves to do their bidding naturally makes them predisposed to idleness. There are no outdoor exercises or games for the girls and boys. The hot climate is probably one reason for this. There are no lectures, no cheap concerts for the people, no clubs, nor any of those institutions which we think so good for the body and the minds of the people. Professor Agassiz, when in Brazil, introduced the first concert to which any one was invited outside of the nobility and imperial family. As it was not considered proper for ladies to appear in public, it was with the greatest difficulty he could persuade any lady to attend his lectures.

Child life seemed to me so sad. A little boy of eight years is an odd little man. He wears his tall silk hat, carries his cane, and wears his clothes the exact copy of his father's. He would not for a moment think of indulging in the games of an American boy. A little girl is fully educated at thirteen, and ready for marriage. Indeed, she can be married at any time from the age of eight years. Think of such a childhood! And her husband may be fifty years of age. Captain C., who had charge of a Brazilian steamer running up and down the coast, tells the following story: He met one day on the deck of the steamer a Brazilian gentleman about sixty years of age. He had with him two very pretty little girls, aged ten and twelve. The gentleman soon went below, leaving the children on the deck. The Captain made an acquaintance with the girls soon, and in the course of conversation took them upon his knees, telling them stories of his own little daughter left behind in the United States. They were having a very happy, laughing time, when the elderly gentleman came on deck. He stood and looked at the group as though something terrible had happened. The Captain thought he must be very seasick. "Oh, sir!" said the Captain, as he stroked the pretty heads of the children, "I have been having such a fine time with your daughters." "That little girl, sir," said the enraged man, pointing to one of them, "is my wife." Such is Brazilian girlhood. The marriages are always arranged by the parents. The daughter has no choice in the matter whatever. I suppose it never enters her mind to disobey. Love and courtship are unknown to a Brazilian girl. A young married girl by chance read an English novel. After reading the story, she said to her American friend, "What is all this that your books talk of—this falling in love? I never heard of such a thing before." Then, with her hands clasped upon her lap and a dreamy look out of her eyes, she said: "Oh, I think it must be very nice indeed!" A Brazilian girl is closely confined at home. Even after marriage her life is no freer from restraint, it is even more imprisoned, through the jealousy of her husband. He has been known to shut his wife up in a convent before starting on a little journey, that he might be sure of her safety during his absence.

She cannot go outside of her yard—scarcely outside of her house—except under certain conditions. Even under these restrictions, she is rarely seen upon the street. The shopping is done at home, or else she must be attended by a male relative or a procession of slaves. Usually the slaves bring home a bundle of goods from the shops for their selection, or the peddler, who is gladly welcomed in a Brazilian house, brings his pack for their amusement. He announces his approach by the ringing of a little bell, and is followed by his slaves with the packs on their heads. I used to pity these poor girls so much. As I passed the Brazilian houses, I became quite accustomed to seeing the same pretty faces gazing out at me from the half-closed blinds. They make pretty silk cushions to lay on the window-sills, so that their elbows will not become sore from this constant leaning upon them. These girls would bow and smile at me and wonder at the American girl who had such freedom. They did not know that she thought her life very much restrained, for her father, believing in the old proverb, "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," never allowed the ladies of his household to go alone upon the street. We found English ladies could not be too careful. We were severely criticised at our best behavior. In the few years of our life in Brazil I never went outside of my father's gate alone. The Brazilian lady is naturally bright and vivacious in conversation, but her lack of education unfits her for talking about the most common things of interest to any woman of education in this country. She does not read. How can she? she has no books. There is but little Portuguese literature into which she is allowed to look. You could not enter a Brazilian house without noticing the lack of books and pictures. The gentleman may have his particular books relating to his business or profession, but there are no books lying about for the girls or ladies. If you ask this intelligent Brazilian where are the books for his wife, he shrugs his shoulders, looks at

you in amazement, and asks, "My wife have a book? What can she want a book for?" The Brazilian women begin to feel the difference between their life and education and that of the women of other countries. We hope the day may soon come when Brazil's women may be educated equally with her men—certainly a country cannot be prosperous when only one-half of her people are educated. A young Brazilian gentleman of wealth and fine culture always seemed much amused over my young sister's application to her books. He thought her busy over studies quite too hard and much beyond the comprehension of a woman's brain. He said laughingly to her one day, as he found her bent over her slate, "You can't find the square root of a number." "Give me a number," she said. He did so. She soon gave him a correct answer. His look of utter amazement was something comical to see. I imagine he will never forget the little American girl who could actually find the square root of a number.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON AMERICA.

By Joel Benton.

[The ink was scarcely dry on my pages devoted to Matthew Arnold when a flash through the cable brought news of

"The wind of Death's imperishable wings."

I feel like half taking back everything like critical comment here, and crying a truce on mere opinions, in view of the sad event, the saddest which has come to English-reading people in many a day. As one who had tasted of his friendship, and received courtesies from him, this death is something more to me than the loss of one to whom England's Chief Justice some time ago gave the compliment that he was doubtless the most commanding mind in England. But there is no space or place for any extended ascription to him by me here. In another place I shall lay my votive token upon the cairn that will rise to his memory. One thinks only of his "Thyrsis" and his elegies now—among which are these touching lines:

"'Tis death! and peace, indeed, is here,
And ease from shame, and rest from fear.
There's nothing can dismarble now
The smoothness of that limpid brow."

J. B.]

FROM what was foreshadowed by certain cable reports, one was led to suppose that Mr. Matthew Arnold had put America in his powerful critical crucible and reduced it to helpless dross. But the full text of his "Nineteenth Century" essay dispels quite clearly that alarming inference. The essay is not so portentous an indictment, not so destructive and sweeping, as we were led to suppose. Mr. Arnold suffered some from the worst features of our journalism—from one brutality, in fact—and he had reasons for the degree of torment he endured, and for no little resentment. Apart from such poignancy as these things brought him, we, as a people and country, are certainly quite imperfect in Mr. Arnold's eyes. Apparently, though, he does not exactly remember that Mr. James Russell Lowell said of us, not so very long after the conclusion of our Civil War, quite as much derogatory to us as Mr. Arnold has said now. As much, if not precisely the same, fault he found; and other similar critics (who are not, perhaps, always to be found editing our daily papers) have at times rung variations about our various shortcomings, on a severely critical and unsparing strain. Mr. Lowell's criticism was weighty because of the fact that he is in all respects our most acute critic, and because it was put in pungent verse that had the epigrammatic terseness and sting which no other American can equal and no English writer can surpass. If anybody besides Mr. Arnold has forgotten this criticism—in spite of which his country has multiplied honors for the author of it—he would do well to turn back and re-read "Tempora Mutantur" and "The World's Fair in 1876."

Suppose we confess, what we have always known, that we have no castles, no old cathedrals, no parish churches, and little which has the flavor of antiquity about us. Would not the obvious answer to this—Mr. Arnold's most serious charge—be that we were not a people, nor a nation, but, on the contrary, where our civilization, such as it is, now appears, nothing but a raw continent untouched by anything but nature and savagery could be seen when the spirit that made these things was working in England? England has them because she lived in the long centuries which produced them before America was born. She owes them to her ancestry and ours; and what they are in a spiritual or æsthetic sense, by this title, credits us as a race, too. Does not the blood which planned them course also in our veins? Like the lamb in the fable, to be sure, we are a little further down the stream of time, so that this mud of deprecation a sharp critic standing where England does may often mingle in the water for us to drink. We must, of course, swallow the draught, but we cannot, if we would, repent of omitting a virtue which the *Zeit Geist* (to use Matthew Arnold's happy phrase) never permitted us to exercise or exhibit. We suspect, from Mr. Arnold's own account, that England is building no old cathedrals to-day, establishing no old ruins, nor has she been doing these things for some time now, in any different way from that by which America may sometime have an Antiquity.

The celebrated railroad station which is one of the notable modern pieces of architecture in England, and which Mr. Arnold thinks important enough to specify, he recalls to confess that, in work of that kind, we at least have and can produce specimens. Certainly we think little enough of our architecture; and if we have never had but one architect, who is now, unfortunately, dead, it would seem as if the reasons for our architectural deficiencies should be made plain. Here, again, we must say that in a country where the only time we have had to do anything has been barely enough to get ourselves planted and to secure proper shelter and material comforts, and to shape a constitution for England some day to copy, the last touch of art could not be expected. Has any country just a hundred years old been notable for an ideal art development? Very little, to be sure, we have, but that little has ground of promise; and so eagerly have our students gone to Europe to study what the supposed best work and traditions have to offer, that even artists are now saying we are in danger of overdoing the borrowing *rôle*. Something of this they tell us all countries must do, but they must have self-reliance too, and we must not emasculate the American spirit and landscape and *genre* by making it speak too distinctly in the accents of a foreign tongue.

So we are likely, after the time it took Greece to build the Parthenon and Rome the Coliseum, to have something to show Mr. Arnold, not only in the line of architecture, but in painting and the related arts; and our best hope is that he may live long enough to come over and see us and our art development then. In spite of what our architecture is, and has been, it is to our credit that no critic and no speaker here have ever exulted over it. The most jubilant Fourth of July orator, when he made the American Eagle scream loudest forty years ago, never glorified our architecture or our art. And yet, if fitness to purpose and a certain quaintness of outlines, with some beginning of a mellow antiquity, give a charm to houses, we do have a few that testify to a germinal art instinct. They may not be common, nor are they always in sight of the railroad; nor would a lecturer tired and jaded by traversing our immense distances to meet lecture audiences be apt to get a repossessful view of one in his winter flights. I believe there are three houses still standing in this country which were built not far from 1638, and which are therefore now two hundred and fifty years old.

One of these houses, which I have seen myself, is that which was built in Guilford, Conn., in the year named. It is of solid stone, the walls apparently, by a measurement of the window jambs, three feet thick. This house, which is likely to stand two hundred and fifty years longer, was built by the early settlers of its vicinage jointly, and in part to serve as a defense against the hostile savages. The stone which enters into it was brought in hand-barrows a long distance and over a swampy stretch of ground. There was probably no architect in Guilford then—since America has never had but one; but if Mr. Arnold, when he next crosses the ocean, will let me take him into the fields back of this house, I shall be surprised if he does not admit that it has charm. No doubt, as Emerson says, it was true of these builders—

"They builded better than they knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew."

But the fact is not an accusation, as Emerson said this of that noble pile, St. Peter's. I spoke of taking Mr. Arnold out of the road into the fields to view this house, and I should do this because a modern Vandal has smoothed and stuccoed its front with plaster, which proves that we have Vandals here as they have them in Venice, who are there trying to destroy her most precious monuments.

These houses will not, probably, defend us from a general indictment—which I have not denied—that our architecture, in the aggregate, is far from inspiring joy and far from perfection; but we have many others, with the single exception that, while old, they are not two and a half centuries old, that do not fall behind these in real artistic beauty. And in our newer houses there is at least promise. After all, the first ornament of a house, and the best, is hospitality, which Mr. Arnold, I believe, admits he did not miss. Will he not give us a little time in which to humanize ourselves still further and to add the grace of beauty and picturesqueness? Can we ask of the youth of eighteen what we expect of the man of fifty?

For our climate we cannot, unhappily, repent. When our forefathers were driven here to secure freedom, they simply discovered it; they had no hand at all in ordering or ordaining it. If an amendment to our Constitution, or a complaint in the Declaration of Independence, would have bettered it, none would be more willing than we should be to have it improved. But, with all its faults—one of which last month is freshly in our minds—it *does* give us more sunshine, I am told, in six months than you see in two years in England. Somehow this sunshine, if it makes us too complaisant with ourselves and too self-satisfied—if it nourishes a national self-conceit—benefits us in many ways. It gives unbounded cheerfulness and sanity. I suspect it helps us "to think clear and see straight," as Mr. Arnold—than whom there is no better authority—has told us in a previous article we do. It has helped us to solve the political problem in a way, since it has been acknowledged by Mr. Arnold, that would have also pleased Aristotle and Plato, I am sure, if they could have lived to see it done.

This sunshine in our sky has, I am convinced, done other things for us besides. When we go to England we do not expect to find there Niagara Falls, and the wonders of the Yosemite, or the wheat fields and prairies of Dakota—a spectacle the like of which I am sure can be seen nowhere else—or the equal of our great inland seas, called lakes, or of the Mississippi River. It is because we think clear and see straight that we rejoice in having them, and do not, when we return from England, blame the English people or the English Parliament for not endowing similar institutions in the British Islands.

Is it not a fact that a beautiful sky—as a narrow, foggy one does also—gets somehow into thought and criticism; and that, while one breeds tolerance, a supposition that a man may live happily for a time without taking his distinctive home treasures with him when he travels, the other encourages a petulant, trivial, pessimistic hypercriticism, which cannot think apart from certain parochialisms left behind, and uses the measuring-tape of a small island for a cosmopolitan reckoning? Charles Lamb could understand how one man might hate another instinctively—a stranger whom he had never met—so thoroughly that he would begin to fight him on his first appearance. Something in this way Carlyle always felt toward America, in spite of Emerson's friendship, and wholly so does Ruskin feel. New York is so depravedly unpicturesque in Ruskin's eyes that he could see an earthquake swallow it without feeling a pang. He could come here and be royally welcomed at any time, but how can he until there is some way found to pack up a cathedral and a "ruins" to bring over along with his bath-tub?

Mr. Arnold does not like our peaches or our pears; and, this being so, a carefully and logically constructed syllogism in their favor would be useless. Neither American vehicles nor American prices are what they should be, we are told. Well, the necessity for revenue prolonged for us, in a crucial period, the stupendous humbug called "Protection," and has bred a school of philosophers here who teach that wholesale waste and universal taxation produce wealth. Such a doctrine is not peculiarly American; but in no other country than one of our wealth and recuperative power could such phlebotomy of the people have been borne so long. By thinking clear and seeing straight our voters will soon set bounds to its perverse ravage. And yet, if we cannot all of us pay for a carriage or the use of one, nobody here is so poor as not to have a useful vehicle at hand. The horse-car, it is true, may not be ideally good or picturesque; but it does serve. We are sometimes so democratic and barbarous that we are happy even when we are riding in this un"class"ified carryall.

There may be better vehicles than the horse-car, and better novelists than Mr. Roe, but they both serve a real need, and serve it according to its demands. And both carry a multitude of passengers safely. If Mr. Arnold could only think that Mr. Emerson is a writer equal to Addison, or that Mr. Hawthorne and Mr. Lowell have not dabbled with ink wholly in vain, we should mention these writers, along with a few others, as being creditable to a young nation. But, while Mr. Arnold prefers Addison to Emerson, what can one say? Nothing, perhaps, except, *De gustibus*, etc. Perhaps—without wishing in the slightest degree to be invidious—we should inquire here what books "an upper class materialized, a middle class vulgarized, and a lower class brutalized" most eagerly devour. If we could find that one thing out, we might, perhaps, get some virtues we do not now possess. It has been our pride that, though we were the first and best patrons of Carlyle, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold have nothing to say which is not quickly read here. Perhaps it should not be a matter of pride, but it is a matter of fact, that access to the best things that have been thought and said in the world is here had by more millions, and is made use of as it is not had and is not made use of anywhere else in the wide world. In this way we have cast seed forth for a great crop on behalf of literary culture and humanization—although a full harvest is not yet come. But it ought to come; and we shall not be wholly discouraged if some English observer, looking over our fences, complains that the April seeding is not ready to reap in May.

Burke said that you cannot draw an indictment against a whole people. But Burke did not know how nearly a literary critic can come to doing it. Among sixty millions of people there will be found numerous samples of any sort. The diversified instances will suffice to prove anything. What is wanted is to set one's perspective of these elements to suit his feelings, or to emphasize his discomforts while he is here. If it be Hepworth Dixon's perspective, we shall be mainly Mormons, Oneida Communists, or Shakers. The Trollope and the early Dickens perspectives are well known, and have worked equally well. Now, there is nothing which Mr. Arnold says which does not rest upon *some* verifiable foundations, like these, and nothing which is damaging to us which does not have its mitigations, or which is not in the line of a process which will some day lessen the gravamen of the complaint. A nation which won freedom of speech and worship from the first, and freedom of soil by cutting out, at such tremendous and unheard-of cost, a cancer which our critic's nation implanted here, is not in the worst way possible. It still has faults to cure; but it can count for their remedy on the same heroic intelligence and sane perspective through which it has fought its former battles. It cannot show the flower of an ideal civilization; but it shows the lusty stalk where some day such a flower has the most hope of being nourished and found.

Our newspapers are vulnerable enough, and we have ourselves often accused them. Yet they have the merits of their defects. They show levity, and have bad manners, but they are never stupid. Along with much that is not true news and that is offensive, they give columns of genuine news promptly and bountifully. Their enterprise in doing this is a miracle of modern times. They spare no expense, shirk no amount of toil, and are sure to enter upon a new evolution forward when a little louder demand comes. One of them printed entire, as news—and justly—Mr. Arnold's present criticism, and it can now be read "in the servants' hall." When Carlyle gave his Inaugural Address, as rector of the Edinburgh University, it was promptly reproduced here by some of our papers as one of the most important events of the day before. This, indeed, it was. Certainly the salt of some civilization has not been denied to our press when such things can be habitually done here. I have not heard whether any English paper gave Mr. Emerson's "Phi Beta Kappa" address at Yale College, many years ago, a similar distinction. I should be surprised to hear that it did; and doubt if one in ten able English editors would have got, in trying to give it, the geographical ascription of the college correctly.

One of our humorous paragraphists, a class whom Mr. Arnold has no praise for, is sorry that Mr. Arnold dislikes Briggsville so, and shows his contempt of it by riding so complacently through *Rotten* Row, which is a fruit of urban nomenclature, and not a frontier hamlet. When one gives his mind steadily to Briggsville and the like, he must see, even if he is an American and a Philistine to boot, that this civilization of ours can really be immensely improved. In fact, our late Postmaster Generals have been eliminating a good many Briggsvilles from our map, and preventing more from despoiling it.

Mr. Arnold's acute and various criticism is most readable and piquant. And it is not offensive in itself. It comes nearest to being grotesque and offensive, however, in employing Sir Leppel Griffen's cheap observations here—cheap in every sense—as a background for his own utterance. We must ask now, as we had to ask when he came, Who is Sir Leppel Griffen? Unreasonable as Sir Leppel was, nobody here was offended at him, or took him seriously even. For, portentous as the mythical griffin is, the Leppel variety was merely amusing. He spoke with no voice behind him, and with no intelligence or opportunity for information, necessary to give him respect. A very cultured Englishman, who knows his own country and this country thoroughly, told me, after Sir Leppel came, that this species of intelligence, which sometimes inflicts itself on the Anglo-Indian service, and gets itself mightily puffed up thereby, is a source of sore affliction to England. The homunculus mind returns, in official costume and rank, and finds everything wrong and unendurable in England itself. So it pierces with its puny mosquito forceps the old home it left and has been so long absent from—much to the said home's benefit, and much more would be the benefit if its absence were eternal—and makes the very air sour with wholesale and trivial complaint.

We take it, from what our really cultivated English informant said, that *Leppel Griffenism* is a disease, brought, as the cholera is, from the East, and, though disagreeable in a small way, had never before been diagnosed out of England. A single steamer brought it just once to America, whose delight with the shortness of its visit was overwhelmingly reciprocated. That Mr. Arnold should have honored by setting in his own article this pitiful specimen of a criticaster, we are compelled to wonder. I remember what amusing spleen was manifested by this mental pygmy when he said that the only pretty girls in America were those to be found in Detroit. But the spleen lay in the reason given for it—which was because that city was so near to Canada that the girls from the British dominions, or their parents from there, come over to Detroit to live. There are no statistics shown—none could have been procurable in two weeks—to prove this; and the darkness of mind was apparent in being so obtuse as not to see that if the theory had validity there should be just as many pretty women in Buffalo as in Detroit, and a fair contingent of them wherever the British dominions skirted our boundary.

One, however, need not and cannot argue with Sir Leppel. As the French proverb says, "For the fool there is no cure." Least of all is it suitable to supply him with reasons, though they were plentiful as blackberries. But with Mr. Arnold we must somehow deal. Queer as his perspective often is, and loosely as he sometimes generalizes, we respect the deep and bright intelligence with which he always enlightens us. Whether he is cutting out a cancer or a pound of healthy flesh, there is some enjoyment for us in seeing how cleverly he cuts. As I have remarked, he sometimes gives himself a *bizarre* perspective, which no other man could have possibly invented, and he always carries the English island on his back—two quite serious defects. 'Tis a pity to see so much ground cleared, a few obvious things so well said, illuminating phrases all along the track, and at the end a whimsical conclusion. With a culture which should make him broad and tolerant, he sees almost nothing of the mitigations of time, circumstance, and position. It is a leaving out of the picture of great essentials undisclosed even by the dim distance to put what one would not think of, so trivial is it, in the direct foreground.

America probably has not yet gained repose or awe. It is still a little in the yeasty state. It might find room for more reverence, but its charter of rights prevents the kind of awe which would satisfy our critic. We would not have the English Church or any other established here, because we prefer justice and liberty to being tyrannised over and being picturesque. It may be uncomfortable not to be where things are picturesque, but it would be more so to any right-thinking civilized man to don the yokes and chains of cast-off tyrannies—the descents from barbarism. If we have any spark of awe and reverence, it is for great ability and great power honestly used. The typical American has got somewhat healthily cleared of cant by this time, and is not a born snob. A duke or lord would greatly pique his curiosity, but even a king or queen would not awe him. The American President, while he lasts, is, for us, quite as good as a king or queen, and, if we wonder sometimes at *his* greatness, we do not forget that we are his creator.

With a President and an imported obelisk we must doubtless for a while compose ourselves. Still, to visit England and its gray monuments will aid us somewhat and will not be denied us. Among castles and palaces, on a visit even, we may gather awe—unless the fact that our New York and Baltimore millionaires are renting them and their domains for a summer outing disillusionize us!

But, if even this cannot save us, and give us over to a slight influence of awe and solemnity, there will be nothing for our helpers to do but to give us up. We must then be permitted to cherish the whim that somehow the greatest good to the greatest number will in time work out our salvation as it now works out our prosperity; to which some day the picturesque and the crown of a humanized culture shall be bountifully added.

THE ELECT LADY.

By George Macdonald,

Author of "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—ANDREW AND ALEXA.

ANDREW had occasion to call on the laird to pay his father's rent, and Alexa, who had not seen him for some time, thought him improved both in carriage and speech, and wondered. She did not take into account his intercourse with God, as with highest human minds, and his constant wakefulness to carry into action what things he learned. Thus trained in noblest fashions of freedom, it was small wonder that his bearing and manners, the natural outcome and expression of his habits of being, should grow in liberty. There was in them the change only of development. By the side of such education as this, dealing with reality and inborn dignity, what mattered any amount of ignorance as to social custom! Society may judge its own; this man was not of it, and as much surpassed its most accomplished pupils in all the essentials of breeding, as the Apostle Paul was a better gentleman than Mr Nash or Mr. Brummel. The training may be slow, but it is perfect. To him who has yielded self, all things are possible. Andrew was aware of no difference. He seemed to himself the same as when a boy.

Alexa had not again alluded to his brother's letter concerning George Crawford, fearing he might say what she would find unpleasant. But now she wanted to get a definite opinion from him in regard to certain modes of money making, which had naturally of late occupied a good deal of her thought.

"What is your notion concerning money-lending—I mean at interest, Mr. Ingram?" she said. "I hear it is objected to nowadays by some that set up for teachers."

"It is by no means the first time in the world's history," answered Andrew.

"I want to know what you think of it, Mr Ingram."

"I know little," replied Andrew, "of any matter with which I have not had to deal practically."

"But ought not one to have his ideas ready for the time when he will have to deal practically?" said Alexa.

"Mine would be pretty sure to be wrong," answered Andrew; "and there is no time to spend in gathering wrong ideas and then changing them!"

"On the contrary, they would be less warped by personal interest."

"Could circumstances arise in which it would not be my first interest to be honest?" said Andrew. "Would not my judgment be quickened by the compulsion and the danger? In no danger myself, might I not judge too leniently of things from which I should myself recoil? Selfishly smoother with regard to others, because less anxious about their honesty than my own, might I not yield them what, were I in the case, I should see at once I dared not allow to myself? I can perceive no use in making up my mind how to act in circumstances in which I am not—probably will never be. I have enough to occupy me where I find myself, and should certainly be oftener in doubt how to act, if I had bothered my brains how to think in circumstances foreign to me. In such thinking, duty is of necessity a comparatively feeble factor, being only duty imagined, not live duty, and the result is the more questionable. The Lord instructed his apostles not to be anxious what they should say when they were brought before rulers and kings: I will leave the question of duty alone until action is demanded of me. In the meantime I will do the duty now required of me, which is the only preparation for the duty that is to come."

Although Alexa had not begun to understand Andrew, she had sense enough and righteousness enough to feel that he was somehow ahead of her, and that it was not likely he and George Crawford would be of one mind in the matter that occupied her, so different were their ways of looking at things—so different, indeed, the things themselves they thought worth looking at.

She was silent for a moment, then said:

"You can at least tell me what you think of gambling."

"I think it the meanest mode of gaining or losing money a man could find."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because he desires only to gain, and can gain only by his neighbor's loss. One of the two must be the worse for his transaction with the other. Each *must* wish ill to his neighbor."

"But the risk was agreed upon between them."

"True—but in what hope? Was it not, on the part of each, that he would be the gainer and the other the loser? There is no common cause, nothing but pure opposition of interest."

"Are there not many things in which one must gain and the other lose?"

"There are many things in which one gains and the other loses; but if it is essential to any transaction that only one side shall gain, the thing is not of God."

"What do you think of trading in stocks?"

"I do not know enough about it to have a right to speak."

"You can give your impression."

"I will not give what I do not value."

"Suppose, then, you heard of a man who had made his money so, how would you behave to him?"

"I would not seek his acquaintance."

"If he sought yours?"

"It would be time to ask how he had made his money. Then it would be my business."

"What would make it your business?"

"That he sought my acquaintance. It would then be necessary to know something about him, and the readiest question would be—how he had made his money."

Alexa was silent for some time.

"Do you think God cares about everything?" she said at length.

"Everything," answered Andrew, and she said no more.

Andrew avoided the discussion of moral questions. He regarded the thing as *vermiculate*, and ready to cor-

rupt the obedience. "When you have a thing to do," he would say, "you will do it right in proportion to your love of right. But do the right, and you will love the right; for by doing it you will see it in a measure as it is, and no one can see the truth as it is without loving it. The more you *talk* about what is right, or even about the doing of it, the more you are in danger of exemplifying how loosely theory may be allied to practice. Talk without action saps the very will. Something you have to do is waiting undone all the time, and getting more and more undone. The only refuge is *to do*." To know the thing he ought to do was a matter of import, to do the thing he knew he ought to do was a matter of life and death, to Andrew. He never allowed even a cognate question to force itself upon him until he had attended to the thing that demanded doing: it was merest common sense.

Alexa had in a manner got over her uneasiness at the report of how George was making his money, and their correspondence was not interrupted. But something, perhaps a movement from the world of spirit coming like the wind, had given her one of those motions to betterment, which, however occasioned, are the throb of the divine pulse in our life, the call of the Father, the pull of home, and the guide thither to such as will obey them. She had in consequence again become doubtful about Crawford, and as to whether she was right in corresponding with him. This led to her talk with Andrew, which, while it made her think less of his intellect, influenced her in a way she neither understood nor even recognized. There are two ways in which one nature may influence another for betterment—the one by strengthening the will, the other by heightening the ideal. Andrew, without even her suspicion of the fact, wrought in the latter way upon Alexa. She grew more uneasy. George was coming home: how was she to receive him? Nowise bound, they were on terms of intimacy: was she to encourage the procession of that intimacy, or to ward attempt at nearer approach?

CHAPTER XX.—GEORGE AND ANDREW.

George returned, and made an early appearance at Potlurg. Dawtie met him in the court. She did not know him, but involuntarily shrank from him. He frowned. There was a natural repugnance between them: the one was simple, the other double! the one was pure, the other selfish! the one loved her neighbor, the other preyed upon his!

George was a little louder, and his manners were more studied. Alexa felt him over-blown. He was floridly at his ease. What little "atmosphere" there had been about him was gone, and its place taken by a colored fog. His dress was unobjectionable, and yet attracted notice; perhaps it was only too considered. Alexa was disappointed, and a little relieved. He looked older, yet not more manly—and rather fat. He had more of the confidence women dislike to see a man without than was quite pleasant even to the confident Alexa. His speech was not a little infected with the nasality—as easy to catch as hard to get rid of—which I presume the Puritans carried from England to America. On the whole, George was less interesting than Alexa had expected.

He came to her as if he would embrace her; but an instinctive movement on her part sufficed to check him. She threw an additional heartiness into her welcome, and kept him at arm's length. She felt as if she had lost an old friend, and not gained a new one. He made himself very agreeable, but that he made himself so made him less so.

There was more than these changes at work in her; there was still the underlying doubt concerning him. Although not yet a live soul, she had strong, if vague, ideas about right and wrong; and although she sought many things a good deal more than righteousness, I do not see what temptation would at once have turned her from its known paths. At the same time I do not see what she had yet, more than hundreds of thousands of well-meaning women, to secure her from slow decay and final ruin.

They laughed and talked together very *like* the way they used, but "every like is not the same," and they knew there was a difference. George was stung by the sense of it—too much to show that he was vexed. He laid himself out to be the more pleasing, as if determined to make her feel what he was worth—as the man, namely, whom he imagined himself, and valued himself on being.

It is an argument for God, to see what fools those make of themselves who, believing there is a God, do not believe *in* him—children who do not know the Father. Such make up the mass of church and chapel goers. Let an earthquake or the small pox break loose among them, and they will show what sort their religion is! George had got rid of the folly of believing in the existence of a God, either interested in human affairs or careless of them, and naturally found himself more comfortable in consequence; for he never had believed in God, and it is awkward to believe and not believe at the same moment. What he had called his *beliefs* were as worthy of the name as those of most people, but whether he was better or worse without them hardly interests me, and my philanthropy will scarce serve to make me glad that he was more comfortable.

As they talked, old times came up, and they drew a little nearer, until at last a gentle spring of rose-colored interest began a feeble flow in Alexa's mind. When George took his leave, which he did soon, with the wisdom of one who feared to bore, she went with him to the court, where the gardener was holding his horse. Beside them stood Andrew, talking to the old man, and admiring the beautiful animal in his charge.

"The life of the Creator has run free through every channel up to this creature!" he was saying as they came near.

"What rot!" said George to himself; but to Alexa he said, "Here is my old friend the farmer, I declare!" then to Andrew, "How do you do, Mr. Ingram?"

George never forgot a man's name, and went, in consequence, for a better fellow than he was. One may remember for reasons that have little to do with good-fellowship. He spoke as if they were old friends.

"You seem to like the look of the beast," he said; *you* ought to know what's what in horses!'

"He is one of the finest horses I ever saw!" answered Andrew. "The man who owns him is fortunate."

"He ought to be a good one," said George. "I gave a hundred and fifty in guineas for him yesterday."

Andrew could not help vaguely reflecting what kind of money had bought him, if Sandy was right.

Alexa was pleased to see Andrew. He made her feel more comfortable. His presence seemed to protect her a little.

"May I ask you, Mr. Ingram," she said, "to repeat what you were saying about the horse as we came up?"

"I was saying," answered Andrew, "that, to any one who understands a horse, it is clear that the power of God must have flowed unobstructed through many generations to fashion such a perfection."

"Oh! you indorse the development theory, do you?" said George. "I should hardly have expected that of you."

"I do not think it has anything to do with what I said; no one disputes that this horse comes of many generations of horses. The development theory, if I understand aright, concerns itself with how his first ancestor in his own kind came to be a horse."

"And about that there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who believes in the Bible!" said George.

"God makes beautiful horses," returned Andrew; "whether he takes the one way or the other to make them. I am sure he takes the right way."

"You imply it is of little consequence what you believe about it!"

"If I had to make them it would be of consequence. But what I think of consequence to us is, that He makes them, not out of nothing, but out of himself. Why should my poor notion of God's *how* be of importance so long as, when I see a horse like yours, Mr. Crawford, I say, God be praised? It is of eternal importance to love the animal, and see in him the beauty of the Lord; it is of none to fancy I know which way God took to make him. Not having in me the power or the stuff to make a horse, I cannot know how God made the horse; I can know him to be beautiful!"

"But," said George, "the first horse was a very common-looking domestic animal, which they kept to eat—nothing like this one!"

"Then you think God made the first horse, and after that the horses made themselves!" said Andrew.

Alexa laughed; George said nothing; Andrew went on.

"But," he said, "if we have come up from the lower animals, through a million of kinds, perhaps—against which theory I have nothing to urge—then I am more than prepared to believe that the man who does not do the part of a man will have to go down again, through all the stages of his being, to a position beyond the lowest forms of the powers he had misused, and there begin to rise once more, haunted perhaps with dim hints of the world of humanity left so far above him."

"Bah! What's the use of bothering!—Rubbish!" cried George, with rude jollity. "You know as well as I do, Mr. Ingram, it's all bosh! Things will go on as they're doing, and as they have been doing till now from all eternity—so far as we know, and that's enough for us!"

"They will not go on so for long in our sight, Mr. Crawford. The worms will have a word to say with us!"

Alexa turned away.

"You've not given up preaching and taken to the practical yet, Mr. Ingram, I see!" said George.

Andrew laughed.

"I flatter myself I have not ceased to be practical, Mr. Crawford. You are busy with what you see, and I am busy as well with what I don't see; but all the time I believe my farm in as good a state as your books!"

George gave a start, and stole a look at the young farmer, but was satisfied he "meant nothing." The self-seeker will walk into the very abyss protesting himself a practical man, and counting him unpractical who will not with him "jump the life to come." Himself, he neither measures the width nor questions his muscle.

CHAPTER XXI.—WHAT IS IT WORTH?

Andrew, with all his hard work, harder since Sandy went, continued able to write, for he neither sought company nor drank strong drink, and was the sport of no passion. From threatened inroad he appealed to Him who created to lift his child above the torrent, and make impulse the slave of conscience and manhood. There were no demons riding the whirlwinds of his soul. It is not wonderful, then, that he should be able to write a book, or that the book should be of genuine and original worth. It had the fortune to be "favorably" reviewed, scarce one of those who reviewed it understanding it, while all of them seemed to themselves to understand it perfectly. I mention the thing because, had the book not been thus reviewed, Alexa would not have bought a copy, or been able to admire it.

The review she read was in a paper whose editor would not have admitted it had he suspected the drift which the reviewer had failed to see; and the passages quoted appealed to Alexa in virtue, partly, of her not seeing half they involved, or anything whatever of the said drift. But because he had got a book published, and because she approved of certain lines, phrases, and passages in it, but chiefly because it had been praised by more than one influential paper, Andrew rose immensely in Alexa's opinion. Although he was the son of a tenant, was even a laborer on his farm, and had covered a birth no higher than that of Jesus Christ with the gown of no university, she began, against her own sense of what was fit, to look up to the plowman. The plowman was not aware of this, and would have been careless had he been. He respected his landlord's daughter, nor ever questioned her superiority as a lady where he made no claim to being a gentleman, but he recognized in her no power either to help or to hurt.

When they next met, Alexa was no longer indifferent to his presence, and even made a movement in the direction of being agreeable to him. She dropped in a measure, without knowing she had ever used it, her patronizing carriage, but had the assurance to compliment him not merely on the poem he had written, but on the way it had been received; she could not have credited, had he told her, that he was as indifferent to the praise or blame of what is called the public, as if that public were indeed—what it is most like—a boy just learning to read. Yet it is the consent of such a public that makes the very essence of what is called fame! How should a man care for it who knows that he is on his way to join his peers, to be a child with the great ones of the earth, the lovers of the truth, the Doers of the Will! What to him will be the wind of the world he has left behind, a wind that cannot arouse the dead, that can only blow about the grave-clothes of the dead as they bury their dead!

"Live, Dawtie," said Andrew to the girl, "and ae day ye'll hae yer hert's desire; for 'Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness!'"

Andrew was neither annoyed nor gratified with the compliments that Alexa paid him, for she did not know the informing power of the book—what he cared for in it—the thing that made him write it. But her gentleness and kindness did please him; he was glad to feel a little at home with her, glad to draw a little nearer to one who had never been other than good to him. And then was she not more than kind, even loving, to Dawtie?

"So, Andrew, you are a poet at last!" she said, holding out her hand to him, which Andrew received in a palm that wrote the better verse that it was horny. "Please do remember I was the first that found you out!" she added.

"I think it was my mother!" answered Andrew.

"And I would have helped you if you would have let me!"

"It is not well, ma'am, to push the bird off because he can't sit safe on the edge of the nest!"

"Perhaps you are right. A failure then would have stood in the way of your coming fame."

"Oh, for that, ma'am, believe me, I do not care a short straw!"

"What do you not care for?"

"For fame."

"That is wrong, Andrew. We ought to care what our neighbors think of us."

"My neighbors did not set me to do the work, and I did not seek their praise in doing it. Their friendship I prize dearly—more than tongue can tell."

"You cannot surely be so conceited, Andrew, as to think nobody capable of judging your work!"

The Home.

BABYHOOD.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

HEIGH ho, Babyhood! Tell me where you linger;
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray—
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus land of the far-away.

Turn back the leaves of life—don't read the story—
Let's find the pictures and fancy all the rest;
We can fill the pages with a brighter glory
Than old Time, the story-teller, at his very best.

Turn to the brook where the honeysuckle, tipping
O'er its vase of perfume, spills it on the breeze,
And the bees and humming-birds in ecstasy are sipping
From the fairy flagons of the blooming locust trees.

Turn to the lane where we used to "teeter-totter,"
Printing little foot-palms in the mellow mold—
Laughing at the lazy cattle wading in the water,
Where the ripples dimple round the buttercups of gold;

Where the dusky turtle lies basking on the gravel
Of the sunny sandbar in the middle tide,
And the ghostly dragon fly pauses in his travel
To rest like a blossom where the water-lily died.

Heigh ho, Babyhood! Tell me where you linger;
Let's toddle home again, for we have gone astray—
Take this eager hand of mine and lead me by the finger
Back to the lotus land of the far-away! —[Selected.

OUT OF THE RUT.

II.

By Maria Parloa.

BAKED FISH.

FOR a fish weighing about four pounds make a dressing with one cupful of cracker crumbs, three-fourths of a cupful of cold water, a generous tablespoonful of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, and one teaspoonful of onion juice. Mix all these ingredients, and let the dressing stand while the fish is being prepared.

Have the head and tail left on the fish. Have the body opened for about six inches, beginning at the head. See that the fish is free from fins and scales, and that the inside is perfectly clean. Wash quickly in cold water, then sprinkle it inside and out with one tablespoonful of salt. Now put in the dressing, and fasten the opening with skewers, or, if more convenient, sew it up. Score the fish on one side, being careful not to cut very deep or long slits. Put thin strips of fat salt pork into these cuts. Put the fish in a dripping-pan, and have a tin sheet in the bottom of the pan, if possible. Dredge generously with salt, pepper, and flour. Put enough water into the pan to prevent the fish from burning. Place in a hot oven and cook for one hour, basting every fifteen minutes with the water in the pan, and with salt, pepper, and flour. Serve with brown sauce.

BROWN SAUCE.

Put four tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying-pan, and when it becomes hot, and is just beginning to brown, add three tablespoonfuls of flour. Stir the mixture until it becomes dark brown; then gradually add a cupful and a half of brown stock, a clove, a bay leaf, a slice of onion, a teaspoonful of salt, and one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper. Cook for ten minutes, then strain. If it be inconvenient to use stock, take a generous tablespoonful of extract of beef, and substitute a cupful and a half of water for the stock.

EGGS AU GRATIN.

For six persons use eight eggs, two cupfuls of grated bread crumbs, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of Parmesan cheese, one teaspoonful of salt, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper.

Mix the salt, pepper, cheese, and butter with the crumbs. Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth; then add the yolks, and beat for a moment longer. Stir this egg mixture into that which was prepared first.

Butter a gratin dish—or two small pie-plates will do—and make little nests in it—or them—with the preparation. Cook in a rather hot oven for ten minutes. Take from the oven, and then break a fresh egg into each nest. Return to the oven and cook three minutes longer. If cheese be liked, a little may be sprinkled over the eggs before they are baked. But if there be objection to cheese, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley and a few drops of onion juice may be substituted for it in the force-meat.

TONGUE TOAST.

When the dry end of a boiled tongue is left, either chop it or grate it fine. Use for the toast one cupful of tongue, one cupful of milk, one generous tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of flour, a level teaspoonful of salt—unless the tongue be very salt—a grain of cayenne, and six slices of bread.

Put the butter on the stove in a small frying-pan, and, when it becomes hot, add the flour. Stir until smooth and frothy; then draw the pan back to a cooler part of the range, and gradually add the cupful of milk to the butter. Now move the pan to a hotter place and cook its contents for two minutes, stirring all the time. Add the tongue and seasoning, and simmer for five minutes. Toast the bread, and place it on a warm dish. Spread a little of the tongue and sauce on each slice, and serve at once.

ESCALOPED TOMATOES.

Wash a quart of tomatoes and then cover them with boiling water for ten minutes. At the end of that time pour off the water and peel and slice the tomatoes. Butter a three-pint dish, and, after putting a layer of bread crumbs in it, put in a layer of tomato, seasoning it with salt, pepper, and butter. Now add another layer of crumbs and also one of tomato, with the same seasoning as before. The last layer should be one of crumbs, well seasoned. Bake in a moderate oven for one hour. Use in all one large tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two tablespoonfuls of butter, and two small cupfuls of dried crumbs.

FISH CAKES.

To make fish cakes for five or six persons, use two cupfuls of cold cooked fresh fish, about four good-sized potatoes, or enough to make two cupfuls when mashed, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, four tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, and one egg.

Shred the fish with a fork. Cover the potatoes with boiling water, and cook them for half an hour; then drain off the water and break and beat the potatoes with a fork. Now beat in the fish, then the seasoning and cream, and finally the eggs, well beaten. Form into small flat cakes.

Put two tablespoonfuls of pork fat into a frying-pan, and, when it becomes smoking hot, put in the cakes. Cook until brown on one side; then turn them and brown the other side. Serve with the cakes the pork that was fried to get the clear fat. It will take about three ounces of pork, which should be cut in small, thin slices. If there be objection to pork, use two tablespoonfuls of washed butter or two of lard. Many people would not object to beef, veal, or chicken drippings.

Remnants of any kind of fish left from dinner the day before will answer for these cakes. Cooked salt codfish, chopped fine, may be used instead of fresh fish.

MEAT CAKES.

Prepare and cook in the same way as fish cakes, only substitute chopped cooked meat for fish, and add a teaspoonful of onion juice, if the flavor be liked.

STEAMED APPLE PUDDING.

For a large pudding one quart of flour, three generous teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of butter, one of sugar, nearly a pint of milk, two quarts of pared and quartered apples, and half a nutmeg.

Mix the flour, sugar, salt, and baking powder, and rub through a sieve. Rub the butter into the sifted mixture, then stir in the milk. Mix quickly with a spoon.

Flour the molding-board, and put a little more than half the dough on it. Roll into such a shape that it may be used for lining a mold that holds about three quarts. Butter the mold well, and fit the paste in it. Now put in the apples, and grate the nutmeg over them. Cover with the remainder of the paste. Butter the cover of the mold, and put it in its place; then set the mold in a steamer and over a kettle of boiling water, and cook the pudding for two hours.

If no mold is to be had, a three-quart tin or granite-ware dish will answer. In this case a piece of cotton cloth, folded two or three times, should be pinned over the pudding, as it will absorb steam.

Serve with lemon-nutmeg sauce.

LEMON NUTMEG SAUCE.

The materials required are a cupful of sugar, a cupful and a half of boiling water, half a cupful of cold water, the rind and juice of a lemon, one-fourth of a nutmeg, two tablespoonfuls of butter and two of corn-starch.

Mix the cold water with the corn-starch, and stir into the boiling water. Cook for ten minutes; then add the sugar, grated lemon rind, and the nutmeg grated. Simmer for half an hour, and then add the butter and lemon juice. Boil up once, and serve.

SELF-HELP AND INFLUENCE.[1]

By a Wage Working Woman.

I CANNOT conceive of the American woman whose heart would not thrill while listening to these records of a year's work by a body of representative women. The thoughtful woman sees the promise to the Nation. We are told that she who rocks the cradle rules the world. In just so far as the foot that rocks the cradle is governed by a brain trained to self-control, trained to self-helpfulness, trained to sympathy with its kind, just so far is the future character of the baby in the cradle assured, just so far the future of our Nation; for the nation can never rise higher than the masses that control it.

This is the fourth annual meeting of the Association of Working Girls' Societies. This means four years of social intercourse, four years of mutual helpfulness, four years of opportunity for individual growth and improvement. It means four years of honest effort to reach a better, nobler womanhood, or four years' waste by indifference. We no more than time stand still. We are to-night conscious of stronger bodies, more enlightened minds, than when we assembled here four years ago, three years ago, two years ago, one year ago; or we are conscious of having slipped back, of having lost the desire to struggle for the prize set before every woman, the possibility of reaching the highest in her own nature.

None of us are responsible for the circumstances to which we are born; we are not responsible that our opportunities in early life were limited, that we were forced—many of us—to be self-supporting at an age when children born to wealth are still in the nursery. For this we are not responsible; but we are responsible, no matter what our position to day, if we neglect one opportunity for self-improvement. We alone are to blame if every year does not open to us new avenues of enjoyment, give new incentives to growth, add new purposes to our lives. Let it never be said of a wage-working woman in America that false pride made her refuse the opportunity to remove the limitations imposed by her early life.

What is the most desirable possession in life? Is it wealth? No; wealth will not save from disgrace; it will not save from sorrow; it will not save from illness; it will not save from death; it will not buy intellect, though it can hire private tutors; it will not buy character, though it command every avenue to culture. Wealth never made a woman a blessing to her day and generation unsupported by a character that poverty could not hide. Does a silk dress, a sealskin cloak, or diamond earrings make a woman? Does an elegant house, equipped to the smallest article that goes to make perfection, make a home? Yet all these money can buy.

The richest woman I ever saw had five children, and a husband earning $1 25 per day; the poorest woman I know spends $10,000 a year. My rich friend lives in Cherry Street. The family occupy four rooms in a tenement. Three of the children are too young to go to school. I never saw more beautiful, healthy-looking children. The home is as clean as broom, soap, and water can make it; the mother the picture of health and happiness—a truly beautiful woman. A new baby was expected every day. The last time I visited her I asked, "Are you glad that another baby is coming to you? It seems as though you had all you could care for." "Ah, Miss! you don't know the joy and comfort there is in me!" And the big, soft eyes grew luminous in anticipation of her coming joy. I looked at her with reverence. "What do you want more than everything else in the world?" I asked. "If I could have a bit of a new white dress for the coming one, sure, I don't know as there is anything else I want, Miss." Could you call that woman poor? What was the secret of her content, her happiness? She had the knowledge necessary to fill her position of wife and mother. She was the only mother of two hundred and forty-four visited that cut and made the garments worn by herself and children; one of five who could make bread, and the only one who did make it. She had used her every opportunity, and was reaping a rich harvest—my Cherry Street Madonna! How many of us are able to fill the positions to which we are called as well, as nobly, as this woman fills hers? My poor friend, on ten thousand a year, is worn and weary and anxious and wretched, trying to live on a twenty-thousand dollar basis. No sum of money in the world could make that woman rich. She was born poverty-stricken. Wealth, without the aspiration that lifts the possessor into a kinship with all that is highest, purest, noblest, most enduring, for time and eternity, is a chain that binds in bitter slavery. Not what we have, but what we are, is the measure of our value to ourselves, our country, and our God; and what we are depends on the use we are making of our every opportunity.

What is a self-made man? One who has overcome by the power of his will the limitations imposed by poverty. Why do we not hear of self-made women? Is it not because we do not carry into our work the energy, the concentration, the determination that men throw into their work? How many of us bend our energies day after day to become more familiar with the business in which we are engaged, in order that we may become masters of it? How many of us enter that workroom the first day with the determination to occupy positions of trust and honor? Yet is not this spirit the secret of the self-made man's success? When we learn to rejoice in our self-supporting

[1] Delivered before the Association of Working Girls' Societies April 9. Published by request.

powers; when we learn that the least burden we can carry in life is a necessity for work, the greatest burden the necessity without the ability, we will hear of self-made women.

One thought more comes to me. We number here to-night less than one thousand wage-working women; there are over a hundred thousand wage-working women in this city. What is the reason that so few of us are gathered in this hall? Are we doing our duty? Is it true that in this banding of ourselves together we have found help and inspiration? Is it true that in this associating of ourselves together we are able to command resources that never would be ours if we stood alone? Is it true that we are more self-helpful, feel every year that we are coming nearer to God's purpose for us, because we are banded together for mutual aid and improvement? Is all this true? Do we feel all this, and yet leave that great army of sisters outside our doors? What have we as individuals done during the past year to bring other women, struggling with the same limitations, burdened by the same wants, needing the same aids? What have we done to bring them under the same influences, open to them the same opportunities? To how many have we carried the good tidings, inviting them to become one of us? If we each do our duty through the coming year, not fifteen but thirty Working Girls' Societies will gather at the next annual meeting.

To-morrow begins a new year for us. The year lies before us rich in promise if we only use the power given us. Ages ago a poor widow dropped her mite into the box. The Master saw it, and through him all the world. The sound of that mite as it fell rolls down the ages, and we to-night are listening to its music as the Master says, "She gave more than ye all" "She gave all she had." Not the amount of the gift, but the ability of the giver, is God's measure of its value. We may not have money, but we have influence. Let us use it as Mary did the box of precious ointment, to enrich and make more fragrant the world about us. Let us use it until we carry in our souls the blessed consciousness of the Master's approval as we hear, "She hath done what she could." This is the limit of our duty. Let us use our influence for the women who struggle with the same limitations we carried before we became members of the Working Girls' Societies. Let us use our power to enlarge our sphere of influence as individuals, as societies. Let us not only for ourselves seize every opportunity for improvement, but for our sisters. Let it be said that the most progressive body of women in America are its wage working women. It is said that the wage-working men are the muscles of the nation. Let us prove by the quickness with which we respond to the lightest touch of the best the nation or times give us that we, the working-women of America, are its heart. Let us begin our new year full of the divine purpose to assemble next year in the consciousness that it has been a year marking the greatest progress in our lives. Let us separate with the honest ambition, the determination, that the year 1889 will find us doubled in numbers as well as in individual power.

A FORCE AND DELIGHT.

IT is the natural desire of every woman to be beautiful, and many women could be much finer looking if they paid more attention to the laws of health. It is a sign of progress that women are realizing every year that ill health or lack of physical power handicaps a woman in the race for development. Not many years ago lack of strength and refinement were identical in the minds of many women. To be able to walk or ride or make any physical exertion for any continued length of time was thought to indicate a vulgarity or coarseness so evident as to limit intelligence. But a blessed change has come in the sentiment of women in this direction. Not long since a bright, inspiring Smith College girl said, "Tired? No; never. I consider it a disgrace to be tired, and a sin to be ill." And she lived up to her theory, using all her powers of mind and body, but using every precaution to keep them in perfect working order.

"Women support doctors," said an honest-hearted physician, talking to a woman suffering from nervous exhaustion. "If the women paid any attention to the laws of health, if they left a reserve in the bank, so to speak, half of the doctors would be forced to be mechanics, and the race would be far more powerful." Is there a more inspiriting object than a woman whose vitality seems a motive force compelling her to deeds of love, mercy, and sacrifice, putting her health and power at the Master's feet in gratitude and love, treasuring her health as a gift from heaven to be used in the Master's service. Such a woman cannot enter a room, a car, you cannot pass her on the street without the consciousness of the tremendous spirit that pushes the world toward a day of universal health, because of universal obedience. There are many ways by which a woman can free herself from the bondage of ill health, and into the freedom and power conferred by health, beauty, and grace.

Insufficient nourishment is one of the causes of lack and loss of physical beauty. Professor Mills, of the University of Maryland, in a lecture on "Food and Digestion," says: "Insufficient food causes the loss of fat." This makes both face and form angular. "Then the muscles waste away." This produces that most depressing object—a woman bent, and fighting—such evident fighting—against loss of physical power as to make her an object of pity rather than of veneration. When this loss is caused by poverty, pity becomes active; but when it is due, as it is among thousands of intelligent women, to careless ignorance, indignation is aroused, but deprived expression. If a man owned a horse that refused to eat the food best adapted to make physical power, a veterinary surgeon would be called; but he must endure seeing wife and daughter refuse, or partake of so little nourishing food as to make the meal a pretense, and there is no help for this but a sense of moral responsibility for one's health. If women would only realize the inseparableness of health and beauty, and the value of nourishing food, regular habits, and bathing in producing both! An authority says on the subject of bathing:

"Tepid water is preferable for every season of the year. Milk baths have been in favor from time immemorial with ladies, and nothing is better than a daily hot bath of milk. Mme. Tallien was among the historical women who bathed in milk, to which she added crushed strawberries to give it an agreeable perfume. I have also heard of an old lady of eighty who retained a girlish complexion like cream and roses by always washing in the juice of crushed strawberries and nothing else. But we can, fortunately, keep our skins healthy and fair without resorting to these extreme measures.

"For a full-length bath a bag of bran will soften the water and make the skin deliciously smooth and fair; but let me here remark that no bath is perfect in its results without the long and brisk friction of hands or a coarse towel afterward. Friction not only stimulates circulation, but it makes the flesh firm and polished like Parian marble. It is sometimes astonishing to see the change made in an ugly skin by friction, and any lady who wishes to possess a healthful body, firm to the touch and fair to the eye, with the elasticity of youth well prolonged into age, must give willingly of her strength to the daily task of rubbing the body thoroughly."

And this rubbing gives the muscular exercise necessary for physical development, thus accomplishing both objects of the bath—health and beauty.

TWO SINGERS.

BY MARGARET H. LAWLESS.

"WOULD I could sing a song," a poet said,
"And let the tears that all earth's suffering ones have shed
Run trembling down my voice,
With children's glee when happy hours are sped,
And strong men's sighs at some regretted choice,
And stifled groans of all the world's oppressed,
And madmen's laughter mingled with the rest—
Then would immortal fame to me belong;
All men could hear their own lives' echoes in my song!"

"Ah! why should men weep twice," another said,
"First o'er a wrong, then at the wrong remembered?
Oh! let me sing instead
A glorious strain that will make men forget
Life's wounds and scourges and its black regret,
And long for heaven with such intensity
That heaven in their own hearts will come to be:
Time's mighty hammers might assail in vain—
They could not beat to lasting silence that refrain!"

—[Catholic World.

SIDE BY SIDE.

IF the world had never read Thackeray's letters, whose expression of tender, thoughtful affection reveals the sweet simplicity of a noble man's nature, we would still know that the man Thackeray was a most loving son, indulgent father, constant friend, because he wrote "The Newcomes." None but a wise, tender, loving father could have drawn the picture of parental and filial friendship. From the first entrance into the son's life in London to the sad, pathetic death of the Colonel, a picture of perfect friendship between father and son is presented. The confidences of the boy are respected, his friends become at once the friends of the father, enthusiasms become mutual, and to the father is carried the secret of the son's love, with all its hopes and fears, and the secret becomes at once an interest that enters the father's life fully. The object of the son's love becomes an object of affection to the father, and when the son's bitter disappointment comes to him it is to the father he turns for consolation; to find him responsive and sympathetic, and in turn is made the confidant of the father's early love story. The gentle father knew the bitterness of the moment, though he knew the consolations, and relief that comes with years. Yet not till years after did the son hear that time-brought consolation and comparative forgetfulness.

Was ever picture presented that showed filial respect more fully than Clive's treatment of the Colonel? In Naples, when, after weeks of weary waiting, the note is received from Ethel, and Clive reads it before his father's letter, could words express more filial love and respect than Clive's as he turns to his companion—"I say, I think it was a shame to keep the old boy waiting while I've been giving audience to a young lady. Dear old father! I beg your pardon, sir; Miss Newcome requested five minutes' conversation, and I was obliged, from politeness, you know, to receive." And Thackeray tells us Clive kissed the letter. And what a letter of friendship! "Your letters, my dearest Clive, have been the greatest comfort to me. I seem to hear you as I read them. I can't but think that this, *the modern and natural* style, is a great progress upon the old fashioned manner of my day, when we used to begin to our fathers, 'Honored Father,' or even 'Honored Sir'—though I suspect parents were no more *honored* in those days than nowadays. I know one who would rather be trusted than honored." Wise, doubly wise father! "And you may call me what you please so as you do that." And a little farther on, though the Colonel disapproved of the choice of profession made by Clive, "What you say of young Ridley I take *cum grano*. His sketches I thought very agreeable; but to compare them with *a certain young gentleman's*—Never mind, I shall not try to make him think too well of himself." And then the first touch of his own love story to the son who felt no one had ever loved before: "I do not mind telling you, sir, that I cared for her more than millions of guineas once; and half broke my heart about her when I went to India, as a young chap. So, if any such misfortune happen to *you*, consider, my boy, you are not the *only* one." When the hour of darkness came to the boy, in whose heart and sympathy could he find the comfort and rest that he could find in his father's, who knew by experience the bitterness and disappointment of the moment? And at the same time where could he find greater inspiration toward noble manhood living a healthy, happy life without the solace of love, in spite of the disappointments? The whole letter, revealing the life and hope of the father, closes with a lesson to every father who wishes the confidence of a son in financial matters: "I have not been frightened yet by your drafts upon me. Draw as many of these as you please. You know I don't half like the other kind of drawing, except as a *délassement;* but if you choose to be a weaver, like my grandfather, I should not say you nay. Don't stint yourself of money in honest pleasure. O! what good is money, unless we can make those we love happy with it? There would be no need for me to save if you were to save too. So, and as you know as well as I what *our* means are, in every honest way use them." Would we have so many young men ruined if there existed the friendship between fathers and sons that should exist? We preach that mothers should be the confidential friends of daughters; why not the need of confidential relation between fathers and sons? Who so well able to guide, to sympathize with, the son who inherits his tendencies, or whose peculiarities he can understand, as the father? Who can fit a boy to manage his finances so well as a father?—for he alone understands the relation between the income to which the boy is entitled and the expenses that are legitimate to that income. But right here is the greatest error. A boy's pleasures too often are looked at from the standpoint of maturity, when physical decline and the pressure of business have made even the legitimate pleasures of youth seem like folly. The man who keeps the spring and animation of youth longest is the one who kees in closest sympathy with his boy. A father can throw more safeguards about his boy who sits with him on a board watching a game of baseball than by compelling him to sit in a cushioned pew, while stealing his pleasures. There is more moral suasion in an intelligent acquaintance with the points of a good tennis racket, the points of a good game, than in needless flings at the follies of tennis. It is wiser to know the sailing qualities of the favorite yacht, and be the one in all the boy's circle who talks most intelligently about them, than to know the terrible results of betting on the race, seeing only evil where others find enjoyment and good. Keep abreast of the legitimate sports of the times, as well as its methods of doing business, or the thought of the age. Keep young with the boys if you wish them to meet your ideal of their manhood.

A DREAM OF "PASSING."

BY MARY FERGUSON.

AT one time, when very ill, I had a dream which was so vision-like, so real and vivid, that it seemed as though it were a veritable semblance of the passing from the earthly to the heavenly life.

I was walking, so it appeared, along a dusty, hard

beaten, well-worn road, on each side of which grew a little stunted grass, but beyond the fences on either side stretched away the beautiful green fields, interspersed with occasional groves, while high, verdant mountains formed the horizon beyond which the eye could not reach.

As I walked steadily forward I found an occasional stone, and felt constrained to pick it up and toss it one side, thinking it would make it easier for the next traveler. Presently I found myself at work upon a whole pile of stones, and, as I busily tossed them away one after another, I perceived that I was not alone. About me were many others each engaged upon their own especial heap of stones; and among these I recognized many faces of old friends and neighbors.

Upon the path on which I at first had stood at my work I found myself now kneeling; and the ground which at first had been level about me had changed so that a little declivity was apparent on one side; I perceived, too, that ever and anon one of the familiar faces about me would be suddenly missing, but there seemed to be no time for stopping either to talk, to wonder, or to grieve.

The path in which I knelt grew narrower and still more narrow. The declivity at my side grew steeper until it became a perpendicular chasm so wide and deep I could frame no idea of its depth and dimensions. Still I worked steadily on, until there was no room left for me to rest upon. Then I felt, I knew, that I was to descend into the dark, fathomless gulf at my side; I felt my struggling breath, and knew that there was something fastened in my chest which would support me half way down. I clasped my hands over the straining cord in my breast, and said, as I felt myself slipping down, "I don't mind it till I have to let go."

Then I knew no more until I was aware of a dreamy feeling of such perfect peace, such a blissful sense of rest, that I lay entranced in its delightfulness, not caring to stir or even to open my eyes, until I heard my mother's voice say, "It is not hard, after all, is it? Thee did not realize that thee did let go."

Then I looked up, to find her kneeling beside me as I lay upon a lawn of deepest verdancy under the glowing shade of trees that intervened to shelter me from a bright radiance I could not yet have borne. At a little distance I saw my father, sister, and other dear friends all looking toward me with faces of such loving welcome that I felt bathed in the perfect joy of perfect life.

And so I believe it will be at the last. There is a natural shrinking from the final passage from life to death. Yet, when the hour comes, we shall have, as in all other hours, strength and grace to meet it. And afterward we shall find that it is but passing into a fuller, deeper life; it will be but the shutting of one door, behind which all the countless pains and sorrows and trials are left, and the opening of another, beyond which tears and moans and heart-breakings cannot come; the joys of which it hath not entered the heart of man to conceive.

And I do believe that our opening eyes will rest upon the faces of those whom we have known and loved, of those who have known and loved us. For the Father knoweth the human heart and all the springs thereof; and the knowledge is his that there could be nothing which would make us so feel that we had reached home as to be met by the loving home faces, by those which have been the most familiar to us; the love that has been the most precious and enduring, the most true and dear and loyal to us here. Through the familiar we could easily be led to the unfamiliar; through the known to the unknown; through the purest and highest of our earthly joys and knowledges to the conception of spiritual joys and truths and knowledges; and there, with the dear Father, shall we

> "Find at last beneath his trees of healing
> The life for which we long."

One other little dream may be suggestive in this connection. I was, in my sleep, again walking alone along a long, white, dusty road. I had no consciousness of the passing from one life to the other, only of a sense of greater weakness, and of some one being at my side at the last. I found myself suddenly in the streets of the Eternal City, and as suddenly I was transported to the portico of one of the many mansions, lying upon some unseen support and looking with a blissful feeling of painless restfulness about me.

On one side, in a sort of park, were flowers and green trees, and thence came the sound of fountains and of music. About me were dwellings built of a strange, peculiar white material, such as I never have seen; it was a pure, warm, and living white, appearing as though it wore the tinge and tint of life. Before me lay the "jasper sea"—placid, serene, and beautiful beyond description. The blue—of truth—was warmed by the red—of love; but these blended colors were dominated by that same peculiar radiant whiteness—the color of purity, faith, and peace. Forms draped in robes of the same living white were about me, and, glancing downward, I saw lying on my lap a cluster of flowers—such lovely flowers, though they, too, were all strange to me, and they, too, were all of the radiant white.

One of the figures stole softly away, and immediately thereafter such exquisite music as mortal ears never heard proceeded from the interior of the dwelling in the outer approach of which I lay. When the player again appeared at my side I seemed to say to her, without speaking, that she must have loved music deeply to have learned to play so marvelously. But she replied, in the same wordless language, that she had learned it through pain alone.

Our Young Folks.

HOW NATALIE RAYMOND EARNED HER OWN LIVING.

By Gene H. Underwood.

"I CAN only say, my dear young lady, that you *must* stop teaching if you value your life at all."

"But, Doctor, it is impossible! I have hardly taught for two years."

"Years or months, it is all the same. Your throat needs absolute rest, and unless it has it at once—a fig for your future! Think up something else while vacation lasts, and hand in your resignation at once. Don't teach another day!"

An hour later, Natalie Raymond knelt before the parlor fire, warming her cold hands and talking earnestly to the little family circle about her. Close beside her sat the dear mother, whose gentle face under the widow's cap was filled with solicitude that her own delicate health should have thrown the burdens of life so completely on this young daughter. Opposite them, Janet, a short, rosy damsel of fifteen, leaned against the wall with folded arms, only waiting for a chance to express herself about the family trouble. And in the center of the group, Margaret, blonde and slender, turned her wistful blue eyes upon her sister and listened with pained intentness.

"And so, dears," concluded Natalie, in a would-be cheerful tone, "you must all put your thinking-caps on and tell me what we had better do."

"The school must be given up, my child. *That* question is settled at once, even if we call on your Uncle Harold for help."

"No, we mustn't do that! Aunt Harold has been too mean!" chimed in Janet, whose opportunity had come at last. "Sending us cast-off finery that we can't possibly wear, as if we were beggars instead of her husband's own nieces!'

"Hush, dear, hush! We must not judge them."

"How can I help it, mamma? I don't suppose Uncle knows quite how poor we are, for Aunt Harold won't let him. She is a perfect miser, mamma, and she teaches the girls to pay court to that queer old aunt of hers, Miss Harris or Ferris or whatever it is, because she is rich, and going to make Marian and Clara her heirs"

"Janet! Janet! I insist upon your silence. They have not been here since your father left us, and it is most probable that they do not know how hard a struggle we are having."

"Mamma!" It was Margaret's quiet voice, cool like her coloring, that at once commanded attention. "I must leave the Conservatory and come home."

"Leave the Conservatory!" interrupted Natalie, hotly—"where you have won your scholarship! Oh, Meg! And when they have told you, too, that in another term your voice will command a high salary in a church choir! You shall never do it while there is any work left in me! What *can* I do that will approach the seven hundred dollars I am earning now?'

"Why not paint? You used to do such pretty things," suggests her mother.

"Cost of materials, twenty-five dollars. Labor, eight hours a day, hard work. Sales, very uncertain."

"Hammer brass!"—faintly, from Margaret.

"Who wants it? The market is too full already of these pretty, schoolgirlish accomplishments. Nobody wants to pay much for what everybody can do. I can't write a book; I'm not strong enough to be a clerk; I don't know how to be a good bookkeeper, and even if I did, no doubt Dr. Saulsbury would say I must not. Oh, if only I were a man! There's nothing in the world for an untalented woman to do to earn her own living except to teach! Anyway, I can't do anything else."

"Yes, you can, Nata dear. You can make the best chicken pies anybody ever ate."

They all laughed at this diversion of Janet's, but suddenly Natalie stopped and turned about wide eyed and eager.

"Chicken pies? It's an inspiration! I'll try it."

"Have you lost your senses? What are you talking about?" exclaimed Margaret.

"I'm talking about chicken pies, my dear, and I believe our good angel put that into Janie's head just now. I have heard of women earning their living in queerer ways than that. Anyway, I mean to try it."

Before bedtime Natalie's plan had been thoroughly discussed. The Boston grocer who had been their standby in the old luxurious days was to be interviewed at once on the practicability of selling chicken pies on shares, and the other arrangements could follow.

Natalie's delicious pies had long been famous among her family and friends, but now they were to be put to the severe test of a market value, and the girl's heart sank as she entered next morning the huge establishment of Fitch & Co. Mr. Fitch himself came forward cordially to meet her, but Natalie, hardly waiting for his greeting, hastened to speak before her courage left her.

"Mr. Fitch, I have come to ask a great favor of you. You know I have been teaching since my father's death in our high school at B——. But my health is not very good, and the doctor thinks I need a change, so I want to turn my one accomplishment to practical use, and earn some money by my chicken pies."

"Chicken pies!" ejaculated the astonished grocer, with visions of the usual young-lady-like pastry floating in his brain.

"Yes, and I hope to succeed, too. The favor I ask of you is to sell them for me—on shares, of course."

"My dear Miss Raymond"—Mr. Fitch had recovered his affability, and concealed his amusement at what he regarded as a childish project—"I shall be only too happy to do more than that for your father's daughter. Tell me your plan."

"I propose," she answered, with business-like directness, "to make pies of three sizes, which will sell for twenty-five and fifty cents and one dollar."

"How will you get them in to me? Have you thought of that?"

"Yes, and arranged for it. A boy who has been my pupil, and who is poor enough to want the money, will for a trifle bring in my hamper early on three mornings of the week. If you will help me, I will send you enough for a trial the day after to-morrow."

"We must certainly test the scheme, Miss Raymond. I will help you as far as I can. And now let me give you a note to a poultry man who will let you have your chickens at first price. He ought, for you will need a great many if you succeed."

"And I mean to succeed!" exclaimed Natalie, with rising courage. "Good-morning, Mr. Fitch, and I thank you so much for your assistance."

"One moment, Miss Raymond! What am I to call these pies?"

"Call them?"

"Yes. You see, people will ask at once who made them. Oh, customers are very particular and suspicious about those things—especially the class I have. Now, if you are willing I should just name them 'Miss Raymond's pies,' and let everybody know you are the cook, I'll warrant I can sell them!" added Mr. Fitch, fired at last by the confidence of the young girl.

"Do so, then, by all means. I am not ashamed of any honest work that can help my mother and sisters. Girls have been foolish about that too long."

"You are right; and I am glad to know one who is not."

Then followed such a busy day! Such dressing of chickens, such sifting of flour, such rolling of pastry, delicate and flaky enough to tempt the appetite of an epicure! And when the tired little cook went to bed that night, twelve chicken pies of various sizes stood ranged on the storeroom shelves, baked to a golden brown. There were dispatched early the next morning by the trusty John Diggs, accompanied by a large card on which was written, "Put in a mild oven, and heat through slowly."

That Thursday was an anxious day of waiting for the result of the great experiment. Late in the afternoon a message came for Natalie, calling her to the telephone office. Eagerly she hastened on her wraps and ran to the shop near by, where, with trembling hand, she raised the telephone-cup to her ear. So *much* depended upon that message, and her brain grew confused and her ears uncertain of their duty, till suddenly a pleasant voice spoke, as if almost at her elbow. "It is I, Fitch. I wanted to tell you that they are all sold, every one of them. And if you can make it convenient to send in twice as many on Saturday, it will be a good day for them."

"Thank you. They shall be there."

Natalie flew back over the icy pavement, and burst into the little sitting room, incoherently glad. "Mamma! mamma! It's all right! Chicken pies forever, and long life to my experiment!"

And then how they all laughed and cried together, and how Janet took all the credit to herself, and Margaret suggested starting a private poultry yard, and Natalie answered that it wasn't a bad idea! And then Janet made them all laugh by saying, soberly, "You must not crow too soon." "No," said Natalie, "it isn't a question of crowing, but of killing the crowers!"

"Seriously," interposed the gentle mother, "we must

not be too elated by this success, for we cannot be sure yet that it is real and lasting!"

But it was, for the pies were indeed delicious. Natalie worked hard to make them perfect, and she had her reward in disposing of six dozen in the following week. At the end of that time Mr. Fitch came out to see them, deeply interested in the scheme whose success had filled him with amazement.

As he put into Natalie's hand some crisp bank notes and a little loose silver, he said:

"There's your money, Miss Raymond, and I only wish there were more sensible girls in the world. You've made a success of this because you've done what you knew you could do *well*, and that's the secret of success everywhere. If, now, Madam," turning to Mrs. Raymond, "your daughter can think of something else as delicious and salable as the pies, it will be a good thing. For, you see, toward spring there won't be so much call for this sort of winter goody."

"Why not try Saratoga potatoes, and let me help?" interrupted the ever-ready Janet.

"Just the thing!" replied the grocer. "And if Miss Natalie can make them as well as she can chicken pies, your success is insured. We will put them up in paper boxes, and sell them for twenty-five cents a pound, and I think you will clear more than on this other venture. Meantime I can dispose of twice as many pies next week, for your name has made them sell like wildfire."

Natalie smiled a little at this remark, as she thought of an interview her mother had had that day with "Aunt Harold." The dreaded aunt, having just heard of the great experiment, and that the sacred name of *Raymond* was connected with it, had paid her first visit to the little household for many weeks, in order to express her wrath.

"One of the oldest names in Boston attached to *pies!* Rachel, how could you permit it? You know Harold and I would rather have supported you all than to have had our name dragged in the dust like this!"

"Dragged in the dust! My dear Elizabeth, pray choose your words more carefully. My daughters and I have no reason to be ashamed that, instead of living on your charity, we are working honestly for ourselves."

But even Aunt Harold's angry departure at last could not depress Natalie when she found herself that night the proud possessor of forty-four dollars and twenty-eight cents, Mr. Fitch's commission having been insisted upon and deducted.

"It is not much, mamma. It is not, of course, what I could earn by teaching. But perhaps it will be by and by, and meantime I feel better already for the change and the active life."

And she was right. In three months the fame of the delicious little pies, and perhaps also of their maker's brave spirit, had spread quite over Boston. Natalie received many private orders, and Mr. Fitch transmitted to her others from three well-known restaurants. "Miss Raymond's Chicken Pies" became so popular that when the Saratoga potatoes were placed in the market, her name alone was a guarantee of their sale. By this time she had found it necessary to hire two competent women to help her, and a fine large range had been put into the outer kitchen to increase the oven capacity. The potatoes were fried on the days between pie-bakings, and such crisp, golden-brown, appetizing "chips" even Saratoga itself could not excel.

Their success was greater than Natalie had dreamed it would be, and she found herself earning as much money as in the old school days, with the prospect of an increasing business upon her hands. Much of her work now was but careful supervision, and her health improved daily under the stimulating change of thought.

In two years' time a wonderful stock of pickles had been added to Miss Raymond's sales, and Janet had begged leave to contribute home-made candies, which proved a great success, especially at holiday-time. Not even Margaret, who was now the popular soprano in a large church choir, could contribute as much to the snug sum accumulating in the bank as did her sisters by the aid of their deft fingers. "Aunt Harold" and her daughters had as little intercourse as possible with the family in the brown cottage, and grieved much—in public—over their "loss of pride." But Uncle Harold, with all a man's appreciation of a business success anywhere, admired his nieces far more than he did his own helpless daughters.

And more than one young man sympathized in this admiration, for a brave woman's work is never so keenly appreciated as by men who know what it is to win success from this busy world.

Mrs. Raymond's gentle face grew more and more placidly content as she saw her daughters' growing health and happiness in their new life, and felt that, even if she must leave them, it would not be to dependence and hard struggles. Natalie laughed at this sweet motherly pride, saying, "But, dear little woman, I shall never be famous, as your *son* might have been!"

"My child, no son could have done more than you have done; and as for fame, it is yours already, because you have tried a new form of self-support for women. I respect you with all my heart, and wish that more enterprising girls would follow in your path, where both health and money await them, instead of crowding into the already overflowing ranks of school-teachers and poor 'artists' of all classes."

"Miss Raymond's pies," with many added delicacies, are still in the market, as great a success as ever, and Miss Raymond will be glad indeed if her example helps some other girl to an equally happy and independent life. Why do not more girls try it?

TWO GROUPS: WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

IT was a bright, sunshiny morning during the present month that four little girls were walking along the street. Four little tongues were very busy, four little faces bright with happiness. They made a delightful picture, and would drive the "blues" from the bluest mind. One of the little girls dropped behind unnoticed by the others, who pursued their way. They had reached the corner when they missed their companion. "Why, dear, what is the matter?" came in a voice filled with love, and one of the group came running back to the little girl who stood struggling with a stocking that could not be adjusted. In a moment a clever little assistant was kneeling on the sidewalk, and in a short time both were skipping back hand in hand to the two who were waiting at the corner. "Please excuse us; we did not mean to leave you," said one of the little ladies. "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting," and four little girls turned the corner out of sight. But they did not know what a pretty picture they made, what a pleasant sensation they caused, what a lesson they taught an impatient woman! They made a contrast to the group seen but a day or two before on Lafayette Place, where three unclean, ragged children came down the street. They were evidently two sisters and a brother. The two girls were about the age of the little girls mentioned before; the little boy was about three years old. He was crying in a pitiful little way, as though he were tired out, or hungry. Both little girls' faces were covered with frowns, and the voices were full of snarls at first one and then the other said to him, "Stop," or gave that most rude command, "Shut up!" all the while pulling the little fellow along very much faster than such tiny legs should be made to go. The two little girls were like two worn-out old women who had never had any sunshine, who had never had many love pats or heard many love tones—just hunger and dirt and poverty and hard work.

Our first little group came from pretty homes, in which were tender, gentle, strong, earnest fathers and mothers, and the children knew nothing but politeness, kindness, tenderness; and so the little girls were the echoes of their homes. The other pitiful little group never knew anything but hard blows, coarse words. No doubt they would have been as much surprised by a kiss from either their half-drunken father or their overworked, coarse mother as the other little girls would have been by a blow.

What a delight it is to think that the young folks who read these pages belong in the first group rather than the last! But our young folks must learn that the difference between the two groups of children was because of the different teachings, different homes. Our young folks must learn to give out of their own happier, richer lives tenderness, sweetness, love, patience; must give out by their example lessons that will carry sunshine into less happy lives.

HOW MIRANDA WAS RESTORED.

By Mary Allaire

'TWAS a quiet summer hotel, on the shore of a lovely lake in the Adirondacks. In the whole region there was not a more lovely spot. The woods grew down to the water's edge, and the two children thought no seashore could be more beautiful than the shore on the point when the waves dashed high on the rocks, and they were forced to run and clamber over them to escape a wetting. Shouts and screams of laughter made the woods ring, and frightened the squirrels and chipmunks very much. There would be a scampering in the trees, and curious little cries, as the wood creatures were startled out of their quiet by the noise of the children. As the weeks of that happy summer went on, the tiny wood folk learned that these same noisy children were the gentlest of neighbors, and that they could trust them fully. The noisy Jean on the shore would tiptoe a long distance through the woods, fearing to disturb the tiny chipmunk who sat munching a late breakfast under the pine, too busy to notice the little girl, whose dark blue dress and red hat made a picture among the dark pines as she walked noiselessly away. The gay, rollicking Lorie, skipping like a young kid from stone to stone, would look keenly about her when she entered the woods lest she should startle its furred or feathered inhabitants, for she said, "The woods are their very own; they live here always, and have the first right." Such respect and deference brought its reward. When the House in the Pines was built, the furred and feathered folks watched it at first with little protests and cries, but as time went on the gentle little builders became only new inhabitants, the house a new kind of nest. The boldest of the chipmunks made an excursion from a pine close by the shore to the very pine under which the house was built. We watched him on his journey, jumping from tree to tree and from branch to branch till he stood high up in the tree that sheltered the house. Here he came to a standstill, evidently much puzzled. Was it quite safe to go nearer, or could he really report intelligently from such a distance? There he sat whisking his beautiful tail and winking and thinking. The perfect silence seemed to reassure him, and with another whisk of the funny little tail, another most emphatic wink, he started down the trunk of the tree to the curious nest that had roused a feeling of distrust in the heart of his neighbors. Evidently it was a severe struggle to come to the ground so close to the strange, monstrous arrangement of boughs and branches, and Mr. Chipmunk, who, no doubt, was the mayor of the woods, ran down and back several times before he dared really touch the ground. At last, however, he was on the ground back of the house in the pines, and it took quite as much courage to thoroughly investigate it after he had reached it. He made many attempts before he really entered. And what a surprise awaited him! Nothing startling; in fact, everything familiar except a curious object which he studied a long time, and at last decided he could never find out what it was. It looked very much like the queer, big things that ran about on the rocks, screaming and making so many curious sounds, yet it was not as long as their arms. He thought long and seriously, but could not decide; but if you had seen it, you would known in a second it was a doll. What could you expect from a chipmunk who had always lived in the woods!

Just as Mr. Chipmunk was having the most lovely time poking his queer little nose under every piece of moss—he called it moss, but the owners of the house called them carpets, rugs, table-covers, tidies, and even sofas and stands; but how was a chipmunk who had always lived in the woods to know this?—moss was just moss to him, and stones stones; chipmunks have no imaginations, you see!—

Well, as I said, just as Mr. Chipmunk was in the midst of his investigations under a board that Jean and Lorie called a table, there was a sound that filled him with terror, and fairly deprived him of the power of motion. The doorway was filled, and Curley swept in like a whirlwind, and the object that had so puzzled Mr. Chipmunk disappeared in Curley's mouth. Even when the last sound of Curley had long since been heard, Mr. Chipmunk was too frightened to move, and there is no telling how long he would have been a prisoner under the board—I beg pardon, table—if he had not heard other frightful sounds coming nearer and nearer. He made a mad dash through a weak place in the siding of the house, and tore up the tree, panting, and too frightened to move above the first point of safety.

Jean looked up with a half-reproachful glance.

"Why, Mr. Chipmunk, you might just as well have stayed! We would have been glad to entertain you, and you might have told us how things look from up there where you live."

Whether Mr. Chipmunk's chatter was an apology, or an explanation that the disordered state of their house was not due to him, but the other invader, Jean did not stop to find out, as Lorie called out, "Miranda is gone! I left her here in her best blue cloak, and she is not here," and there was great excitement under the pines as Miranda's mother and aunt searched in vain, while Mr. Chipmunk from the tree above sought to explain and allay the excitement. He might just as well have kept still, for not the slightest attention was paid to him; a much more serious matter was on hand.

Mr. Chipmunk went home, and the neighbors were more puzzled than ever, for Mr. Chipmunk saw so many things he could not explain that he fell in the estimation of his neighbors, who, before he started on this journey of investigation, thought him a marvel of knowledge. Here he returned, and declared that those big creatures who made such a fuss on the rocks, and disappeared with the sun and came back with the sun, lived on moss and stones. It could not be true! Poor Mr. Chipmunk! Was that the reason you grew so friendly all at once, sitting before us in the paths with your pleading forepaws seemingly asking help, just hopping out of our way? Or did all the families of chipmunks learn we were friends, and were these delegates bidding us welcome in the dimmest recesses of the woods?

But what of Miranda, who disappeared so mysteriously from the house in the pines? Long and anxiously was she sought for, but never found. Curley had been asked

many times if he took Miranda away, but he always looked so innocent, his tail always wagged to a romp so invitingly, that he escaped being convicted as the criminal, and Miranda was long mourned by her devoted mamma and auntie, who never ceased to regret their carelessness in leaving Miranda exposed to such danger.

The weeks swept by, and one after another of the people at the hotel left for their homes. Jean and Lorie stayed on, to Curley's intense delight. Wherever you saw Jean and Lorie, Curley was sure to be not far off. He seemed to know what direction the children proposed going, and was always a little in advance of them, wagging and jumping, ready for a frolic. But a sad day came! Curley had chased some chickens, and it was decided that was the first step toward chicken killing—that awful crime of dogs—and Curley must go. So he was taken from the hotel with a rope round his neck, his beautiful curly tail, that had always waved like a plume over his back, trailing in the dust, and his handsome ears, that expressed as much as his tail, drooping sadly as he was pulled and dragged toward his new home.

Summer was gone, and autumn was taking leave, dropping her bright tokens on hillside, mountain, and meadow, when Curley was led away. Gray clouds were piling up, bleak winds were sweeping over the mountains, and winter was sending out the advance guard when Jean and Lorie and their mamma left the hotel where they had spent many happy months.

The snow lay thick on the piazza of the hotel, the beautiful blue lake was a great sheet of ice when Jean and Lorie next saw it. They had come in a sleigh, and put on snow-shoes to walk to the house in the pines. It seemed like another place, so still and white did everything appear. Nothing resembled the summer time but the tall, green pines As the children started through the wood there was a sharp, glad bark, a rushing through the snow, and Curley nearly knocked the children down as he gave them noisy greeting. How glad and happy they all were, and how soon they looked like animated snow images as they tumbled about! The house in the pines was found broken down by the weight of snow, and could scarcely be found. Curley jumped and barked as though to say how sorry he was that it had happened, but he would help to rebuild. After a short walk about, the children returned to the hotel. Curley dashed under the stoop where he made a home, and returned with a much bedraggled looking bundle in his mouth Both children screamed, "Miranda!" and Curley, still wagging his tail, laid her at their feet.

You may be sure she received all the nursing and care needed to restore her to her natural appearance, and you would never think she had been so cruelly exposed if you should see her to-day filling the post of honor in a numerous family of dolls.

FACTORY FLOWERS.

By Olive Thorne Miller.

VERY pretty they are, too, as you will see if you will look at a pile of fresh prints in a store. And they neither wither nor fade (if they are the best kind), but keep their bright colors as long as there's a thread left to hold them.

It's a curious thing to see those flowers grow and take their places on the calico. Not much like Dame Nature's way of making blossoms, of course. No little brown seed and rich earth are needed, no sun and rain coax the tiny germs out of their brown boxes; and, I must admit, the flowers themselves are not so lovely and sweet as the genuine ones. But they're very nice for all that, and they turn a piece of plain, ugly cotton cloth into a pretty print that we all like to look at.

The beginning of these factory flowers is not a seed in the ground, but a man or woman—with an idea. The idea takes shape as a drawing, perhaps a little wild rose. Now a wild rose growing in its own lovely, careless way is not exactly the right thing to cut up into dresses, you know, and so it has to be laid out stiff and flat, so that it will not tire us to see it over and over again all through the print. It has to be (you may skip this word!) conventionalized.

After this dreadful operation the poor little rose is painted in the colors it is to have on the print, and just of the size, and the proper distance apart. In fact, on paper is made a pattern of the rose as it will be on the print. This is a "design."

Now, to get this design, colors and shape and all, on to yards and yards of cotton, it has to be on something stronger than drawing paper. It is made on rollers of steel. If you take half a yard of calico, and sew it tightly and smoothly around a piece of stove-pipe, you can imagine what one of these factory rollers must be, for just as the calico flowers cover the stove-pipe the pattern of the wild rose covers the steel roller. Only it is cut in the steel.

And there's another difference; one pattern covers several rollers. In the wild rose every different shade of color must have a roller to itself. The pretty pink petals are cut in one roller, the yellow stamens in another, and the green leaves in a third. As many rollers go to one pattern as there are shades of color; sometimes there are twenty rollers to one small pattern. You'll see why in a minute.

All these rollers are placed in one big machine, with wheels and teeth and pulleys and bands and rods, and when they're all turning and twisting and pulling and bobbing this way and that, they make noise enough to craze you, and how the rose got on to the print you couldn't guess.

Let us follow the cotton. It comes into the factory looking just like any plain white muslin, fuzzy and not very smooth. First it is drawn through a fire and under a brush, to burn the fuzz and clear off the cinders. Then it is ready for the printing machine. The end is fastened, the steam turned on, the rods begin to move, the wheels begin to whirl, the bands begin to pull, the rollers begin to turn, and in two seconds the whole thing is in full swing. The cloth is running in at one end plain white cotton, and coming out at the other in one minute a lovely wild rose print.

Follow it slowly through this wonderful journey. First it runs over a small roller or two to make it perfectly smooth, and under a brush to take off dust. Then it comes to a big cylinder or roller covered with thick woolen cloth to make it soft. As it passes over this cylinder it every moment or two runs under a small roller held close against the outside. Now these small rollers have cut upon them the wild rose pattern, and each of them in turning around runs against a color roller all dripping with dye. As the printing roller rubs against the color roller, the pattern cut into it gets full of dye, and on the next turn, when it presses against the white cotton, of course it leaves some of the dye on that. Do you see now how it works? The cotton in passing around the big cylinder ran first under a small roller that printed upon it the pink petals of the rose. In a moment it came under another roller that printed the yellow stamens, the third roller added the green leaves, and so it went on, getting every shade needed to make a copy of that first paper pattern.

When the cloth runs off this wonderful cylinder, all printed, it goes over hot rollers which dry it, and through a slit in the wall into a very warm room. Lastly it comes to a machine that lays it back and forth in a pile just one yard wide, when it is ready to be folded over twice and carried off to be sold.

There are eight ways of putting the flowers on to calico by machinery, differing in particulars, not to speak of the old-fashioned way of stamping each color on by hand with a block, which is done still in some parts of the world. But the main process is the same in all, and I should like to take every one of you to a factory to see it for yourselves.

EARLY A KING.

IF boys would only learn the value of self-control early in life, how much easier their whole after lives would be! Recently two boys were playing ball with a number of other boys on Lafayette Place. Their faces were shining with joy and pleasure, and you could not think of anger while looking at them. In running, one knocked against the other, and in a moment two boys were tumbling about the sidewalk, and a game of ball stopped. That same week an evening paper gave an account of the killing of one man by another. They had been discussing some personal matter, and during the discussion a word caused anger, and in a moment a pistol was drawn and one man was dead, and another man a criminal in danger of death. He claimed he did not mean to kill his opponent; but anger, lack of self-control, and a convenient pistol combined to make a murderer. Had the man learned as a boy to control his temper, had he learned to think twice before he acted once, he would never have faced the gallows. A young man reeled along the street drunk. He was not his own master; he never had been; his desires mastered him; and now what is ahead of him? Disgrace, ruin, unless he learns to drive instead of being driven. The strongest power in making a successful man is self-control. It keeps pure, earnest, devoted. It is told in "Chambers's Journal" how one glass of wine changed the history of France for twenty years: "Louis Philippe, King of the French, had a son, the Duke of Orleans, and heir to the throne, who always drank only a certain number of glasses of wine, because even one more made him tipsy. On a memorable morning he forgot to count the number of his glasses, and took one more than usual. When entering his carriage he stumbled, frightening the horses and causing them to run. In attempting to leap from the carriage his head struck the pavement, and he soon died. That glass of wine overthrew the Orleans rule, confiscated their property of £20 000 000, and sent the whole family into exile."

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

THE JUDGMENT.[1]

By Lyman Abbott

THIS is a picture of the judgment; the only picture of the judgment in the Bible.[2] It belongs in a picture gallery; it is a part of a series of pictures and parables which touch the spirit through the imagination. It is to be interpreted, accordingly, as one would interpret a magnificent painting, or a grand poem, or a striking allegory.

Now, there is one canon which ought to be always applied in the interpretation of such literature, but which is sometimes forgotten. The first duty of the interpreter is to find the motive of the painting, the great truth which it was intended to illustrate; and, finding this, he is to interpret the whole by it. That truth in this picture is the *principle upon which God judges of the character of men*. That there is a divine judgment of men Christ did not need to emphasize. For the Buddhistic theory of an impassive God, who sleeps eternity away and cares not for men, had not any place in Jewish thought; that has been later engrafted on Christian thought from Oriental pantheism. The time, place, circumstances, he did not emphasize. All suggestion of these is confined to the opening verses, and is purely incidental. It is certainly conceivable that there is to be one "last day of judgment," that Christ will come, will call the dead from their graves, will rehabilitate them in their worn-out and cast-off bodies, will try them one by one—the unnumbered millions who have passed from the cradle to the grave—and will pronounce on each a separate judgment. But as a birth and a death take place every moment, and as we cannot easily conceive such individual trial and judgment crowded into less than a moment of time, it is matter of arithmetical calculation that such a judgment day, which poets and orators have been accustomed to depict, would last as long as the human race had previously lasted, from the creation of the world to its end. It is equally consistent with this account to suppose that Christ has already ascended to sit upon the throne of his glory, that his holy angels are with him, that the glimpse which Stephen in his death hour caught of the Son of God standing at the right hand of the Father suggested the sublime reality that even now before Him are gathered all nations, that the "last day" has already come, though not its sunset hour, and that the judgment scene here pictorially portrayed is taking place even now, in the measurements which Christ, the righteous Judge, is making of us in the judgment day of our daily lives. The one picture appeals more to the sensuous and dramatic imagination; the other more to the supersensuous and intellectual imagination; either is consistent with this chapter. Which is the better must be determined, if at all, by a study of other Scripture teachings and by a consideration of the intrinsic reasonableness of these two contrasted views.

I may repeat here what in a previous lesson I have intimated, that the latter of these two views seems to me more consonant both with Scripture and with reason. The "last day" has already dawned; the end of the world has come; judgment has begun; Christ has entered into his glory.

The test of the judgment is life, and the test of life is love. This is the great central truth of the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew.

Christianity is not a mere system of doctrines, a new philosophy of life, God, or eternity. It is not a mere system of ethics, a new code of manners and morals, a kind of moral etiquette. It is a new and divine life; to enter it one must be born again; he must become a new creature in Christ Jesus; he must be born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. To be a Christian is not merely to try and do about right; it is to be a child of God; it is to have a divine life quickened in the soul; it is to have eternal life within us.[3] The difference between a child of God and a child of earth is the difference between a clod of earth in the winter and the soil of my garden bed as I am writing this bright spring morning, with a hundred seeds of future fruit and flowers living and pushing their mysterious way into visible and fragrant and fruitful life. This truth, which is the grand theme of the New Testament, is recognized here: "Come, ye that have been blessed of my Father."[4]

But how are we to know whether this life has been

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 29, 1883.—Matt. xxv., 31-46.

[2] Rev. xx., 12-15, does not picture the judgment, only the scenery and surroundings of the judgment.

[3] John iii., 5; 2 Cor. v., 17; Gal. vi., 15; John i., 13, v., 24; John iii., 1.

[4] "Not Ye that are to be blessed, but Ye that have been blessed: the perfect participle is used. They are blessed because all the fruits of true love which men *apparently* produce are *really* fruits of the Spirit. 1 Cor. iii., 6; 1 John iv., 7, 12." —[Abbott's Commentary.

really quickened in our hearts? How are we to measure, in so far as we may measure at all, the reality of the divine life in others? Christ knows but one test: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Paul knows but one: "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his." "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." John knows but one: "Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."

See how in this sole picture of the judgment scene this test, and this alone, is applied. Is this man a Christian? we ask. And for reply we ask, Does he belong to the church? Does he believe the Trinity and the Atonement? Has he felt a sense of sin and the delightful experience of peace in assurance of divine pardon? Is he active in the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school? Christ passes all these tests by, to ask, "Has he fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and visited the sick and the imprisoned?" The lesser includes the greater. There is no hunger like heart-hunger; thrice happy he who can feed with divine food such hungry ones. There is no captivity like that of a noble soul to sin-fetters which it has fastened upon itself. Thrice happy he who carries sympathy and help to such captives. But, however manifested, philanthropy is the one test which Christ applies in his judgment of character. Love to man is not a substitute for the divine life; it is not a condition of receiving the divine life; but *it is the one and only test which Christ's judgment day recognizes as the evidence that one has the divine life*. "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you." . . . "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

See how this rule works as one of exclusion and of inclusion. It excludes whoever has not followed Christ in loving and serving his fellow-men. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." Christ's mission was to preach glad tidings to the poor; to heal the broken-hearted; to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovery of sight to the blind; to set at liberty them that are bruised.[1] He that has done nothing of this is no follower of Christ. "Depart from me, ye cursed." Why? On whom does Christ pronounce this anathema? Not, with the Church of Rome, on those that deny the authority of the Church; not, with some Protestant churches, on those that deny the truth of their creed. But on those, within and without the church, with a creed or without it, that have passed by human hunger, want, woe, and done nothing to relieve and succor. The judgment day condemns the orthodox and commends the heretical and schismatic Samaritan that went to the sufferer's relief,

It includes whoever has gone about doing good. He has, perhaps, known nothing of Christ; never considered that he was serving him; he is surprised when Christ says, I was hungry and you fed *me;* asks in bewilderment, When saw we thee a-hungered, or athirst, or sick, or in prison? What more creedless Christian could be imagined than is indicated by this answer of glad surprise?

I enter into no doubtful disputation about the meaning of *aionios*, rendered "everlasting" in one clause and "eternal" in the other of the final sentence. I lay no stress upon the fact that the same word characterizes the life and the punishment. But I hear this sentence, "Depart from *me*," with awe. And, conscious that what has kept me alive in the midst of death, and given me strength to save me from my own weakness, and endowed me with wisdom to redeem me from my own folly, has been the gracious power of an ever present Christ, I can see no hope, nothing but the outer and the utter darkness forevermore, to any one to whom He, my only help, says, Depart from me; from my light, my strength, my sympathy, my helpful love. To be without Christ is to be without hope. If he gives up a soul, who shall succor and save?

HOME TALKS ABOUT THE WORD.

WE have been studying Christ as the man, outcast and almost friendless, compelled to withdraw himself from the people in order to preserve his life until the time when his mission should be accomplished and he should surrender it himself. But to-day's lesson gives Christ the King, the Judge of all the world, the One before whom all nations shall bow, either in love and adoration or in fear and trembling; the One to whom all will raise their voices, either in songs of praise, "Glory to God in the Highest," or in tones of agony, "Lord, have mercy on us." To-day's lesson presents Christ sitting upon the throne of his glory and all nations gathered before him. It is the moment prophesied by the two men in white raiment who stood beside the disciples when they gazed upon Jesus ascending into the heavens, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Before the final scene of degradation—which was only a degradation in seeming, for the crucifixion between the thieves on the cross was the triumph of Christ's earthly life, so that even the crown of thorns is a crown of glory—Jesus comforted his own with this vision of future power.

In to-day's lesson Christ presents the Day of Judgment for all men, and he still preserves the figure of himself as a shepherd who divideth his sheep from the goats, who knoweth his own flock. To the sheep gathered on the right hand comes the word of divine approval, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." We know what it means to inherit; it means to come into our own by right. The consciousness that we are the children of God can be ours through each day of our lives if we live in harmony with the Spirit of God in each of us. Paul says, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our Spirit that we are the children of God, and if children then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ." Not only do we come into an inheritance with Christ, but the kingdom we inherit is one *prepared* for us; one adapted to our needs, one designed to give us the greatest enjoyment, and opportunity for the largest growth. You remember that when the disciples were bowed with grief because the hour for separation had come, His message of consolation was, "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you;" that is, to make ready a special place to meet your special wants, your special needs. And he continued, "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." You are at school, and your father says, "We are going to move into a new town." You are filled with sorrow because all your associations are with your own home; your companions, those that you most treasure, are there. Your father knows that this separation will give you sorrow, and so he writes, saying, "I have considered all your tastes, what you would most enjoy, and I know that though this parting from our old home and from your associates causes you sorrow, you still prefer, because of your great love for me, a home with me, and my companionship. When it is time for you to leave school I will come for you myself, that you may not have any anxiety in regard to your journey, that you may rest content with my knowledge of the way and my love for you. Remember that in choosing this new home my first thought has been of you and of what would give you happiness and opportunity to reach the best and highest in yourself." Would not this assurance of a father's love make you accept without question the change of home and all the conditions that this change involved? That is what Christ meant when he gave his last message, and that is what he means when he says, "Come, ye blessed, . . . inherit the kingdom prepared for you." And why does he apply the word "blessed" to those on his right hand? For two reasons: because they have earned the title by a lifelong obedience to the law of God, and because of this obedience they have fed the hungry, they have given drink to the thirsty, they have opened their doors to the stranger, they have clothed the naked, they have visited the sick, they have comforted the prisoner, they have blessed the world by their love and example; and they did this, not to earn their inheritance, but to follow out the impulse of a life rooted and grounded in love for God and his children. They did not know it was Christ whom they fed and clothed and visited and comforted. And it is only another lesson in the universal brotherhood of men and kinship with Christ that the approval of the King in his glory comes to those who have given themselves to those who need them. To those on the left hand: "Depart from me." Think of the terrible penalty of being shut out from the presence of God for all eternity! That is, even while in the flesh they were shut out from the presence of God, because living a life out of all harmony with his law. Do you not know what it is to be told that because of violation of a request or a command of your father or mother you are shut out, even for an hour, from their approval? Think what it is to live a whole lifetime, and an eternity hereafter, shut out from the approving love of God and the companionship of men! For certain it is if we refuse to recognize in every man a brother, because Christ died for all, that we have shut ourselves out from true companionship with them, shut ourselves out of our inheritance as "heirs with Christ" in the kingdom prepared for us.

[1] Luke iv., 18.

That there should be a Christ, and that I should be Christless; that there should be a cleansing, and that I should remain foul; that there should be a Father's love, and I should be an alien; that there should be a heaven, and I should be cast into hell, is grief embittered, sorrow aggravated.—[Spurgeon.

THE HOLY SPIRIT A CONSTANT FACTOR IN THE PROBLEM OF PROGRESS.

IV.

By the Rev. A. H. Bradford D.D.

"And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters."—Gen. i., 2.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come."—Rev. xxii., 17.

THESE texts are from the beginning and end of the Bible. The first shows God moving upon the face of inanimate nature; the second shows him calling his children at the end of all things. The first was before the earth had risen out of the waters or the stars had been lighted in the firmament; the second is a glimpse of that time in which the history of the earth shall have melted into the splendors and solemnities of eternity.

The Holy Spirit did not first come when our Lord died. He had been with Abraham and Moses and David and Isaiah, as he was afterward with John and Paul and Luther and Wesley. He had even inspired certain heathen, as the Bible clearly shows in the story of Melchisedec and the prophecy of Balaam. The Psalms were from God as truly as the Gospels. Our Lord did not say that when he left the earth he would send one who had never been here before; but he did say that when the visible God should disappear, the invisible and spiritual God would carry on his work.

God is never absent from the world. His plans and methods are as distinctly traceable in the development of history as in the processes of nature or in the written word. The things which are made clearly reveal God's method of operation; the Apostle Paul goes further and says "even his eternal power and Godhead." In the gradual changes which have come over the earth from the periods of fire, of ice, of vegetation, of the appearance of animals, the student of nature finds sure evidence that the method of God is to move slowly, and, out of imperfection and simple forms, to bring splendor of scenery and complexity of form. The world was not made as it is. It is not like a statue which an artist chisels, perfect at first; it is rather like a tree which was only a single point of green, and now is a trunk with a hundred branches and ten thousand fragrant blossoms. This nature teaches; God plants germs, and lets them grow through centuries, but the process is ever toward finer form and larger life. The revelation of God in history teaches the same lesson. The earliest records are of men less perfect than those living to-day; first that which is natural, then that which is spiritual; first the savage, passionate, sensual, earthly, and then the same being, gradually led, by much training and terrible discipline, toward higher life. The story of the Exodus epitomizes the world's history. History is a growth rather than a mechanism. The problem of progress is the process by which humanity is sloughing off that which is purely earthly and animal, and rising to that which is spiritual and eternal; the Holy Spirit, "a constant factor," is God always personally directing this process.

These facts are explicitly taught in the Scriptures. The kingdom of God is to fill the earth. The kingdom of God is the goal of progress. Everything is moving toward a condition in which the spiritual, the real, man will be independent of that which is physical, sensual, sinful. Paul speaks of the whole creation in travail pains, and the real redemption will not be completed until the spiritual man is released from the power of the animal. Believing that Christ has come to save individual sinners from the guilt and power of sin, and also to free the spiritual nature from the control of the physical, I find signs of the activity of God's Spirit where others see only genius or human sagacity. In all the progress of the ages the Spirit of God is moving upon the surface of humanity, as of old he moved upon the face of the waters. All life is under the touch of the Spirit, and all life is being lifted toward God. Limiting our inquiry for the purpose of definiteness, we observe that:

The Holy Spirit is constantly present revealing and interpreting truth. Our Lord told his disciples that they could not understand all he had said, and were not able to receive all he would like to teach; therefore he added: "Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth. . . . He shall take of mine and shall declare it unto you." That promise has been in process of fulfillment from that day to this. The disciples did not understand the Teacher; they thought he was to be a Jewish Cæsar. He planted in their hearts germs of truth which grew, but his earthly eyes did not see the harvest. The minds of men were filled with heathen religions and pagan philosophies. Heathenism was in the blood. Not easily are tendencies changed which have been growing through generations. The words of Christ fell on ears accustomed to phrases of rabbinical refinement, of Roman law, of Stoic and Epicurean philosophy. Naturally and inevitably the Jews interpreted Jesus as if he were a Jew, and the Gentiles as if he were a Gentile. Christ was preached among Romans, and those who dwelt in the Empire dreamed of a new State with Christ

as Emperor. The truth of Christ was forced into their cast-iron theory of a nation. But as seeds growing in crevices of rock sometimes split the rock, so it was impossible long to confine to the ideals of a single people that which was intended for the world.

After a few centuries the Roman Church became only another form of the Roman State. Christ seemed buried forever. But progress by growth is the universal law. The kingdom comes not with observation. Then Luther arose, and the power of a corrupt hierarchy was broken. The theory of authority in religion, which was a relic of barbarism, received its death-blow. The fact that men are not judged by inexorable law, but that salvation is a free gift for all who believe in Christ and do their best to follow him, received its proper emphasis for the first time. It required more than a thousand years for the doctrine of justification by faith to be understood, but the time came at last.

After the Roman spell had been broken, a period of theological chaos intervened. Truth had to be restated and adjusted to a new environment. Calvin and Arminius appeared, one emphasizing the absolute will of God, and the other the free will of man. Each had truth, but neither was large enough to see the truth held by his brother. So the battle went on, but it was the kind of fight that a tree has with earth and storms: all the time the truth was growing. Jonathan Edwards was the successor of Calvin, and John Wesley of Arminius. Again two leaders had truth, but both had narrowness of vision. One emphasized divine sovereignty, and the other individual responsibility. Calvin and Arminius, Edwards and Wesley, did magnificent work; they were true apostles: they held, like torches, truth which the world needed. But the Spirit of God was not confined to them. In a thousand homes and ten thousand hearts, by the sweet and tender ministrations of fatherhood and motherhood, he was bringing men to realize that, while the will of God was absolute and the will of man free, still, back of all theories and philosophies, one fact was throwing its radiance over the whole life of man, and that was the divine Fatherhood. Christ said that the whole duty of man could be condensed into the two commandments of love. He said that God in eternity was revealed in himself, in spirit, purpose, and method. He said that men did not understand it then, but that the Spirit would interpret it unto them. Has that promise been fulfilled? The race has been led to a spiritual interpretation of the teaching of Christ as fast as it was possible. Even now we have little more than a hint of the richness and love and helpfulness of his teaching, simply because our poor, untrained, conceited, prejudiced minds are only partially open. But how constantly the truth has grown! No more quibbling about whether the Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son, or only from the Son; no more inquisitions and burnings for those whose only crime is loyalty to conscience; hardly any more interpretation of the words of the divine Christ as if he were a magnified Russian Tsar. Certain great truths at last are luminous, sublime; the saving act, faith, which is only another name for trust; the one name for God used by Christ, "Father;" no great things to be done to win God's love; the cross the symbol of everlasting love in voluntary sacrifice; time, death, judgment, eternity, all in the hands of the Father and under the guidance of the Spirit who never leaves, but daily leads to larger truth! This is that to which the world has been led. Augustine was great and good, but when he died the Spirit did not cease moving on men. Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Edwards, Maurice, Bushnell, were great and good, but the Spirit did not leave the world with them. And truth will not come into its final expression in your words or mine. I wish I could live a thousand years and see my Master with the light and glory in which the Spirit will reveal him then; and see humanity when the truth that God is the Father of all, and that men are brethren, has had a thousand years more to influence human thought and life. And yet such longings are unnecessary, for the Spirit has already taught us that death cannot touch eternal life, and that those who have come to know God, even so dimly as you and I, shall, perhaps sooner than we dream, see him as he is

Fatherhood and brotherhood, and between them One who is at once Father and Brother—to this the slow centuries have come, through struggle and midnight and storm and fire, and revolutions in which nations were obliterated, and massacres in which whole churches perished. The truth could not die; it has grown, rent rocks of false philosophy and prejudice, risen out of martyrs' ashes and St. Bartholomew's massacres and communistic carnivals of death. And still the Spirit is leading humanity onward and upward. In the progress of men in knowledge of truth the Holy Spirit has been a constant factor.

Progress in science and invention has been in lines which work for the general uplifting of humanity. Let us examine a few discoveries in their bearing on the spiritual progress of the race.

The invention of gunpowder seems at first to have been in the interest of bloodshed; but was it? Before that time, fighting had been hand to hand. The influence of war on the individual then was more degrading, for it requires more depravity to kill a man who can look into one's very eyes than to shoot at a distance with the knowledge that the bullet is likely to miss. The evil effect of war on the individual has probably been reduced one-half by gunpowder. It was the first of a series of inventions, each more destructive than the one before it, until to-day war is almost impossible because the agencies of death have become so perfect that nations do not care to submit their population to extinction by dynamite and nitro-glycerine. Other wars will come, but each year makes them more improbable and more nearly impossible. I see no reason to doubt that this discovery was under the inspiration of God for the purpose of hastening the time when war shall be no more.

The invention of printing was a part of the divine plan for the conversion of the world. The spread of Christianity was almost impossible until that invention. Up to that time few people ever saw the Bible; it existed only in monasteries and occasional churches. There was not an average of one Bible for ten thousand professing Christians. The profound spiritual movement which was to pervade races was impossible until the mind of man could be brought face to face with the truth of God, until the individual could take that word with him into his closet and pray over it. Christianity follows knowledge of the truth. Now Bibles are everywhere. Missionaries are comparatively few, but one missionary can distribute a million Testaments, and each will become helpers in his work. Modern missions waited for the discovery of the printing-press. By that each man of power multiplies his influence a hundredfold. Not only Bibles, but truths which make epochs, unbind chains, make men discontented with bad conditions, and herald a better social order—all depended upon the art of printing. The movement in society toward democracy and brotherhood waited for this invention. The rule of force was inevitable until, by reading, men learned that right was on the side of the many. No man ever lived more essential to the world's conversion or more indispensable to the advancement of civilization than he who, by the invention of the printing-press, gave to each great thought a million tongues. Shall we say that he who utters truths which live and ennoble forever is inspired, and that the man who makes it possible for the world to read those words is only a genius? Back of that apparently stupid Dutchman who seemed to stumble upon the greatest of inventions are the shining lineaments of One like unto the Spirit of God.

Hardly less important was the discovery of the power of steam. In Birmingham, England, is still preserved the room in which Watt made his experiments; and everything in the room is just as he left it. Little did he dream of what he was doing. His invention opened the door into a new world. His hands have brought the islands and continents nearer together than the European States were before his times. His thought has winged vehicles which fly around the world with messages of love and of warning; with the old Bible translated into a hundred languages; with the missionaries of commerce and the cross. Do you suppose that these were not all included in the divine plan? Do you think that no one but that obscure mechanic had anything to do with a discovery which has caused the world to change front? Take these inventions, the printing-press and the steam-engine, and add to them the telegraph, and measure their power for blessing. Criminals find no hiding-place, for the press exposes them. "The universe is built of glass" because newspapers exist. The Bible is literally in all lands and languages. Missionaries can go wherever they will. Newspapers carry sermons where ministers cannot preach. The telegraph warns of storms and pestilence. Distant nations have grown to be so near together that sympathy has become reality. Beneath the Southern Cross and in Northern zones the same books are read, the same inspirations thrill, the same high hopes attract; and those who, if there had been only preachers to exhort, would still be as hostile as a thousand years ago, are now learning that all men are brethren, simply because they have come to know one another. Not even the writers of the Gospels were more directly under the guidance of the Spirit of God than were the inventors who have thus made possible and probable the day on which the brotherhood of man shall be a reality. Without them, it would have been practically impossible to obey our Lord's last command to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.

One other discovery deserves mention here: that of anæsthetics. Jesus Christ spent a large part of his ministry in relieving pain. In the Apocalypse no glimpse of heaven is more sublime than "there shall be no pain there." Groans of sickness, agonies of bruised and aching bodies, terrors of hospitals and battlefields, who can measure them? What a different world this was when there was nothing to alleviate pain! What a gloomy world it would be if all agents to deaden suffering were to be taken away! Can you doubt that it was a part of the divine plan to store in nature antidotes to suffering? and a part of the ministry of the Spirit of God to lead certain men to discover the places in which they were waiting for service? Blessed ministry! Broken limbs, aching heads, bleeding wounds, throbbing nerves, burning fevers, endless nights, mocking days! Oh, the horror of existence for those who inherit tendencies to disease for which they are not responsible, with no draught or lotion to deaden the agony! The discovery of anæsthetics was one of the greatest blessings which ever came to the human race.

If now some one asks, "Why were these discoveries delayed so long? Do you consider it a sign of the presence of the Spirit of God that they were withheld from hundreds of generations?" I have only one answer; it is this: Whether nature or history is studied, one fact is evident. All God's plans are accomplished by processes of growth. Why was there a glacial period to plow the earth with rivers of ice? Why was not the creation made perfect at once? No one can answer. God's way was the way of growth; and it was not in accordance with his plan that these discoveries should be made before. The hour had not yet come.

But it is asked, "Why do you ascribe these things to the inspiration of the Spirit?" Because they are means by which the spiritual life is asserting its power over matter and force. Force is invisible, and yet spirit is getting the better of it. The invisible powers are used to heat our houses, draw our carriages, speed our messages, and print our pictures. Mind is greater than matter and force; and precisely because all these inventions are showing the supremacy of spirit do I believe them to have been inspirations of the great Spirit. A still clearer reason is found in the fact that all these inventions have a vital relation to the salvation of the world. They help to advance the work which our Lord came to accomplish; they make possible the preaching of the Gospel to all nations; they are promoting brotherhood; they alleviate pain; they are lifting the thoughts of men to higher things. They are helpers of Jesus Christ in saving the world.

For eighteen hundred years at least, the great movements of progress have been coincident with, if not dependent upon, great religious movements. The points of departure for all advancement during that period have been, by common consent, three. It is at least curious that those three are coincident with the three greatest religious crises of modern history.

There may be no significance in it, but it is remarkable that the whole history of the world changes in the year that Jesus was born. The greatest nation of the world was at its culmination. As never before, men were in conditions to welcome a new religion. The old religions were dead. Superstitions from the Orient were sought by those who hungered for God and could not find him. Augustus had tried in vain to revive the old State religion. Never before had there been a common language in which a religion could be preached; but now Greek was the popular language of the world. Not until Rome built roads for her armies to the extremities of her empire would it have been possible for missionaries to carry the Gospel far beyond the hills and valleys of Palestine. But just when the religions of the known world ceased to have power, just when a common language provided a vehicle for the Gospel, just when Roman highways made its proclamation possible, then the Saviour was born and the new life of the world began. It may have been only a coincidence, but is it reasonable to think that the destinies of nations and ages hang on coincidences? Is it not more reasonable to see the fulfillment of a divine plan coming into the field of vision?

The next fact is that the Reformation and the Revival of Learning were coincident. For hundreds of years the human mind had been in chains; for hundreds of years the reason and conscience had been in chains. The Greek and Roman classics were unknown. The Bible was a sealed book. Suddenly, and at the same time, the whole horizon was illuminated. The classics were dragged from their hiding-places; art received an impetus which gave the world the most splendid masterpieces of the ages; and Luther, like a lion, dashed under his feet and destroyed the infamous claim of a corrupt church to rule men, body and soul. Martin Luther, Galileo, and Michael Angelo were very nearly contemporaries. For centuries the rock had been apparently crushing the seed; suddenly it flew in pieces; and the seed which had been growing in secret was the power which had broken it.

All recognize in the Reformation a great spiritual movement, but all do not see that the Revival of Learning was equally an inspiration of the Spirit. And yet the Revival of Learning had as vital a relation to the spread

of the Gospel as the Reformation. It set men to separating the true from the false. The scientific spirit was born there; the critical spirit was born there. Luther asserted the duty of men to interpret the Word of God for themselves under the guidance of the Spirit. The revival of learning trained men to think; it was the beginning of the era of intelligence and diffusion of knowledge, of the critical study not only of the classical authors but also of the Bible, which has grown into the critical method of the nineteenth century. When the Reformation had declared man's independence, when the Bible had been unbound, when the printing-press had been discovered, then the corresponding mental movement made it possible for men to read and interpret the Bible intelligently. The Renaissance and the Reformation are two names for one great historical movement in which the Spirit of God is distinctly seen in his office of continuing the work which our Saviour began.

Again, the settlement of the New World was coincident with the most remarkable spiritual movement since Luther. Each time the world is widened, the Spirit is seen going in to possess the land. The discovery of the New World fired ambition and cupidity in the old. Adventurers were multiplied. Just at that time there was a class of people—intellectual and spiritual children of the Reformation and the Revival of Learning—who believed that God called them to do their own thinking and that he had trained them to think correctly, and who found no home in the land of their birth. They were of the stuff of which heroes are made. They feared God, but neither the elements nor man. Just when the New World was opened, these men—happened, shall we say? or were inspired of God? to be looking for a land in which they could be loyal to reason and conscience. Hither they came. The foundations of the nation were laid by men who had heads, and who believed in doing their own thinking; who had consciences, and who believed that the voice of duty was God's voice; who had iron in their blood, and who were ready for great things if called from above to do them. It was the children of these men who fought in the Revolution; who would allow no peace until slavery was abolished; who prayed under the haystack at Williamstown and began modern missions; who have carried the open Bible and the common school from ocean to ocean.

It may have been only a coincidence that Jesus Christ came just when the whole world was without a religion and yet had one language and one State: it may have been only a coincidence that the Reformation and Revival of Learning appeared in history hand in hand—the one freeing the conscience and unbinding the Bible, the other training the mind to think; it may have been only a coincidence that when the New World was discovered, just then there should have been a company of men like the Pilgrims, saturated with the Bible and willing to die for it, ready to go in and possess the land; but I see in these facts more than coincidences. I see the movement of that Spirit of God whom our Lord said should carry on his work and should abide with his people forever.

These three facts have been emphasized in this sermon: Christ said that the spirit would make plain his teachings; and never were the teachings of Christ so well understood as in our day. Christ said: "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." In order that this might be fulfilled, barriers of distance and enmity and language must go down; the invention of gunpowder has made wars less frequent and will eventually make them impossible; the printing-press furnishes a means by which the Gospel may go to the ends of the earth; the steam-engine makes it possible to carry the printed word; while all these, with the discovery of æsthetics, have served to draw the nations together, to increase brotherhood, and to relieve pain. This is all in the line of Christ's working. The doing of these things makes it possible for him to draw all men unto himself.

We have also seen that each advance in the world's civilization has been exactly coincident with a new manifestation of spiritual life, and that the civilizing process has been uniformly the vehicle for the manifestation of the spiritual purpose. These facts show clearly that, as individual life is always under the influence of the Spirit of God, so the same Spirit is carrying out his purposes in the development of history. You and I will not live to see it; but some time, probably—because of the continuance of this spiritual ministry—this earth of ours will be the abode of beings as much above those who are living now as we are above those who dwelt in prehistoric times.

These sermons are now finished. I have tried in them to present no new theories, but simply to expound the clear word of our Master. He lived in daily recognition of and communion with the unseen and spiritual. His life is our true life. In comparison with that all earthly things are of little value; beside it the praise or condemnation of men is not to be considered. This is our hope, not that we are able to win that life, but that the one God—our Father, our Saviour, the Spirit who moves on our spirits—is drawing us upward, cutting one by one the bands which bind us to the earth, and filling us with that knowledge which is eternal life. The time is short. The day is at hand. Let us lay aside every weight; let us remember that only the pure in heart shall see God; let us remember, also, that the promises concerning the Comforter were to those who had first accepted Christ as Saviour. Who is the Christian man? He who obeys the Master's voice when he says, "Follow me," and who now, and throughout the ages of ages, submits himself to be led by the Spirit of Truth.

Inquiring Friends.

[Any subscriber sending an inquiry on any subject to The Christian Union, accompanied with a postage stamp, will receive a reply either through the columns of the paper or by personal letter. The answer will be given as promptly as practicable.]

I quote from your issue of March 1:

"As we believe that all our knowledge respecting the world beyond death is derived from Scripture we neither propose ourselves to make any statement which Scripture does not explicitly warrant, nor to allow, in so far as our effort can prevent it, any such statement unwarranted by Scripture to be imposed on the faith of the Christian Church."

Thanking the Union for its "categorical reply" to the perplexing question of a possible probation after death, I wish to ask, in the light of the quoted extract and its legitimate implications, two or three questions which to many persons are equally perplexing, and to which I hope you will be equally categorical in your reply.

1. Is the belief in a personal Devil warranted by Scripture?
2. Is the belief in what is commonly known as witchcraft warranted by Scripture?
3. Are not both these articles of belief apostolic as well as Scriptural?
4. Does not Christ, both by precept and example, bear witness, in substantially the same manner and the same degree, to the existence of a personal Devil and of such cases of demoniac possession as became known in later times by the name of witchcraft, the existence of both of which many orthodox preachers of the present day hold themselves free to doubt or deny, as He does to the reality of the miracles, which none may deny and be saved?

As both the personality of the Devil and the reality of witchcraft are matters of which we can have no direct personal cognizance, pertaining as they do to a world beyond human ken, and lying wholly or in part outside the scope of our attainable knowledge, is the authority of Scripture sufficient, in the opinion of the Union, to establish the personality of the one or the reality of the other? If not then to what extent are we justified in setting aside the authority of Scripture in the case of other doctrines relating to the supernatural? The question may be differently stated: With respect to what Canon Mozley called the "supernatural truth" of revealed religion, is the final appeal to Scripture or to the human reason? The question is no less vital than comprehensive, touching as it does the degree of authority, whether absolute or relative, attaching to the Scriptures *as a whole* in matters of faith as distinct from knowledge, and where knowledge, unless through revelation, is obviously impossible.

I have long and vainly sought a satisfactory answer to this question. By replying to it the Union will also render a great service to many who are in doubt whether they may rightly call themselves *orthodox*. ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

In reply to our friend's inquiries we have to say:

1 Scripture certainly warrants the belief that there are evil spirits, each one of whom can hardly be called anything but a personal devil. It also names as chief among these one called Satan. Doubtless there is rank, and therefore primacy, among the evil as among the good. But the Scripture requires us to hold to no such conception as that of the Persian Ahriman or the Miltonic Satan, the monarch of a hellish realm. It does not even affirm the identity of the wickedest spirit at any time existing with the wickedest spirit existing at any previous time.

2 The belief in what is commonly known as witchcraft is not warranted by the Scriptures. The word translated "witchcraft" in our version stood for magic, sorcery, divination, necromancy, the professors of which were supposed to have "familiar spirits," just as modern mediums pretend. The thing termed witchcraft was a novel as well as fearful superstition, unknown in the Biblical period. It was regarded as a compact between some man or woman and the Devil as the arch-enemy of mankind, whereby the witch or wizard received a hellish gift of power to torment fellow-men.

3. The foregoing remarks dispose of our friend's third inquiry.

4 We have to call our friend's attention to the distinction between the "demoniac possession" mentioned in the Gospels and witchcraft. The "possessed" person is uniformly represented as diseased and a sufferer—thus being quite another sort of person from the reputed "witch." Furthermore, Jesus, although in certain cases recognizing the agency of an "unclean spirit," cannot be shown to have held all the popular notions of his time upon that subject, or to have regarded as actually possessed all who were supposed to be. He used on certain occasions the popular language on this subject. So far as this language involved error, correction of it involved the teaching of scientific truth, and this was no part of his mission. Here we must add our strong dissent from our friend's last remark, that none may be saved who deny the reality of the miracles. We believe them; but such belief is no condition of salvation.

As to the final question put to us, Is the final appeal to Scripture or to the human reason? "The individual," says Professor Ladd, "can never rightly be judge *over* the Word of God. But the individual must be judge *of* the Word of God. It belongs to the moral consciousness ["reason"] to discern, appropriate, test, and apply the Word of God." This was the Lutheran principle from which evangelical Protestantism developed. What Luther contended for was not the right of mere individual judgment, as is often supposed, but the right of judgment which belongs to the individual reason, as illuminated and informed by Christ. It is to this Christian reason that the final appeal always lies—not to aught that is external, whether man or book or miracle.

In the Sunday school lesson for April 1 we are told that "many are called, but few are chosen." How do you understand this? Would it not imply that certain mortals (the elect) are favored, and the rest of humanity doomed to "outer darkness" and "weeping and gnashing of teeth"? H. L. J.

There are certain facts which cast light upon this saying. (1) It was a fact that, at that time, many were called, but few chosen. (2) It is also a fact that it will not always be so, for Christianity will have become universal. (3) It is a fact, also, that the opportunities which invite men are, in other things as well as religion, more numerous than the men who embrace opportunities. Looking at these facts, it is probable that Christ is merely applying to the unbelievers of that time a proverb about the comparatively large neglect of opportunity. We cannot find here any contrast between some as "favored" and others as "doomed." On the other hand, the context shows that sorrow follows on neglect of opportunity. So Whittier says:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these: It might have been."

Please name the title of some book of simple prayer helpful to one's every-day life, and state where such a book may be found. G. R. G.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, publish a small book of Prayers for Family Use (the exact phrase of the title we forget), which we think will be what you wish. The author is Benjamin B. Comegys.

Our friend who asks the above question adds this: "Is it not remarkable that a man of ordinary intelligence, who has professed Christ in the usual fashion for thirty years, should now seek to draw nigh to him through a printed book?"

We suppose our friend refers to himself. His self depreciating inquiry deserves what relief there may be in the observation that a printed prayer may be of as much help to a faithful Christian as a printed hymn; and hymns are often prayers. Our feelings and thoughts often exceed our power of expression. The language of another is then often a welcome vehicle. It is also often a help to exchange the phraseology of prayer, when well worn by many repetitions, for a fresh form, which serves to freshen the thought which it expresses. For these and other reasons a book of prayers is a desirable means both of enriching the expressiveness of prayer and quickening the spirit of prayer.

I have a fine microscope. My little girl of six years is quite interested in it, and is always on the lookout for something to examine. I have never studied entomology, and would like to ask if you know of some simple, elementary work upon the subject, which I could take up and use in interesting my little daughter, at the same time imparting to her something of benefit, in a systematic manner. I wish more of the readers of the Union could realize the beautiful things about us, as revealed by the microscope; it is not at all necessary that one have an expert to teach him to use one to his benefit, for there are a number of good books upon the subject, which can be procured at a very reasonable price. It seems to me that, if I had no feeling of reverence for the Creator of all things, the perfection of the minutest thing in nature, which the microscope reveals to me, would develop such a feeling. D.

We should think that A. B. Buckley's "Life and her Children" and "The Fairyland of Science" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.; $1.50 each) would answer your purpose very well.

Can some one kindly give me the names of authors of the following quotations?

1. "What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps."

2. "Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
One minute of heaven is worth them all."

3. "Favored in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below
That length of life is length of woe."

4. "Measure the good before you say what's evil."

5. "Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."

E. E. A.

Will you have the kindness to inform me whether superintendents of Sunday-schools (if they are not ministers) get paid for their work, and what their average salary is? C. K.

We have never known of a Sunday-school superintendent who received any pecuniary compensation, unless he was employed to give his whole time to the organization and building up of Sunday-schools in an extensive district.

Will you advise me as to a text-book on the Life of Christ suitable for boys of from ten to fourteen? M. G. B.

We trust a well-informed friend who tells us that the Rev. W. F. Crafts's "Talks to Boys and Girls About Jesus" is the book our inquirer wants. (Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 50 cents.)

Please inform me who are the publishers and what is the price of Robinson's revised "English Harmony of the Gospels." H. D.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 75 cents.

I should like to be informed in regard to the location and name of a manufactory of articles—pails, etc.—from paper. A. S. C.

LETTER OF THE RIGHT REV. LEON BONLAND TO POPE LEO XIII.

[We have received for publication the following letter to the Pope from an eminent ecclesiastic of the Church of Rome, an honorary member of Leo XIII.'s household. Comment on the letter will be found in our editorial columns.]

Most Holy Father:

I HAVE the honor to inform your Holiness that, from to-day (my canonical standing being perfectly regular and unquestioned) I deliberately, though sorrowfully, separate myself from the Roman Church, for the following reasons:

1 *Doctrinally*—It is no longer possible for me to believe the teaching of the Syllabus, and the dogmas proclaimed at the last Vatican Council.

2 *Politically*—I can no longer admit the pretensions of Ultramontanism, claiming, as it does, absolute authority, not only in matters religious, but also in matters scientific, philosophic, social, and political. Such pretensions history proves to be destructive of religion and public liberty. The Roman Hierarchy constitutes in the United States (a country of which I am proud to be a citizen) a danger ever on the increase. This I have repeatedly mentioned to your Holiness, in the private audiences with which I have from time to time been honored.

In separating from the Church of Rome, as did Saints Cyprian and Augustine, I do not sever myself from that Catholic Church which they called the *RADIX et MATRIX* of Rome herself. Happily, among the Latin Churches there are those, like the Anglican Church, the Church of Utrecht, and that of the Old Catholics, in which the Nicene Constitutions are still respected.

In this great Republic, also, I find a Church truly Apostolic and Nicene, wholly independent of the State, and which understands how to reconcile in due proportion the rights which liberty confers with the duties which it imposes. In that Church—*to which I now declare my adherence*—Faith does not shut out Reason or Science; which, together with true Religion, make intelligent Christians and enlightened citizens. . . . In my native France, as your Holiness well knows, there are Latin Christians who still represent the position of the Gallican Church in 1682; and I may see it my duty to identify myself with those who have not deserted the ancient Gallican standpoint of St. Louis and Bossuet. In that fair land Republican Government, which alone can satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the people in our day, will never be firmly established, nor will the necessary reforms in the Church be secured, until the clergy burst their ultramontane and monarchical bonds, and unite frankly with the people in abolishing the Concordat and organizing a church truly National and Nicene, like that in the United States of America, independent alike of the State and of Rome.

My decision to withdraw from the Roman Church is not a thought of recent origin. It is the mature result of convictions forced upon me during my travels in both hemispheres, and of my study for ten years of the chief religious and social questions which agitate our time—questions to which the Christian Fathers furnish solutions wholly at variance with the Syllabus and the policy of the Ultramontane Court.

Should your Holiness wish me to explain my views more fully, I shall be happy to receive instructions to that effect.

Condescend, Most Holy Father, to accept anew the assurance of my profound respect.

LEON BONLAND,

Honorary Private Chamberlain of His Holiness Leo XIII.; Hon. Canon of St. Michael Archangelo, Rome; Hon. Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Rheims; Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulcher; Member of the "Académie des Arcades;" President-General of the Society of the "Avocats de St. Pierre" in North America, etc., etc.

To His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., Vatican, Rome.

OLD TRINITY'S NEW MISSION HOUSE.

ANY one who engages in charitable work in the poorer districts of this city is sure to be surprised to find how large a number of the children are attending or have attended Episcopal Sunday-schools. This is particularly true among those of German parentage, who are certain to prefer an English church to a German one, and find the ritual of the Episcopal Church much more attractive than the services of any of the other Protestant Churches. But this preference for the Episcopal ritual is not the only or the chief reason why so many of these people are attached to this Church. The Episcopal Church has more wealth than any other in the city, and is spending more upon missions. This is particularly true of Old Trinity, whose immense endowments support several large churches, each of which has two or three assistant rectors to engage in charitable work. Not all of its work, however, has been supported out of this endowment fund. On Thursday of last week a new mission house on Fulton Street was dedicated, which had been built at a cost of a little less than $60,000, all of which was paid by voluntary contributions. It is in this building that the charitable work of the parish is to have its center. It is placed under the management of the Order of the Sisters of St Mary.

The new building is an extremely handsome one Its front is of brown stone and yellow brick; within it is finished largely in oak; the stairways and hallways are brick and iron, and it is in every way as fire-proof as is possible. The basement of the house is occupied by the dispensary, the relief bureau, and rooms for two or three boys' guilds, in which there are books, magazines, and games. In the dispensary a doctor is on duty from ten to twelve every morning, and gives both medicines and prescriptions free of charge to the people who are in need. To those who can afford to pay, the medical advice is given for a fee of twenty-five cents, and the medicine sold at cost. This type of charity, coming to the working people when most in need and they are least able to help themselves, and when they would probably go without medical advice rather than pay the exorbitant fees commonly charged, is certainly in every way to be commended as a part of legitimate church work.

On the floor above the dispensary there are three guild rooms which can be thrown into one large apartment, and at the rear is a chancel and organ, so that religious services can be held whenever it is desirable. On the second floor is a handsome reception room, a kitchen garden, and a cooking school. The class in cooking is extremely popular. Only about two dozen girls can belong to it at any one time, and the places are eagerly sought for. A course of a dozen lessons under competent instruction is said to give these girls from the shops and factories a fair knowledge of how to cook the simpler dishes. The kitchen garden is furnished with all the dishes which are used in setting the table, and all the simpler ornaments by which a room can be made pretty, and with these the members of the little girls' guild are taught how to make a table and room attractive. They are also taught the first principles of table manners. The three upper floors are devoted to living-rooms for the Sisters, dormitories for some of the children, consultation rooms, etc., etc.

The work of the Sisters of St. Mary in Trinity Parish began eight years ago, and the guilds, seven in number, are already in good working order. There are three for boys of various ages, three for girls, and one for married women. The guild for the oldest boys is under the charge of the clergymen. The work of the guilds consists not entirely in the entertainment or even the religious instruction of the children, but they are themselves taught to do work for others. All of the older girls and the married women (about one hundred in all) come an hour each week to do sewing for those who are poorer than themselves.

THE FIRST BOHEMIAN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

WEDNESDAY, March 28, was an eventful day for Bohemian missions in the United States, and especially for the Bohemian mission on Broadway in Cleveland, for on that day a Council, composed of the Congregational churches of Cleveland and vicinity, met to organize and welcome to our Congregational fellowship the first Bohemian Congregational church in America. This was the first of the Bohemian mission stations organized under the direction of the Rev. H. A. Schauffler. It has been doing a very important work in this part of the city for five years, and for some time there has been material sufficient to warrant the formation of a church; but so great have been the hinderances to such a work, arising from the peculiar ideas of people brought up in State churches concerning their relation to the church, that the way has not opened for such a movement until the present winter. The demand for a church had become so urgent that those having the work in charge decided to move in this matter, trusting that the Lord would remove such hinderances as they were not able to meet; and the result has abundantly justified their faith.

One week before the Council convened, a committee of pastors and laymen spent an afternoon and evening in examining those who desired to present themselves for membership, and were deeply impressed with the clear convictions and strong faith which were expressed either in broken English or through Mr. Schauffler, who interpreted for those not able to respond to the questions in English. One of the wisest and best known of our Cleveland pastors said, with moistened eyes, "Such experiences are worth all this work has cost." And one of the busiest laymen said "he could not feel sufficiently grateful for what he had been permitted to see and hear that day."

After a second session in connection with the Council, this committee reported the names of fifty-nine persons who had come before them as, in their judgment, worthy of a place in the membership of this new church. Ten of these came by letter, including the families of the Rev. H. A. Schauffler and the Rev. J. R. Nichols, his associate, and Miss Clara Hobart, at the head of the Bible Readers' School, and a few English workers identified with this work from the beginning. Several who came before the committee were advised to wait for a clearer experience. The Council devoted the afternoon to hearing the report of the committee sent out to prepare the way for them, and in examining the constitution, confession of faith, etc., presented by the church, and, after expressing their approval of these articles, and voting most heartily to proceed with the organization, they adjourned to Mr. Schauffler's house, where a few of the ladies interested in this mission had prepared supper for them.

In the evening Dr. J. M. Sturdevant, as Moderator, read the Articles of Faith and Covenant, which were assented to by those desiring to unite with this church. Since it was impracticable, from the nature of the case, to have a sermon, short addresses were made by the Rev. Henry M. Tenney in English and by the Rev. H. A. Schauffler in Bohemian. The Rev. M. K. Pasco, of Garrettsville, offered the prayer of consecration, and the Rev. J. G. Fraser gave the charge to the church, and Dr. George R Leavitt welcomed this new sister to the fellowship of the Cleveland churches and to the larger sisterhood of Congregational churches in Ohio and throughout the States, in a very happy and impressive way. These last two addresses were translated into Bohemian and read by two of the young men from the Oberlin Slavic Department. There was a common feeling, which found expression more than once during the day, that the formation of this church was an event of more than ordinary interest to our Congregational churches, to the large Bohemian population already on our shores and increasing year by year, and to the Christian churches of our country in general. This church, and the one formed in Chicago two days later, are but the first-fruits of the Gospel among the Slavs in America, of which we may expect a bountiful harvest in the future, if we are faithful to the trust imposed upon us. The joy which filled our heart at the formation of this church found its fitting consummation on the following Sunday, when, amid the flowers and sacred associations of Easter morning, the members of this church gathered for their first public service and first communion.

FROM UTAH.

THIS is the season for the annual meetings of Christian workers of the various denominations in the Territory. School and church work go hand in hand here, so that associations and presbyteries are composed of teachers, ministers, and delegates from the churches. This year, in addition to the denominational meetings, a convention of Christian workers of all denominations was held in Salt Lake City, April 3–5 Six denominations were represented on the programme to discuss the obstacles to Christian progress and the way to overcome them. The addresses, papers, and discussions were the outgrowth of the experiences of those who presented the facts. It was remarkable how perfectly all agreed on every point. The one great obstacle is the Mormon Church, with its present "revelations," its priesthood, and its dangerous and corrupting doctrines and practices. No one was disposed to apologize for that system, or for any special doctrine or pretended virtue which might be found in it. Those who have been in the work the longest do not find any good in the system. It was denounced as both anti-Christian and anti-American. The faith of many has been wrecked, and they have left the Church and have become infidels or spiritualists, as a rule. The Mormon idea of God is that he is a man, and it is hard to get one who has really believed in Mormonism to understand God as he is revealed in the Bible.

The remedies for the evils are: a rigid enforcement of the principles of American government, Christian education, and the faithful preaching of the Gospel. No one had any patent remedy to suggest. No hope was expressed that there would be any immediate apostasy from the Church, or any general turning to true Christianity, on the part of the older Mormons. A school will not overturn a community in a single term; the preaching of the Gospel will not turn every village and hamlet upside down. But the Gospel faithfully preached and vigorously applied must produce good results sometime. The seed will not all fall on barren soil, but some of it will bring forth fruit.

While the convention was discussing the Mormon problem, a radical Mormon, at the funeral of an aged Latter-Day Saint, said: "As to the State matter, we are told that we cannot be a State unless we give up being ruled by the priesthood, polygamy, and bigamy. I, for one, never wanted it. We are a kingdom, and have

from the first been ruled by the priesthood, and ruled well. We still want to be. We will be. They shall rule forever and ever." The annual conference of the Mormon Church, just held, expresses about the same sentiment. Disappointed in their efforts for Statehood, they go back to other years, and, with the old defiant spirit, urge their people to stand by the Church. They do not conceal their discomfiture, and scarcely attempt to conceal their advice to the young men to enter polygamy and defy the United States laws. They tell the people not to sell their lands, and to turn again to the Church.

The conflict is not yet ended. What may be the next move it is not easy to predict. Certainly the Mormon people cannot long furnish the money needed to carry on a warfare against the Government; but there are no signs of their surrender. Financial considerations may lead some to leave the Church, and many will become lukewarm in a religious service which demands so much and gives back so little. But those who really believe in the future rewards so abundantly promised will endure great hardships to secure them. JUDSON.

OGDEN, Utah.

CHURCH GLEANINGS.

MIDDLE STATES.

—The arrangements for the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which is to meet in the Metropolitan Opera-House on May 1, are nearly completed. The Conference will sit during the whole of May. During the present week the last of the local conferences are being held throughout the country, at which delegates to the General Conference will be elected. Many delegates from remote conferences of the Church are already on their way to the city. Last week Dr. Reid, Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society, received word from Assistant Secretary Maynard, of the United States Treasury, that the Department has instructed the Collector of the Port at San Francisco to permit the landing there of two Chinese delegates, Sia Sek Ong and Tiong Ah Hok, representing the Methodist Conference at Foochow. At the opening of the General Conference ex-Judge Enoch L. Fancher has been invited, as one of the most prominent members of the Church in the city, to make the opening address.

—The second lecture in the course before the Church Club was delivered on Monday of last week by the Rev. Dr. Richey, on "Syrian Christianity and the School of Antioch," his object being to show what the Christian Church in early times really was, and on what untenable grounds are based the differences between the various Christian sects. The Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Garrison, Professor of Liturgies in the Divinity School of Philadelphia, delivered the third lecture of the series on Thursday, the title of his lecture being "The North African Church and its Teachers."

—The seventy-second annual meeting of the American Bible Society, for the transaction of business, will be held in this city, at the Bible House, on Astor Place, on Thursday, May 10, at half past three o'clock, P M. Members of the society and delegates from auxiliary societies are cordially invited to attend.

—In his address before the annual conference of the Zion Methodist Episcopal Church of this State, held in this city last week, Bishop J. W. Hood, of North Carolina, said: "The evils which the blacks suffer from the hands of the whites are largely the results of the mistake made by the Government at the close of the war in its failure to pay the slaveholders for their property. This worked a great injustice upon the freedman, as the slaveholders looked upon the blacks as property stolen from them by the Government, and which they had a right to get back to whatever extent they could. Hence they feel justified in getting the freedman's labor as low as possible, and in taking advantage of his ignorance in every way. The Government had encouraged the South to believe that slavery was a firmly established institution, and when the slaves were emancipated it should have been willing to make full restitution. The Government should do now what it refused to do at the end of the war. The slaveholders should be reimbursed in full for their losses, even at this late day, which would bring about a much better state of feeling between whites and blacks, while it would be at the same time a convenient method of reducing the surplus."

—The annual meeting of the Young Woman's Christian Association of the City of New York was held in its rooms in Fifteenth Street, near Fifth Avenue, last week. In addition to the social interchange, which was the feature of the evening, there were addresses by Mr. Cornell, of the Advisory Board, and the Rev. Lyman Abbott. The report shows 13 000 women in the classes, 11,000 volumes in the library, 1,600 positions secured for young women during the last year, out of 2,000 applicants. The total expense of the work has been a little less than $24 000.

—In one of his recent lectures Professor Felix Adler denounced the project of building a great cathedral in New York by the Episcopalians, declaring that the money could be more profitably devoted to the saving of lives in the tenement-house districts.

—The First Reformed Church of Brooklyn is to be disbanded. Since the sale of its edifice the congregation has been worshiping with that of the Reformed Church on the Heights.——The general debt of the Franklin Avenue Presbyterian Church of Brooklyn, the Rev. J. W. Hageman, pastor, has been extinguished and the mortgage debt reduced by $5,000.

—The twenty-eighth annual meeting of the New Jersey Congregational Association was held at Montclair last week, with the Rev. Frederick B. Pallan, of Orange, as Moderator. The church at Guttenberg was admitted into the Association. The Belleville Avenue Church of Newark, of which the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost was formerly pastor, reported that they have gone through many trials, but that the church was getting along well.

—The trustees of the Sands Street Methodist Church of Brooklyn have provided temporary quarters for the congregation, which will soon leave the old house in which the first Methodist Society in Brooklyn assembled in 1794. A new church will be erected, and will be called the Sands Street Memorial Church.

—The Rev. George H. Ball will on May 1 withdraw from the pastorate of the Hudson Street Baptist Church of Buffalo, N. Y., to give his entire attention to the founding of a summer school, college, etc., after the Chautauqua plan of the Methodists, on the 150 acres of land recently purchased by the Baptists at Bluff Point on Keuka Lake, below Hammondsport.

—The congregation of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church of this city celebrated last Sunday the fortieth anniversary of the settlement of their pastor, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage. Services were held at the church in the morning, afternoon, and evening. The platform was decorated with flowers, ferns, and potted plants. The church was crowded at each service. Deacon B. F. Judson presided at the morning service. The Rev. Dr. J. B. Simmons read the lesson, and the congregation sang a memorial hymn composed by the Rev. Samuel F. Smith, author of "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." The Rev. Dr. Edward Bright, editor of the "Examiner," offered prayer, and Dr. Armitage preached a historical sermon.

—The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (Presbyterian) will hold its eighteenth annual assembly in Educational Hall, Asbury Park, N. J., on the 25th and 26th inst.

—The State Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of New Jersey was held in Plainfield last week. A discussion on "Work for Boys" was conducted by Sumner F. Dudley, General Secretary of Orange. The Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith, of Brooklyn, delivered an address on "Characteristics of the Bible." The Rev. Edwin F. See, General Secretary of Brooklyn, spoke on "Young Men's Christian Associations, their Manifold Supply for Manifold Needs." George A. Hall, State Secretary of New York, conducted a conversation on "Improved Methods in Association Work."

—The building of the First Presbyterian Church in Jersey City is to be sold, and services will be discontinued next month.

—The new Scots Presbyterian Church in Philadelphia was dedicated on April 15. The dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. M. W. Conklin, D.D., of this city, who was pastor of the church twenty years ago.

—J. L. Gordon, Secretary of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association, has accepted the position of State Secretary of the Connecticut Young Men's Christian Association, and will enter upon the discharge of his duties May 15.

NEW ENGLAND.

—The relations of the pulpit and the press were again discussed last week, this time by the North Suffolk (Mass.) Association of Congregational Ministers. The principal address was one by the Rev. M. C. Ayres, some of whose points we find thus summarized in an exchange:

"1. The relations between clergymen and daily newspapers are more cordial to-day than they were yesterday, and will be more cordial to-morrow than they are to-day.

"2. Nevertheless, it is much to be feared that, for a long time to come, second-rate newspapers will continue to sneer at clergymen, and that second-rate clergymen will continue to deserve to be sneered at. And please take notice that by 'second-rate newspapers' I don't mean those with small circulations, and that by 'second-rate clergymen' I don't mean those with small congregations.

"3. The best daily newspapers are eager for the best news, including news on the best topics.

"4 The average secular newspaper can give lessons to the average sectarian newspaper in both urbanity and Christianity.

"5. By reason of their relative positions, any advance in the direction of closer relations must come, in the first place, from the pulpit rather than from the press."

—The Rev. J. T. Duryea, D.D., of Boston, Mass., will deliver the commencement oration at Yankton College, Yankton, Dak., in June, and afterward conduct a summer school of theology for three weeks.

—The relation of schools to the town and the State was discussed at the semi-annual meeting of the Suffolk South (Mass.) Congregational Association, held last week at Wollaston. A report in the Boston "Herald" says: "This discussion dealt pretty exhaustively with the parochial school question, and with the present and past attitude of the Roman Catholic Church relative to public education, the general sentiment being strongly in favor of strenuous opposition to anything which tends to impair the present common-school system of the State and Nation."

—The North Congregational Church of Manchester, Conn., has outgrown its present quarters, and a new church is to be built the coming season at a cost of $25,000, of which $20,000 has been pledged.

—Old St. Michael's Church at Marblehead, Mass., was rededicated on April 18, after extensive changes. St Michael's is one of the oldest churches in the country. It was built in 1714. The material of which it is made came from England. The stanch English oak timbers still preserve their strength, and firmly uphold the ancient edifice. There are several fine memorial windows, and one window was presented by the members of the present Massachusetts State Senate.

WEST AND SOUTH.

—On Monday of last week a special meeting of the Chicago branch of the Evangelical Alliance was held to consider the general subject of Sabbath violation. All the denominations embraced in the Alliance were fully represented, with the exception of the Presbyterians. The ministers of that faith were unable to attend the Alliance meeting, as a conference of their own claimed their attention. The following resolutions were carried unanimously:

"*Resolved*, That the moral law summarized in the Ten Commandments is of perpetual obligation.

"*Resolved*, That if the Fourth Commandment be denied or disregarded there is no way of preserving the other portions of that law.

"*Resolved*, That we will present this subject to our congregations, provide for its discussion in our ministerial and ecclesiastical gatherings, and urge the editors of our religious papers to energetically take it up, and that we will continue so to do so long as there may be need of such action.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of fifteen be appointed to prepare and present to our railway officials, newspaper managers, street railroad officers, and all others who employ laborers seven days in the week, our protest and petition against this violation of the law of God."

—The Chicago Evangelization Society will hold an Institute for Christian students and workers, men and women, in that city, commencing May 1. There will be: I. Lectures on practical Christian subjects. II. A three weeks' carefully arranged plan of teaching and study. The course of instruction will comprehend: 1. Christian Doctrine. 2. Elementary Church History. 3. Sermons and Sermonizing. The Institute will be under the care of the Rev. Professor W. G. Moorehead, D.D, of Xenia, Ohio. He will be assisted by Evangelist E. W. Bliss, the Rev. E. P. Goodwin, D.D, the Rev. C. F. Goss, and other ministers and teachers. It is the purpose of this Society to train young men and women for Christian work, and to employ able Christian workers to teach the Gospel in Chicago and its suburbs. Inquiries may be addressed to Mr. F. G. Ensign, or Miss E. Dryer, Bible-Work Institute, 150 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

—The principal speakers at the annual meeting of the American Tract Society in Washington, on Monday of last week, were ex Justice William Strong, the President of the Society; Justice Harlan, of the Supreme Court; the Hon. William O. P. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and the Rev. James Ballagh.

MINISTERIAL PERSONALS.

CONGREGATIONAL.

—L. F. Buel, of the Yale Seminary, has received a call from the churches at Falls Village and South Canaan, Conn.

—C. A. White accepts a call from Princeton, Mass.

—E. O Tode, of the Coney Island Church, N. Y., has resigned.

—F. W. Slocum, of the First Church of Baltimore, Md., has been chosen President of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Col.

—H. C. Hulbert, of Eastlake, Mich., has accepted a call to Howard City.

—F. M. Price, of Williamsburg, Mass, is supplying a church in Wayzata, Minn.

—E. P. Butler, of Lyme, N. H., has received a call to the First Church of Sunderland, Mass.

—Joseph McKean, of Preston, Conn., has resigned.

—Nehemiah Boynton of the North Church of Haverhill, Mass, has accepted his call from the Columbus Avenue Church (Union Church) of Boston, Mass.

—S. R. Free, of the First Church, Willimantic, Conn., who recently resigned, has been requested by a large majority of his church to remain another year.

—A. W. Taylor accepts a call to Rushville, N. Y.

—J K. Thompson was recently ordained as a home missionary at Gardner, Mass.

PRESBYTERIAN.

—W. L. Swan, of Milan, O., has resigned to accept a call to Warren.

—R. W. Beers accepts a call to the Sixth Church of Cincinnati, O.

—W. H. De Hart is to be installed as pastor of the Third Church, Raritan, N. J., on May 31.

—William Foulkes accepts a call to the church in Salina, Kan.

—W. W. Dowd, of Port Chester, N. Y., has resigned.

—David Street accepts a call to Clyde, O.

—J. S. Scott, of Rockford, Ill., accepts a call to the First Church of Vincennes, Ind.

—W. W Weller has received a call to Hackensack, N. J.

—John DeWitt, D.D., has, it is understood, declined the Professorship of Apologetics in the McCormick Seminary, Chicago.

EPISCOPAL.

—James Hallock accepts a call to Trinity Church, South Norwalk, Conn.

—J. B. Brysdale, of Trinity Church, Vineland, N. J., has resigned to accept a call from a church near Trenton.

OTHER CHURCHES.

—R. G. Seymour, after a nineteen years' successful pastorate of the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, Boston, Mass., has resigned.

—C. M. Brink was installed as pastor of the Roseville Baptist Church, Newark, N. J., April 18.

—O. L. Gile, of the Free Baptist Church of Richmond, Me., has resigned to accept a call to Cape Elizabeth.

—James Porter, D D, at one time connected with the Methodist Book Concern of this city, died in Brooklyn, N. Y., last week, at the age of eighty one.

—Israel W. Andrews, D.D., ex-President of Marietta College, died suddenly at Hartford, Conn., on April 18, at the age of seventy three.

—H. A. Mead (Methodist) died last week in Port Chester, N. Y.

—W. M. Sanford, an aged Methodist minister, died in Belleville, N. J., on April 17.

—E. R. Rexford has received a call to the First Universalist Church of Boston, Mass. He is now pastor of the Church of Our Father, Detroit, Mich.

—S. C. Beane, of Salem, Mass., accepts a call to the Unitarian church at Newburyport.

Books and Authors.

AMERICAN CHRISTIANITY.[1]

The American Historical Association, though only in existence three years, has already put forth a valuable literature upon subjects within its scope. The paper of Dr. Philip Schaff, read at its meeting in Boston, May, 1887, is one of value, and deserves the attention of students of American history. To fashion this exhaustive study Dr. Schaff has given himself a wide range of reading, and, in his own enviable style of putting paragraphs, has presented a work worthy to be studied by lovers of law and morals, and by all who bear near their hearts the concerns of our marvelous Republic. As Dr. Schaff says, "This work is a contribution to American church history. It discusses that part of the Constitution which protects us against the despotism of a State Church and guarantees to us the free exercise and enjoyment of religion as an inherent, inviolable, and inalienable right of every man." The distinctive character of American Christianity is that of a "free Church in a free State, or a self-supporting and self-governing Christianity in independent but friendly relation to the civil government." Dr. Schaff first compares the American system, briefly, with past and foreign systems, and then proceeds to deal with the constitutional basis of this system, of which there is none like it found in the history of the Church itself, unless is excepted in a degree the Church of the Apostles and early Christian Fathers. "Civil liberty requires for its support religious liberty, and cannot prosper without it. Religious liberty is not an empty sound, but an orderly exercise of religious duties and enjoyment of all its privileges. It is freedom *in* religion, not freedom *from* religion; as true civil liberty is freedom *in* law, and not freedom *from* law."

The question of "religious tests" was before the minds of those statesmen who made our National Constitution. They considered it earnestly. They knew of the great diversity in the social and religious life of the American Colonies. The Standing Order of New England, the Church of England of Virginia, had their tests for citizenship and office-holding. And in Pennsylvania things were not to the liking of William Penn, since "toleration" was limited by the act of 1689; and Rhode Island, departing from the spirit of Williams, its founder, deprived Roman Catholics of the right of voting. "The framers of the Federal Constitution, remembering the persecution of dissenters and nonconformists in the mother country and in several American Colonies, cut the poisonous tree of persecution by the root, and substituted for specific religious tests a simple oath or solemn affirmation. The discontent with State-churchism and its injustice toward dissenting convictions was one of the remote causes of the American Revolution." This National instrument declares[2] that the several Federal and State officers "shall be bound by oath or affirmation to support this Constitution; but no religious test shall ever be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States." This section is expressed in the negative, and in wide and full sweep secures to the people of the great American States freedom from ecclesiastical domination and interference. This clause, says Madison,[3] was proposed by Pinckney, of South Carolina; Roger Sherman "thought it unnecessary, the prevailing liberality being a sufficient security against such tests." The clause, however, met with opposition from North Carolina and from "liberty-loving" Massachusetts herself.[4]

The first amendment to this instrument "may be called the Magna Charta of religious freedom in the United States." It provides that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof." It constitutes a bill of rights. It stays the encroachments of any one denomination, but vouchsafes to all that equal freedom of enjoyment, and expressly prohibits Congress to abridge this liberty. The famous "Bill of Rights" of 1688 granted many things to the people, and made the Throne and Parliament themselves to be limited; but, with all the gifts of this epoch-making bill, it was, as Dr. Schaff says, "left for America to abolish forever the tyranny of a State religion, and to secure the most sacred of all rights and liberties to all her citizens—the liberty of religion and the free exercise thereof." "The United States furnishes the first example in history of a government deliberately depriving itself of all legislative control over religion, which was justly regarded by all older governments as the chief support of public morality, order, peace, and prosperity." James Madison was foremost in his advocacy of this first amendment, though he was amply supported by resolves of several State conventions.[1] Mr. Madison, in 1832, in his age, after having ably served his country in the highest position in the gift of the people, says:[2] "It was the belief of all sects at one time that the establishment of religion by law was right and necessary; that the true religion ought to be established at the exclusion of every other; and that the only question to be decided was, which was the true religion. The example of Holland proved that a toleration of sects dissenting from the established sect was safe and even useful. The example of the colonies, now States, which rejected religious establishments altogether, proved that all sects might be safely and advantageously put on a footing of equal and entire freedom. . . . We are teaching the world the great truth that governments do better without kings and nobles than with them. The merit will be doubled by the other lesson, that religion flourishes in greater purity without than with the aid of government."

Dr. Schaff proceeds to treat of the limitations of religious liberty under the Constitution. This instrument neither defines "religion" nor limits "the free exercise thereof." But liberty is not lawlessness, nor a disregard of the rights of others. No man has liberty to wrong, injure, or endanger others, or the welfare of the community. Constitutional law does not deal with belief, but actions. In the case of Utah it deals, not with Mormonism, but with polygamy. The charge of political atheism is refuted. The spirit of the Constitution and all the laws which carry forward the details of government is that of the larger charity, help, and obedience to the higher commands. As the word "Holiness" does not make the Pope more holy, so the absence of the word "God" from the Constitution does not make this foremost instrument "godless." There is not the least thing in it which is irreligious or unchristian. The demands of the "Liberal League" are briefly and caustically considered. The variety of constitutional law in the several States is noted; and Dr. Schaff well suggests whether the constitutions of all the States should not be so amended, if necessary, as to prevent the appropriation of public money for sectarian purposes. Such appropriations have been made occasionally by the Legislature and the city government of New York in favor of the Roman Catholics, owing to the political influence of the large Irish vote." The State must, above all things, be just, and support either all or none of the religious denominations."

De Tocqueville and Mulford, in their studies of the intimate relationships between the Nation and Christianity, have rendered efficient service. Their judgments we deeply acknowledge. They show in unmistakable language that there is between them no indifference; but that beneath the untrammeled freedom of the Church the State is enhanced in its property, and in the ample protection of the Nation the spiritual power of the Church is more widely realized. In activity for the Gospel's cause there is no nation like our Union of States. The Nation and Christianity touch points in the administration of oaths, in the official acts of the President, in the exemption of church property from taxation, the appointment of chaplains, and a recognition of the Bible by Congress. There is also an inseparable tie between them in the making of the marriage laws, in the observance of Sunday, and in matters of education. The effects of this separation of Church and State, and this touching of each other only at great and essential points, speaking as citizens and not as Christians, are rich and marvelous. This system, which is only American, reads well and works well. Its theory and practice are superb. The relying upon voluntary contributions and not upon the National treasury has made the believers' kingdom to be forwarded as in no other time or land. There is nothing approaching this era in which we live, save the conduct of the Christians during the first three centuries. The voluntary system develops "individual activity and liberality," and a more "active zeal to spread the Gospel abroad" follows as a consequent; it develops a self-governing power among the laity, and schools "all sorts of helpers" in Christian enterprises; it secures a discipline and provides a ministry in sympathy with and loyal to the creed professed; and though the diversity of sects is the chief objection against American Christianity, nevertheless this very diversity serves to cement them upon the great central and essential doctrines. "There is more real union and friendship between the different denominations in America than there is between the different theological schools and parties in the State churches of Europe." "God has great surprises in store. The Reformation is not by any means the last word he has spoken. We may confidently look and hope for something better than Romanism and Protestantism. And free America, where all the churches are commingling and rivaling with each other, may become the chief theater of such a reunion of Christendom as will preserve every truly Christian and valuable element in the various types which it has assumed in the course of ages, and make them more effective than they were in their separation and antagonism. The denominational discords will be solved at last in the concord of Christ, the Lord and Saviour of all that love, worship, and follow him. There is no room for fear and discouragement under the banner of the Cross which still bears the device, *Hoc signo vinces*."

The remainder of the book treats of religious liberty in modern Europe, and is a succinct compendium of religious affairs in the Europe of to-day. The Appendix embraces the statutes and decisions, both State and National, upon which are based the statements in the body of the paper.

These words we have made as a running review and not as a criticism of the book. If disposed to criticise, we would write of the meager attention given the statesmen-theologians of the first American century, who fashioned largely and made possible the free and broad spirit upon which the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches entered. The lover of New England history stands ready to accord to Pennsylvania and Virginia the large and helpful share their chief sects rendered in bearing forward the spirit which made our country free; but New England, conservative though she ever was, prides herself in hailing the brighter day of a church militant, and, by her schools, town meetings, village greens, and compact social life, to form that spirit inherited by the sons and daughters of to-day, as strength and virtue from parental loins.

Still Hours. By Richard Rothe. Translated by Jane T. Stoddart. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev. John McPherson, M.A. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls.) Schleiermacher in one way and Feuerbach in another were powers in German theology, but Richard Rothe was an earthquake, a volcanic eruption. Was it not about him that this story is told? A clergyman was visiting a young friend, a student at Heidelberg, who said, one Sunday, "Come with me and hear a man who can smash Strauss." They went, but the clerical friend was horrified. Strauss's adversary was more advanced in free thought than Strauss himself. The adversary was Richard Rothe. This man had a mental or psychic history which is truly instructive. His early youth was the stage of emotional religionism, extreme but sincere. From this he passed into pietism. Under the influence of Bunsen he emerged from this stage of his progress, where he had tarried already long after his beard was grown, and he passed into the region of rational theology. Once in this region, like the Afrite released from the flask, his vaporous condition began to take shape. Though a rationalist, or rather because a rationalist, his innate mysticism must embody itself in the rationalistic form which is Theosophy. "Spirit," says he (page 135), "in its fundamental principle is absolutely penetrable, manifest to others, self-communicable; *i. e.*, it is light. An absolutely existing idea, spirit is clearly conceivable by others." "The mass of spirit-elements, which is the result of the moral process of the individual, is styled spiritual body." "Hands are worth more than wings." "For the perfected spiritual creature there exists no longer action, but only influence." It was Rothe first, we believe, who dared to say, Discuss the relation between Revelation and the Bible. Now that, with the process of the suns, men's thoughts are widened, this question is quite a stale platitude, but twenty years ago there was a furor, and from every side men were putting forth eager hands to stay the ark of God from falling. These aphorisms, or reflections, or meditations of Rothe, which make up the volume of "Still Hours," are the result of his final conclusions. In a fragmentary way they embody his system, so far as he had one, in the conviction that the heart of Christianity was morality. The sayings of this most important of German theologians are essentially Teutonic, but they are wonderfully suggestive, pregnant with deep and far-reaching thought. We should think them just the thing for the preacher's study table, if indeed the preacher has the ability to think them out of the forms wherein they lie couched to intelligible methods of expression. From the days of Hegel, German theology as well as philosophy has delighted to shroud itself in grotesque and occult terminology. The thought is a rich ingot, but one too often has to dig laboriously to get it.

Christ's Folk in the Apennine. Reminiscences of her Friends among the Tuscan Peasantry, by [Francesca Alexander] Edited by John Ruskin, D.C.L. (New York: John Wiley & Sons. $1.) Of those who are acquainted with Miss Alexander's "Story of Ida" some will welcome another volume from her pen, and some, we fear, will be quite indifferent. For our own part we have nothing but gratitude to Mr. Ruskin for giving us these charming extracts from her letters, and we are sure that every reader will share our feeling. They are but simple accounts, mostly of Italian peasants whom Miss Alexander has known in a long residence among them, but they go far to justify Mr. Ruskin's words: "A people still living as in the presence of Christ, and under the instant teaching of his saints and apostles."

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[1] *Church and State in the United States; or, the American Idea of Religious Liberty and its Practical Effects. With Official Documents.* By Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., etc. [Papers of the American Historical Association, Vol. II., No. 4.] (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

[2] Art. vi., § 3.

[3] "Debates of the Federal Constitution," Elliot, Vol. V., p. 488.

[4] "Debates," etc., Vol. II., p. 148, *sq.*

[1] Dr. Schaff says: "The credit of the first amendment is due to the first Congress, which proposed and to the conventions of the States of New York, Virginia, North Carolina, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and the minority of Pennsylvania, all of which suggested it, directly or indirectly, in substantially the same language."

[2] Letters and Other Writings of James Madison, Vol. III., p. 275, 276.

They appear at their best in the writer's reminiscences of them, while her unaffected friendliness and true-hearted sympathy are both most refreshing in themselves and command our confidence in her account. We do not see how any one can read the book with any sincerity without being purified and quickened by the chrism of simple and strong character molded by pure-hearted Christian faith. We have not for a long time had in our hand so restful and cheering a volume. It is true that we meet here only one kind of people, but it is not asserted that there are no others. Doubtless the peasants are not all like Polissena and Catina, as the rich ladies are not all like Angelina, nor the bishops like the Bishop of Verona, but these are enough to illustrate the "faith of the incorrupt Catholic Church." One is exalted by being brought into such company. It is a true communion of saints—if the reader can be included. It is with fear and trembling that we say that the volume ought to have a place in the church or Sunday-school library, as well as every other, lest the mere suggestion should relegate it to the limbo of the "stupid good." Notwithstanding, we venture the remark. The book is anything but stupid. It is surely not "goodish." And it is a book very appropriate to read on Sunday. The luminous calm of the ideal Sabbath rests on its pages, and it is enough almost to make a Sabbath out of any day on which it is seriously read. It is interesting enough to be read at any time, and worth owning, that it may be read many times.

The Physiology of War. Napoleon and the Russian Campaign. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Translated from the Third French Edition by Huntington Smith. (New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.) In all things Count Tolstoi represents the extreme front of the advancing column of liberal opinion. In the fallow soil of the Russian mind ideas have sprung up and flowered in a night. Will they go to seed at the same rate of speed? Tolstoi looks at things from the extreme democratic standpoint. He is almost Aristophanic in his adulation of the great god *demos*. He preserves the attitude of one saying:

> "Come, sit thee here upon this flowery bank,
> While I thine amiable cheeks do coy,
> And stick musk roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
> And kiss thy large fair ears, my gentle joy."

In the "Physiology of War" Tolstoi would make war a game of chess where the pawns were omnipotent and ruled the movers. Let us not be one-sided because Tolstoi is. We shall admit that the general is not the whole army, but if the account of the Russian campaign as given in this book proves anything, that thing is obvious, and it is, that without a general who moves and controls, who unifies and supplies the idea and motive, an army ceases to be an army and becomes a mob. It is useless to say that the soldiers, the common soldiers, of the French army were the fate of Europe, that Napoleon was their puppet. It would be as extreme in the other direction to assert that the members of the army were brainless, will-less marionettes. It is true that in the Russian disaster the insubordination of the common soldiers was the cause. If that proves anything, to our mind it proves that their previous subordination had been the condition of their victories. There is a possible peril in this theory which displaces intelligent control in order to interpose an imaginary spontaneous power of the people. The result of this writing of Tolstoi is to leave upon the mind that there is somewhere a dark fate, a devil, or a fetish behind the whole. The people are undoubtedly the source of power, as of law, but never do they spontaneously and without previous agreement move together. Representative men are necessary to suggest the forms or channels into which the power of the thousands may run. The demos never in the whole course of history originates. Touching other things this work is not of the nature to manifest that fascinating subjective analysis which so delights us in Count Tolstoi's other writings.

The publication of *The Letters of Charles Lamb, Newly Arranged, with Additions*, edited with introduction and notes by Alfred Ainger (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Sons; 2 vols.), completes the issuing of Lamb's work under this thorough and competent editor. We have had occasion from time to time, as the volumes have appeared, to commend this edition as being unquestionably the very best yet issued of the works of the delightful Elia. Mr. Ainger has made a scholarly and loving study of Lamb's entire work, and has now given it to the world with elucidations, comments, and notes, which add to it all available information and put into the hands of every lover of Lamb a complete record of his literary activity. These volumes of letters are peculiarly interesting, abounding as they do in revelations of a character whose charm, in spite of many faults, has been felt by the best minds. They are full also of pungent comment, of clever criticism, of characteristic humor, and of that delightful literary sympathy and insight which were Lamb's in so eminent a degree. The story of the history of the various editions through which these letters have passed is a long and interesting chapter, and Mr. Ainger tells it briefly in his excellent introduction. The letters of a genuine man always furnish in some respects the most important biographic material, and this voluminous correspondence discloses the character of Lamb and recounts his history in his own words. The volumes are handsomely printed and tastefully bound.

If any one wishes to note the thoroughness, the skill, and the admirable taste with which our younger writers of fiction are now using their materials, he cannot do better than read Mr. Isaac Henderson's new story, *Agatha Hope: A Parable* (Boston: Ticknor & Co.). Although the work of a young man who has published, if we remember rightly but one other novel, this story shows in remarkable degree assurance of touch, and the ease and finish of a trained writer. The background of the novel is charmingly sketched in, and the characters are all thoroughly conceived and wrought out. The lovely woman who gives her name to the story is a creation not only thoroughly artistic, but full of a winning charm associated with the very highest ideal of character. Agatha Hope is a creation so individual, so distinct in personality, so alive to the highest opportunities and the noblest impulses, that we count her appearance in American fiction an incident of no small importance. Mr. Henderson has made good his claim to a very honorable place among our young writers, and if his next work shall shew the same advance in mastery of his materials as is revealed in this story, his place will be not only honorable but secured for the future.

University and Other Sermons. By the Right Rev. James Fraser, D.D., Second Bishop of Manchester. Edited by John W. Diggle, M.A., Vicar of Morsley Hill, Liverpool. (New York: Macmillan & Co.) *Parochial and Other Sermons.* (The same.) There are diversities of opinion concerning Dr. Fraser's ability for administration of his diocese, but we never heard any expression of doubt about his ability as a preacher. He has been, in fact, one of the strongest men in the Anglican pulpit. In these two volumes we find none of the theological learning of Canon Liddon, nothing of the imagination and rhetoric of Archdeacon Farrar, not the statesmanlike grasp of social problems peculiar to the Bishop of Peterborough, nor the profound and philosophical ideas of Canon Scott Holland; but we do find a plain and practical dealing with every day life. Bishop Fraser had an impatience of conventional theology; he was neither poetical nor metaphysical. He looked at religion upon its ethical side, and confined himself to the study of character and to pointing out homely duties. His pulpit power belonged largely to his personal presence. He speaks directly, calling things by their right names, and his simplicity has a force of its own. It does not seem that he was an optimist. The evils of these days oppressed him. There is a tinge of discouragement throughout all his words, as though he felt that he was prophesying to a stiff-necked and corrupt generation. Yet still he stands, boldly rebuking vice and unfalteringly pointing out the way of righteousness, whether men hear or whether they forbear. Perhaps never an age more than this needed an Elijah, a Jeremiah, or a Savonarola, and so we cannot deem Bishop Fraser's sermons untimely, for he is at all times an austere moralist.

A charming little volume, which will greatly interest readers of recent English poetry, has just come from the press of D. Appleton & Co. (New York). Under the title of *Ballades and Rondeaus, Chants Royal, Sestinas, Villanelles*, Mr. Gleason White has made a collection of specimens of English verse in those metrical forms, mainly French in their origin, which have been so generally used by Mr. Lang, Mr. Gosse, Mr. Dobson, and many of the other younger English and American poets. The selection is not only comprehensive and admirably made, but the volume contains a historical introduction and analysis of the various meters. It is, in a word, a convenient handbook of some forms of verse now widely used but not yet entirely familiar to English readers.

The Unity of the Church. By the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D. (Church & Home Publishing Co.) This little pamphlet, originally read before some Baptist ecclesiastical gatherings, is valuable as a contribution to the solution of the problem of Protestant unity. We cannot better characterize it in a sentence than by saying that it is an amplified statement of those general principles for which The Christian Union has long contended—the reality of the Holy Catholic Church; the possibility of a unity which is not uniformity; and the necessity of recognising for this purpose the diversity in unity—many members in one body—and liberty of thought and action in the church of Christ.

Notes on the Literature of Church History. By Professor George P. Fisher. This little pamphlet of some twenty-six pages is a remarkable bibliography. It is provided as an appendix to Professor Fisher's "History of the Church," and incidentally indicates the marvelous range of literature from which he has gathered his abundant learning. It is not a mere list of books, but contains a brief but discriminating characterization of the more important works mentioned, and will be invaluable to the careful student of Church History and indispensable to any one making a specialty of that department. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

THE MAGAZINES.

Among the good things in the May issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* we may mention as worthy of specially careful reading: Agnes Repplier's brilliant and sympathetic paper on "The Cavalier," apropos of Mr. Morris's recent book on Claverhouse; another of the thorough and important articles on our marriage and divorce laws by Mr. F. G. Cook, of which the Rev. S. W. Dike gave our readers some account last week; a queer and ingenious story of negro superstition, by Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt; and another of Mrs. Miller's charming bird sketches. In Mr. E. H. House's Japanese serial story he allows the narrator of the tale to use the following sweeping condemnation of the missionaries: "It is astounding to think of the illiterate men and women who are sent to the East charged with functions demanding the highest learning and wisdom. . . . Then there were many who came plainly in pursuit of gain, and with no other view. Once or twice, indeed, I have believed myself approaching a point of contact with individuals who seemed fashioned in a nobler mold; but they shrunk before such tests as I felt bound to apply, and their falling masks revealed the selfishness or cowardice or conceit which pervaded and dominated them." Of course it is not Mr. House, but "Dr. Charwell," who says this; but it has to us a sound of wholesale calumny.

The current *Lippincott's* is a "No Name" number—every article contributed, so the cover tells us, by "a famous author." Of course there is strong temptation to intimate that none of these great authors will be much increased in fame by the present effort, yet it must be added that the number is a very good one in some respects—better, we should say, than the average. In turning over the leaves of the complete novelette, "The Old Adam"—we confess we have not read it entire—we strike the following astounding passage:

> "'Oh, Constance, Constance!' he cried, flinging his arms about her with irresistible vehemence, 'I could devour you!'
>
> "She yielded to his embrace almost passively, as the ripe fruit falls from the bough, smiling at him with large, moist eyes and heaving a long, ecstatic, tremulous sigh.
>
> "'Speak to me! speak to me!' he whispered; 'tell me that you love me!'
>
> "She opened her lips as if to speak, but said nothing. But her head sank upon his shoulder, and he felt her hair graze his cheeks. It seemed so wonderful, so wildly and utterly inconceivable. Those great bright coils of blonde hair, with the burnished sheen in them—to have them so close, to inhale their delicious perfume—it lifted his life forever more, and invested it with a new, joyous dignity."

We quote this stuff as a model of everything that is bad. We have seen nothing so atrociously absurd in recent magazine literature, with the one glaring exception of Miss Rives's deplorable exhibition in last month's "Lippincott's," the more deplorable to any one who, as chances with the present writer, has just read and enjoyed some of her best work—notably, that wonderfully strong and racy story, "The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth." Among the anonymous short poems, that called "The House of Hate" seems to us of the greatest merit. The short sketches and stories and the editorial departments are uniformly and evenly interesting and bright.

LITERARY NOTES.

—The "Columbia Spectator" has opened a subscription among the college students of this country for the fund for a monument to Audubon, the naturalist.

—D. Appleton & Co. are about to publish a novel entitled "A Nymph of the West," by Howard Seely. Mr. Seely acquired some celebrity, some years ago, as the author of "A Lone Star Bo-Peep" and "A Ranchman's Stories." (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

—Professor Melville B. Anderson, translator of Victor Hugo's work on Shakespeare, is to translate the opening volumes of an American edition of "Les Grands Écrivains Français," which A. C. McClurg & Co. have undertaken to issue by arrangement with the French and English publishers.

—The complete edition of the works of Dean Church now coming from the press of Macmillan & Co. promises to be worthy in workmanship of the high standard which this house has set for itself. Two volumes, "Miscellaneous Essays" and "Dante and Other Essays," have now been issued. We shall have occasion later to speak at length on Dean Church's thought and style.

—The corner-stone of a National Library was recently laid at Athens by the King of Greece, assisted by the Queen and the Princess Alexandra. The funds for this library were given by three brothers named Valliano. It was their desire that the money, which amounts to 1,000,000f., be employed in some work of public utility, and the library was decided to be the best work of the kind that could be undertaken.

—A paper on "The Physiology of the Rogue," read before the Society of Medical Jurisprudence and State Medicine last February by Austin Abbott, LL.D., has been reprinted in neat pamphlet form from the "Sanitarian." Such typical instances as the Tramp, the Dead Beat, and the Crank are analyzed in their characteristics, and the legal and moral bearing of such topics as Uncontrollable Impulse and Crimes of Frenzy discussed, with illustrative cases.

—Roberts Brothers have begun the publication of a popular edition of George Meredith's Works, each novel to be complete in one volume and sold at $1.50. The volumes are tastefully bound and well printed. We have already noticed at length the library edition of Meredith's works issued by Roberts Brothers, and are glad to commend this later edition as presenting in more popular form the novels of one of the most thoughtful and original writers of the day.

—Alexander Pope was born two hundred years ago, on the 21st of May, 1688, and for nearly a century his influence "reigned paramount in English verse." This important literary anniversary is to be fittingly noticed in "Scribner's Magazine" for May, by a charming prose essay, and a critical estimate in verse written in the manner of Mr. Pope, by Austin Dobson, one of the most accomplished students of the literature of the days of Queen Anne. Both essay and poem are written from the point of view of an enthusiastic admirer of the school which Pope led.

—"German authors are generally considered to be badly paid for their work, but this idea is not always in accordance with facts," says the London "Standard." "Many living writers get large payment for their productions. Among authors deceased, Goethe and his heirs have been paid high sums. According to a calculation made up by the publisher Cotta, at Stuttgart, that firm paid to Goethe himself, beginning with the year 1795, 471,090 marks, or £24,554 10s., and to his heirs until 1865, the term of expiration of the copyright, a nearly similar sum, making, with the first, a total of 865,564 marks, or £46,287 4s."

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

THE PHILADELPHIA LIQUOR MEN SPEAK.

The license judges in Philadelphia are keeping up their record. Last week they announced their decision respecting six more wards, granting but 184 licenses out of 579 applied for. Up to date, in eighteen wards out of thirty-one in the city, they have granted licenses to 785 saloons, while at the present time there are in these wards 3 201 saloons.

Naturally enough, the liquor men are agitated, and they have prepared a statement of their position which will be read with interest as indicating the line of attack which will be followed in their efforts to re-establish the old order. They begin by claiming that the liquor and brewing interests are so firmly established that their claims to be treated like other forms of business cannot "be justly denied or safely ignored." Here they lay down a proposition which no one but themselves, no one even in countries given over to liquor drinking, can seriously maintain. In every country the liquor business is treated as at least a probable source of public injury, and is placed under safeguards and restrictions which are not imposed upon any other business. But this philosophical point is of comparatively little interest. The real argument of the liquor men begins where they show the amount of capital invested in their businesses. They state that at the present time there are $6 000,000 invested in the four distilleries of Philadelphia, and that there are 130 breweries, two of which are capitalized at over $1,000 000. Besides these enormous sums must be considered the capital of the 430 wholesale liquor dealers. The average of these dealers, it is stated, is fully $50,000, so that there is about $25 000,000 employed in the wholesale trade of the city. If the number of licenses to wholesalers should be reduced only one-third, instead of two-thirds, as has been the case with the retailers, the loss to the city would be something like $7 500,000. The liquor men say that there is danger that the retail traffic of the city will be supplied almost entirely by New York wholesale houses, paying no tax to the city, and in no way profitable to its business community.

Aside from these direct interests involved, it is claimed that if the present policy of restriction is continued the railroads, banks, and insurance companies must all suffer through loss of business, the ice companies be deprived of their best customers, and machinists, wagon makers, etc., etc., be thrown out of employment.

Taking up the situation of the retailers, the liquor men make one point which will delight the Prohibitionists. They say: "In regard to the retailers no objection is urged by the liquor interests to high license in itself. It is the policy of restriction that is objectionable. . . . No system of granting licenses can be just that fails to allow every applicant an equal chance." Here the liquor men clearly distinguish between the Brooks law as a revenue measure and as a restrictive measure. As a revenue measure they do not antagonize it, but as a restrictive measure they do. They claim, as we foretold a month ago that they would claim, that these restrictions made by the courts mean monopoly and favoritism. They go so far as to say that if those who were licensed had been selected by lot the operation of the law could not have been more unequal or unjust than it is. They assert that the 6 500 saloons now plying their traffic in that city support not fewer than 40,000 persons. A reduction of two-thirds in their number will throw 10 000 people out of employment and affect the subsistence of 18,000; real estate worth $20,000 000 will be for rent and must depreciate enormously, etc., etc.

The answer to all these arguments is, of course, so obvious as to occur at once to every reader. The liquor men speak as if the money now expended on whisky would not henceforth be expended on something else involving an equal employment to capital and labor and the enrichment and not the impoverishment of those who spend.

THE WEEK.

Bonfort's "Wine and Spirit Circular" represents the best thinkers in the liquor party. It sees that the only hope of salvation which the liquor traffic has is that the public can be won back to the faith that "the government that governs least governs best." In its last issue it quotes the following paragraph written by Herbert Spencer a generation ago:

"From the times when they tried to fix the value of money down to our own day, when they have just abandoned the attempt to fix the price of corn, statesmen have been undertaking all kinds of things, from regulating the cut of boot-toes up to preparing people for heaven, and have been constantly failing or producing widely different results from those intended. Nevertheless, such inexhaustible faith have men that, although they see this, and although they are daily hearing of imbecilities in public departments, yet government needs to but announce another plausible project, and men straightway hurrah, and throw up their caps in full expectation of getting all that is promised."

No better statement of this philosophy was ever made, but even at that time the philosopher recognized that he was pleading for a lost cause. When Spencer wrote this, it had generally been true that government interference had resulted harmfully, but this was because the government had been directed by a class in the interests of the class, and not by the public in the interests of the public. During the last generation every educational reform, every land tenure reform, every factory reform, every sanitary reform, and almost every anti-monopoly reform has been based upon the idea that a public corporation has the same right to take united action in the public interests that a private corporation has to take united action in private interests. Temperance reform is based upon the same philosophy as all the others. As The Christian Union has very often pointed out, a great deal may be said in favor of the Spencer philosophy which has been quoted, but all the arguments are more than a generation old, and no one is any longer governed by them. The public now accepts as axiomatic that it has the right and the duty to enact all such laws as will advance its moral, intellectual, and material welfare.

The temperance laws before the Ohio Legislature have succeeded better than was anticipated, and the credit is largely due to the Democrats. They have forced the consideration of these bills upon the House, and though they did it principally as a matter of party strategy, they nevertheless have shown signs that they do not retain the time-dishonored aversion to liquor legislation. The Owen amendment to the Dow law closing the saloons on Sunday was passed by a vote of 25 ayes to 2 noes. The Republican Senators from Cincinnati refrained from voting. One of the Republican leaders openly opposed the consideration of the amendment on the ground that the Republican legislators had given it to be understood, when they increased the Dow tax to $250, that there would be no more temperance legislation in this session. The "Commercial Gazette," the leading Republican paper of the State, apologizes for the bill, saying, "The bill had really been buried, but the Democratic Senators dug it up." It goes so far as to suggest to the saloon-keepers that, though there will be a show of enforcing this law for a little while, it will soon fade out, and there can be no municipal administration except upon the understanding that this law is to take its place in the procession of enactments that are reserved for some time in the far future when the world changes just before it comes to an end.

The Prohibitionists claim large gains in Nebraska. Even in the large city of Lincoln they came near electing their candidates for the School Board. In a large number of small towns officers were elected who were pledged not to grant licenses.

The city of Pittsburg is making a record on the high license law equal to that of Philadelphia. Out of 1 500 applications made, but 248 have been granted. Throughout the State there seems to be fair promise that on Sundays the law will be strictly enforced.

"In consequence of the uncertainty as to the duration of the railroad strike," the Anti Saloon Republican National Conference was postponed for two weeks. The new date fixed is Wednesday, May 2, at Cooper Institute, New York City.——The House of Representatives in Massachusetts has engrossed a bill defining all liquor as intoxicating which contains more than one per cent. of alcohol.——The town of Oscaloosa, Kan., is reported to have elected a woman mayor and several women councilmen. It was on the temperance issue that these women came to the front.——The Methodist Conferences everywhere are having animated discussions upon the liquor question, and the license system is being almost unanimously denounced.——The Michigan liquor dealers are making a test case of the local option law.

MUSIC AND ART.

It is the habit of some people to sneer at musical taste in this country. The Boston "Transcript" says: "The truth is that in no 'new country' has music of a high order gained a foothold so quickly as in the United States. Indeed, if the records of musical doings in this country for at least three-quarters of a century be compared with those in England, there will be found little to cause us to blush. The most marked difference will be in the quality of performances generally, and in he more generous supply of opera which London has had. But the programmes of the orchestral, choral, and chamber music concerts here will stand comparison with those in England during the past seventy-five years or so very favorably. Schumann was fairly well known to American connoisseurs when hardly a notable work by him had been done in London. The choral societies in the United States have shown an astonishing zeal in the production of new works, our very heterogeneous nature aiding us in keeping our concert rooms reasonably free from the influence of national or scholastic prejudices. In American towns and cities of much less than a hundred thousand inhabitants the lamp on the altar has been kept burning by the willing sacrifices of amateurs who, in absolute truth, loved music for music's sake. England can tell no better story in that direction. In fact, the existence of musical societies there has often depended on the measure of support that the nobility and gentry could tender. Here the support has come most often from within. The rule in English choral societies has been to hire the chorus, or a good part of it, for public performances. With us the choristers have often supplied the sinews of war as well as voices. If the opera record were carefully compared, we believe that it would be shown that many an important work has found its way on to the stage of an American theater before it had been heard in London. Taken altogether, England has not done much to boast of in the musical line in the course of the passing century beyond the patronage of musical enterprises which its wealth, instigated by fashion and stirred to action by the example of royalty, has given. No English composer of this period has witched the world with noble musicianship. The two most famous British composers, and almost the only ones whose fame extends beyond Albion's coast, are still Balfe and Sullivan. Were the questions of the comparative musical values of the two nations to be considered on its least artistic ground, the quality of public performers, the United States in the summing up would leave England so far behind that the older country would hardly be in sight."

Herr Seidl has made the following announcement: "As already announced in the daily papers, Mr. Anton Seidl has undertaken the artistic direction and conductorship of the orchestral concerts to be given during the summer months in the large and splendid music hall now building at Brighton Beach, Coney Island. To this end Mr. Seidl has engaged a picked orchestra, embracing the leading musicians of the metropolis, who will be heard in performances that will address themselves with equal eloquence to the admirers of severe and the lovers of 'light' music. Every effort will be put forth to make the repertoire exceptionally comprehensive and catholic in its composition. Two popular, two symphonic, and two 'soloist' concerts will be given in the course of each week, and, further, one operatic festival concert representative of the composers of different nationalities. Special attention will be paid to the production of music by American composers, and Mr. Seidl, with this object in view, solicits the co-operation of all persons interested, who may address him on the subject, in care of Chickering Hall."

A vellum MS. of the sixteenth century, valued at $12 000, has been added to the Lenox Library. The work was executed for Pope Paul III. (Cardinal Alessandro Farnese), for his own use. It contains six paintings by Giulio Clovio, a famous artist of the time. The compositions, which are eighteen by fifteen inches in size, represent "The Adoration of the Shepherds," "The Sermon on the Mount," "St Peter Holding the Keys of Heaven Given by Christ," "The Resurrection," "The Descent of the Holy Ghost," and "The Day of Judgment."

A journalist of Paris has interviewed a number of the leading painters of that city to get their opinion of American art and art students. Cabanel, Bouguereau, Bartholdi, Benjamin Constant, Bonnat, Henner, and others have expressed themselves in complimentary terms. M. Cabanel, while he compliments the industry of the American students in his atelier, finds that "in the matter of elevation of mind they do not rise above the modern conceptions of art," which, according to his way of thinking, are rather narrow, and naturally do not give promise of a great future for those who cling to them.

A group of twenty-one paintings by Paul Philippoteaux are on exhibition at the Twenty-third Street Tabernacle. They represent scenes in the Civil War and incidents in the life and travels of General Grant.

The total number of pictures sent in for the Salon of 1888 was 7 610, which exceeds by 503 the number submitted in 1887. As no more than 2 500 paintings and 800 drawings can be admitted, the jury will be compelled to face the wrath of the painters of 4 340 rejected pictures.

The Layton Art Gallery, presented to the city of Milwaukee by Frederick Layton, was opened to the public on April 5. The building and grounds cost $100 000; the pictures in the gallery contributed by Mr. Layton, $50,000; and the endowment fund established by the same gentleman, $100,000 more.

GUATEMALA'S BIRD OF LIBERTY.

"What do you call those birds?" asked a visitor in the store of a well-known down-town taxidermist, pointing to a couple of feathered creatures, bound separately in paper, with the tails and heads protruding, and showing a gorgeous plumage. They were dried and ready for stuffing. The body of each, including the head, was perhaps five inches long, but, throwing the tail into the measurement, either bird would have require a four-foot tape to connect the point of its beak with the tip of its longest tail feather. One of the birds had two long feathers in its tail, and the other had two shorter ones; but nature, as if to compensate for this disparity of plumage had given the bird, that would otherwise have been clearly at a disadvantage, a third and middle feather that was very long indeed. Crests adorned the heads, and white cotton had been stuffed into the eye cavities.

"This," said the dealer, tenderly, taking one of them up in his hand, "is the Quezzal, or bird of liberty of Guatemala. It is to be found only in a small portion of the country, and is now very rarely seen at all. A gentleman who was recently in Central America managed to secure this pair, and left them with me to be dressed and mounted, the people down there being able only to dry and preserve them. Quezzal is to Guatemala what the eagle is to the United States of America—its national bird. Its picture, rather distorted, is stamped on many of Guatemala's coins, and engraved on all the postal stamps of that country. Whether it took its name from the ancient capital, or the old metropolis was called after it, is a question not fully settled; but Quezzal is the title of both. The quezzal has, as you must perceive, great personal advantages over the eagle even in its wild state, and we are all familiar with the bedraggled appearance of the caged eagle. Now the quezzal is never caged longer than a few hours. It is truly a bird of liberty, and it dies almost immediately when captured. Its pride in its rear feathers is evidently dearer than its love for life. When one of them accidentally gets soiled or broken, the bird goes to its nest, sits down, and dies. If it is caught in a trap, it is always found dead, and when the young birds are taken from the nest they die at once. Occasionally a quezzal has been captured and in a few seconds restored to liberty, but the contamination of the hand could not be removed with the grasp, and it dropped lifeless to the earth before it had flown many yards. They are brought down for mercantile purposes, when the opportunity presents itself, with very small shot fired at long range. The quezzal builds a round-roofed nest, like the home of the wren, only instead of one hole there are two, directly opposite each other. Thus the bird avoids the tail-breaking necessity of turning round to make its exit. It goes in at one side and out at the other, and the long feathers, which wave gently in the air at resting time, are slowly and cautiously drawn after it."—[Sun.

During the late violent storms in the Channel the sea washed through a high and hard sandbank near St. Malo, nearly four meters thick, laying bare a portion of an ancient forest which was already passing into the condition of coal. This forest at the beginning of our era covered an extensive tract of the coast; but with the sinking of the land it became submerged and covered up by the drifting sand. Mont Saint Michel once stood in the middle of it. The forest had quite disappeared by the middle of the tenth century. Occasionally, at very low tides after storms, remains of it are disclosed, just as at present. It is believed that some centuries ago the highest tides rose about twelve meters above the level of the lowest ebb. Now the high-water level is 15 5 meters above the lowest.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

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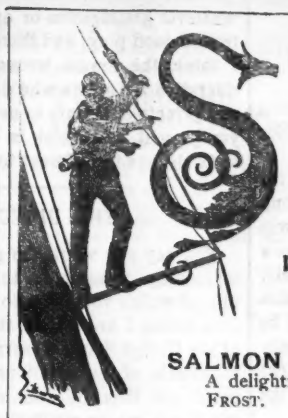

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CORRESPONDENCE.

EDWARD DENISON.

Referring to the interesting and discriminating article in your issue of the 12th inst. upon Edward Denison, by Miss Anna L. Dawes, I write to say that those of your readers who desire to read his "Letters and Other Writings" upon "Work Among the London Poor," the original edition of which was long ago exhausted, will be glad to know that a new and cheaper edition has recently been published by Mr. Isbister, 56 Ludgate Hill, London. This new edition costs but one shilling sterling per copy, and should be read by all who desire to deal with the poor beneficently as well as benevolently, with a view to their permanent uplifting rather than upon a mere impulse to use the quickest temporary expedients.

I understand that Scribner & Welford have ordered, and will shortly have for sale, copies of the edition in question. Yours truly, CHAS. D KELLOGG,
General Secretary.

CHARITY ORGANIZATION SOCIETY, NEW YORK.

A REPLY.

In answer to A. J., I would say that Methodism has no doctrine of the Atonement, except in its general statement in Article II. of the Articles of Religion, and in the Prayer of Consecration in the administration of the Eucharist. In this she stands on the same platform with the primitive Church. Individual theologians have elaborated theories, Watson and Pope not differing substantially from the doctrine of modified Calvinism, and Miley defending a purely governmental idea. Curry refused to accept any theory. The New Theology (as set forth in the profound chapters on the Incarnation and the Atonement in "Progressive Orthodoxy") takes the fundamental conceptions of the mediation of Christ which have been always accepted in the Church, and restates them by a more vital and spiritual treatment. It takes the doctrine of the Atonement out of the realm of what is simply mechanical or provisional, and shows its relation to the eternal purpose of God in Christ Jesus. It also emphasizes the solidarity of Christ with humanity, and tries to make its whole doctrine more ethical and spiritual. But there is nothing in its treatment of this most difficult theme necessarily contradictory to Methodist theology.

As to its relation to Unitarianism, permit me to say that nothing shows the thorough orthodoxy of the New Theology more than a comparison with even the more conservative Unitarian writers. Its doctrine of Christ, of the Holy Ghost, of the absoluteness of Christianity, of the Judgment, etc., are at a great remove from the most orthodox Unitarian position. In fact, the trouble with the New Theology is its intense orthodoxy. That is to say, it states the doctrines of Christianity held by the church catholic, and fearlessly carries them to their logical conclusions, frees them from excrescences and traditional additions and popular misconceptions, and, holding Christ as the center of the Christian faith, restates the Christian doctrines according to the growing light of God's truth, as this has been revealed in history or in the consciousness of believers, and as it has been interpreted from the Holy Scriptures by the best critical scholarship. But the New Theology must not be judged by the utterances of irresponsible persons, but by its recognized exponents, of which the writer does not claim to be one. Let A. J. read "Progressive Orthodoxy," and then he will know whether the Methodist preacher he has in mind is preaching Unitarianism or Christianity. A METHODIST MINISTER

THE THEATER AGAIN.

Just a word as to the theater.

1. I believe that the theater has come to stay.

2. I believe that the Booth-Barrett combination is worthy the support of all good citizens, and that if such talent is to come to our town our best citizens must support the management financially.

3. But I believe that for me to attend this play would be to be misunderstood and therefore *distrusted* by hundreds of individuals with whom I work, and this would greatly hinder the particular work in which I have been placed in a leading position, and the work is of great importance. It may be that you can solve this problem As it now appears to me, I regard the, greatest good by staying away. I easily forego the personal gratification and profit, but I desire to take a *wise* as well as an honest position on all questions. C G B.

[Paul lays down in the 14th chapter of Romans a rule to govern us in such a case as this. We are not to do, because our faith is strong, the things which seem wrong to persons of weaker or less clear faith, when by so doing we shall lead them into sin or inflict upon them needless pain. You will really be stronger in giving expression to your views as a teacher if at the same time you are able to say, I am willing personally to forego whatever gratification or even benefit I might receive from a good play, and therefore stay away, not because I think the drama wrong, but because I have consideration for others who do think it wrong. This general principle appears to us to meet the question which you present, and which is constantly presenting itself to Christians in different forms.—EDS C. U.]

THE DIRECT TAX BILL.

You say you would be glad if any of your readers will state any reason for the passage of the Direct Tax bill, of which you claim to have little knowledge. The only reason I know is on the surface. It was the duty of the United States Government to defend itself against the attacks of the rebellious portion of its people. This could not then be done without the financial aid of the States, whose credit then was better than that of the Nation. Therefore the Government called on all the State governments for money. The loyal States (generally) paid, the disloyal did not. Equity between the several States demanded that the defaulting States be brought to payment, or otherwise those who did respond should be reimbursed. The first course is, practically, impracticable; the latter, then, is plainly just—*only* that.

The Nation was justified in exacting this special tax only by its necessities. Being now in far better condition to pay than we who relieved those necessities are to live without it, the return should be made. The benefit would, like the rain, fall upon the just and the unjust.
J. L. C.

TRUSTS AND PROTECTION.

A recent correspondent of The Christian Union suggests a plan for abolishing "trusts" by authorizing the President to proclaim "instant free trade" in those articles whose producers combine to raise the price—thus implying that the tariff in some way fosters "trusts." Won't your correspondent explain how a gas trust would be affected by a proclamation of "instant free trade" in gas, or what such a proclamation could do for the trust which controls the production of anthracite coal, in which we have had "free trade" for years Also, in the few exceptional cases where the tariff *is* concerned, how could the proclamation of "instant free trade" in kerosene oil affect the coal oil trust, unless it was by opening the market for the far more gigantic European Coal-Oil Trust, driving the American producers out of the business or else compelling them to become themselves members of the foreign trust, which would thus be made far more formidable and oppressive than any present trust? Some people seem to suppose that no such thing as a "trust" exists anywhere outside of the United States. Respectfully yours,
H. H. SWAIN.

A FORGOTTEN POINT IN THE COPYRIGHT DISCUSTION.

Thereis a moral question raised by the present discussion of the International Copyright scheme which requires further consideration than has been given it.

It is generally assumed that the admission of the principle that a man has a right to his own work requires the conclusion that the literary worker has the same exclusive right in his productions as the mechanical worker. Such a conclusion, however, is impossible in view of a fact which is generally ignored.

This fact is, that the author's right in his book is only a joint right, because his book is a joint product. Many workers beside the author have contributed to what he if permitted to call "his work," though it is not all his He has drawn at will upon the world's accumulated stores of knowledge and thought and models of expression from Homer to his own time. Many a book, we have heard it said, has been made in the Astor Library. Shakespeare, one of the most original and creative authors, was a large borrower of other men's labors. Thus a debt is contracted, which cannot be canceled like a debt for the materials and work furnished to the builder of a house. Such a debt constitutes a just and permanent lien upon the resulting product. This lien is asserted by the copyright law in a provision that the author's right shall revert to the public at the end of a certain time. The importance of this public right in his work is recognized by its assertion in the Constitution of the United States (art. 1., sec. 8, clause 8)

In view of this fact, it is a prodigious fallacy to pretend that the author's right in the book which he has written is on a par with his right in the house which he has built. My recent statement in The Christian Union, that a new novel does not belong to the author for any such reason as that which makes the new house belong to its builder, has been visited with much derision by the "Evening Post" and the "Nation," a "cranky" and "confused reasoning." Nevertheless, it is demonstrably true, though they have not permitted me to demonstrate it to their readers. Had I amplified my statement somewhat as follows, they would doubt less have seen the force of it.

The house belongs to the builder, because he built it out of his own resources. Those who supplied the materials and labor acquired shares in the house, which he bought out by just payments, which extinguished their rights therein, so that he now holds it by an exclusive right. Manifestly, the book cannot belong to the author by any such exclusive right. He did not write it out of his own resources. The now living world, heir as it is of the works of many generations of authors, has supplied him largely with materials from the labors of others, and has thereby acquired an inextinguishable right in his work. Hardly more than the form and color which he has imparted to it from his own mind is his. To this, indeed, he has a moral right, but to no more than this. His right must indeed be secured; but so must the public right. How to do this is the practical and somewhat difficult question, which society undertakes to settle by the copyright law, whose object is to secure the two joint rights involved in a book as a composite product. This it effects by a sort of compromise, first granting to the author an exclusive right, which is not morally his, and next, at the end of a limited time, canceling in the interest of the public the joint right which is morally his.

If the exclusive but limited right thus legally granted to the author is to be enlarged by an international law, the only justifiable allegation for the change is that existing arrangements do not secure him a just remuneration. This I have already shown in The Christian Union. It will not do to begin with the cock-sure assumption that the author has in a moral point of view an exclusive right in his book. Whenever we come to the division of a product to which capital and labor have jointly contributed, the rights of the capitalist have to be considered as well as the rights of the laborer. In the copyright question society figures as the capitalist, who has supplied the author as a laborer out of the public stores. It is not for people who ignore the moral right which belongs to society, as a joint partner in literary work, to bring the charge of moral obtuseness against dissent from their unfounded claim that literary property is wholly the author's own. In such a notion, now put forward for "an improvement of national morality," there is some justification of Proudhon's paradox that "property is robbery." We must insist upon what our friends of the Copyright League seem to have forgotten, that there is a wide difference between the occupant of public land and the owner in fee simple. JAMES M. WHITON.

BISHOP TAYLOR AND HIS WORK.

THE Rev. William Taylor, D.D., Bishop of Africa (M. E.) has returned to this country after four yearrs' active work in his self-supporting mission field He will attend the sessions of the General Conference in this city next month, and then visit his family in California. He expects to return to Africa in December. To a reporter of the "Tribune" Bishop Taylor said:

"We have been doing hard work in Africa in these four years, and we have established a foothold there which now begins to show for itself. Our plan is, you know, to establish mission stations which do not depend on outside aid, but which will support themselves. Our stations are established at intervals of a hundred miles or so. There are five in Gargola, seven on the Congo, three in Vassa, all penetrating the interior from the coast, and one is about 1,200 miles in the interior. In all we now have thirty-six mission stations among thirty-five different tribes. Thirty-one of our stations are manned, and five are waiting for more missionaries to arrive."

"Are you making many converts among the natives?"

"Undoubtedly we are doing so. We have schoolhouses in many of these stations, and our schoolhouses are our churches. Our property exceeds $20,000 in land and buildings. Our schools are not simply to educate in reading and writing, but they are industrial schools, which teach the natives the simpler industrial arts of civilization; some of our missionaries plow in the morning and teach in the afternoon."

"Has the country proved fatal to many of your missionaries?"

"You can judge from these facts. There have been 140 missionaries sent by us to Africa, and these have been located in different stations by me. We have now forty-eight men, twenty eight women, and fifteen children; the children are in their teens, all are now doing well; six men, six women, and three children have died; the remainder, thirty-four, a large number of them children, have been sent home. . . . Our steamboat is all right. It cannot be transported in a day or a month, but we expect before many months more to have it navigating the waters of the Congo, and there are 5,000 miles of navigable waters of that river."

Dr. McKenzie tells a good story of the Indians who replied, when a missionary asked them if they were willing to abstain from work on Sundays: "Yes, and not only on Sundays but on all other days as well!"

FACT AND RUMOR.

It was a good New England deacon who said in his prayer-meeting, "We thank thee, Lord, for this spark of grace; and we ask thee to water it." And it was a New England parson who announced to his congregation on a recent Sunday, "You will be sorry to hear that the little church at Jonesville is once more tossed upon the waves, a sheep without a shepherd."

In an Italian journal, "Il Giornale delle due Sicilie," there was, not long ago, a translation of a paragraph in an English newspaper, giving an account of a man having beaten his wife with a poker. The word "poker" was not intelligible to the editor. He, however, had the candor to admit his ignorance, which he did in the following language: "Non sappiamo, per certo, se questo 'pokero' Inglese sia uno strumento domestico o bensi chirurgico"—"We do not know with certainty whether the English poker is a domestic or a surgical instrument."

A Rio Janeiro paper has this item, which reminds one of the old days when Southern slave-catchers came North for their chattels: "Three slave-catchers went to Mogymirim, Sao Paulo, on the 22d ult. in search of fugitive slaves, and the good people of the place gave them a brilliant ovation. They were escorted through the streets with horns, kerosene cans, and all the necessary accompaniments."

"Murray's Magazine" tells of eight cats belonging to a railroad company who have under their charge from 100,000 to 400,000 empty corn-sacks, their business being to keep them free from mice. They are given their daily allowance of milk and cats' meat at the company's expense, and they fully earn their wages. The writer adds: "The holes in the sacks, which are eaten by the mice which are not eaten by the cats, are darned by twelve women who are employed by the company."

The success of the anti-vaccinationists is aptly shown by the results in Zürich, Switzerland, where for a number of years, until 1883, a compulsory vaccination law obtained, and small-pox was wholly prevented (not a single case occurred in 1882). The result was seized upon in the following year by the anti-vaccinationists, and used against the necessity for any such law, and it seems they had sufficient influence to cause its repeal. The death returns for that year (1883) showed that for every 1,000 deaths two were caused by small-pox; in 1884 there were three; in 1885 seventeen; and in the first quarter of 1886, eighty-five.

A sharp Maine constable opened a cement barrel the other day on suspicion. He found it packed solidly with sand wet down, and in the middle of the barrel was a twenty-gallon keg of whisky.

Frank Stockton says that he once saw an American girl, whose parents had become very rich since her education had been finished, walking through the galleries of the Louvre. She had been looking at some pictures by Raphael, all of which represented the Virgin Mary, and, turning to a companion, she said: "I believe his mamma must have been a Catholic."

SPEED ON ENGLISH RAILWAYS.

"You don't know what fast traveling means in this country."

An Englishman, who had recently made a trip throughout the New England States and the West, was discussing our railroad system with a friend at a café.

"Don't, eh? What do you say about our limited express to Chicago?"

"How fast do you claim that it runs?"

"Forty miles an hour."

"Now listen and I'll give you some news. In England third-class passenger ride from 40 to 45 miles an hour, and nobody pays extra fare on account of the speed. From New York to Albany it is 142 miles by a splendid track. There are ten express trains daily between these cities, and their average speed is 29 miles an hour. Between London and Sheffield, 162 miles, the Great Northern runs nine trains daily, with an average speed of 45 miles an hour. One train makes 50 miles an hour. Between New York and Boston the average speed is 30 miles an hour, and the fastest, a train composed exclusively of sleeping cars, makes 39 miles an hour. Between London and Manchester, 208 miles, there are 20 trains daily, with an average speed of 41 miles an hour, and some trains making 50. Between London and Glasgow, 440 miles, there are 13 daily expresses, and their average speed is almost 40 miles an hour, one train being much faster than this."

"Yes, but that is only on favored lines."

"Not at all. All over England and Scotland express trains composed of first, second, and third class carriages make from 35 to 50 miles an hour, while in America a 35 mile train is called a stroke of lightning. The fastest regular train in America, so I am told, is one on the Baltimore & Ohio, which makes the 40 miles between Washington and Baltimore in 50 minutes. There are three or four fast trains between New York and Philadelphia covering 46 miles an hour. Between Liverpool and Manchester there are 52 trains daily, none of them slower than 45 miles an hour and four of them making 51½ miles an hour."—[Mail and Express.

FLOWERS IN CHINA.—The Chinese have a passion for flowers. You may see on the hundreds of canals that cut up the country around Shanghai boats, whose dingy and miserable appearance betokens the poverty, even the beggary, of their occupants; and yet, near the stern, on the top of the saw bang, or cooking canopy—the "galley"—you will see from two o a dozen pots of flowers. Little Chinese girls nearly always place a sprig of some bright flower in their glossy tresses of raven black, and they sometimes show a good deal of taste in the arrangement of their nosegays.

Just about the first of February, or near the Chinese New Year, one may see men and boys selling branches of a small bush that bears a yellow flower, somewhat resembling the spicebush flowers of Virginia. The flower has, to a Chinese, associations bright and pleasant as those that clung around the far-famed hawthorn that bloomed in old England on "Old Christmas Day." You can buy in the market for a few *chien* or *cash* a little flower-pot with a few bulbs of daffodil in it, and by keeping it in the window of your room soon have a few bright-looking flowers. The Chinese do not plant in their parks such elaborate flower beds as the Americans and Europeans, but they are very fond of pot flowers.—[Vick's Magazine.

A NEAT BIT OF EVASION.—Not a bad example of an ambiguous answer is reported to the "Listener" by a Northern tourist as coming from the pilot of a steamboat on the Georgia coast. The tourist, who is a Yankee and was a Union soldier, was engaged in an easy conversation with the pilot in a moment of the latter's relaxation, and the pilot told him certain war reminiscences of an interesting character, without, however, directly intimating that he had any personal part in them. So the Yankee asked, point-blank:

"Which side were you on during the war?'

"The pilot gave him a glance which seemed to say, "You are too inquisitive," and then answered:

"I was on the other side."

Then he changed the subject of conversation. The Northern visitor is still speculating as to which the "other side" was; the other side from the questioner's, the other side from the side Georgia was on, the other side of the ocean, or the other side of the Canadian border

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THE "GREAT AMERICAN DESERT."

There is no more astounding proof of the growth of this Republic, says the "Journal of Commerce," than the fact that middle-aged men now living have seen the confines of this supposed desert shrink almost to nothingness. The desert has thus marvelously contracted, simply because it is not what we should call a desert, save in comparatively a few spots. The old theories about its sterility have all turned out wrong. It was supposed that, because for the most part treeless, it had no rainfall. Or, if a certain small quantity of rain was granted to it, then it was assumed that this was insufficient for farming purposes. Therefore, at its best estate, the "Great American Desert" could serve only as pasture ground for cattle and sheep, as originally it had served for millions of buffaloes.

Experience has proved this theory of a treeless waste and a rainless area to be all a mistake. There is a melancholy want of trees on the Western plains, but their absence does not entail a perpetual drought anywhere. And small though the annual precipitation of rain may be in some places, the pioneer has yet to find the spot (barring alkali lands and pure sand patches) where the heavens deny him water for the raising of grain and vegetables.

A writer in "Science" has set himself to answer the question, "Is the rainfall increasing upon the plains?" After a careful inspection of all the available data, he is of the opinion that there has been no increase of rainfall on the plains since they began to be settled up by farmers. They have planted many trees, it is true, but not enough to satisfy the theory which associates forests with moisture. The truth is, as the writer shows, that the prevalent ideas about the amount of rainfall necessary for farming operations were erroneous. As the pioneers have tested the capabilities of the soil in their Western march, they have discovered that a rainfall of twenty inches a year is not the indispensable minimum. They can get along with ten, and it remains to be seen if even less will not answer. They have found that, however slight the rainfall may be, it can be greatly encouraged by cultivation. When the plains are plowed and harrowed the rain sinks into the ground, and its evaporation is prevented by the crops whose roots it feeds. The improved conditions which Western people suppose to have been brought about by increased rainfall are merely due to the better conservation of the rain they get.

General Greely, the chief signal officer, has ably discussed this subject in a paper lately read before the Washington Philosophical Society. He declares that no part of the West can now positively be declared rainless. The area in which the rainfall has been popularly supposed to be less than fifteen inches has been reduced by a million of square miles since the census map of 1880 was prepared. Investigating the so-called "arid region," he discovers that the actual rainfall there is not less than sixteen inches, and in one locality thirty-seven. In refutation of the old notion that wheat could not be grown with less than twenty inches of rainfall, he cites statistics from Dakota showing that the grain was abundantly raised in the counties where the fall was between thirteen and fifteen inches only. These important results have been obtained from observations conducted at only one hundred stations in twelve States and Territories. As the number of posts is increased, our information on the subject will become more extensive and accurate. We doubt not that every year will assist in dispelling the illusion that any considerable tract of the ancient hypothetical desert is unavailable to the farmer.

DIVORCES IN ALGIERS.

Djamaa-el-Kébir ("the great mosque" near the Mosquée de la Pêcherie, dates back to the eleventh century, but there is little to indicate the antiquity of the building. At the entrance is the court where the cadi reigns supreme, settling family grievances and disputes, divorce cases, etc. I met there an old acquaintance, Mohammed, who was now a staid father of a family; years ago he posed for me, and would spin out long legends and stories of personal troubles, and real love affairs. His explanation of the planetary system was ingenious, but a little behind the times. Our earth rests, according to him and his forefathers, on a bull's horn; the bull stands on another world, which reposes again on another bull's horn, and so on; but when it comes to the question of where the seventh bull stands, we are not at liberty to inquire further into God's work, and must be content with what he has been pleased to reveal. My old friend Mohammed pretended to be waiting round the divorce court to get a settlement about some land in Kabylie; but as I met him three months after this time, and learned that he had lost his wife, I conjectured that he was simply waiting his turn to obtain a hearing with the cadi, and to say, "I divorce this woman," which makes matters easy in this country for a man who feels that he wants a change in his domestic realm. It is quite as easy for him to remarry the same woman; he can even repeat this farce three times (if the law is the same as in Egypt); but if he is thoroughly dissatisfied with his helpmeet, and has made up his mind that she is a nuisance, he can say, "I divorce this woman thrice," and that's the end of it.—[Harper's Magazine.

A JAPANESE BIBLE.—The completion of the translation of the entire Bible into the Japanese language was duly celebrated not long since. The Rev. John C. Hepburn, for many years a Presbyterian missionary in Japan, has done the bulk of the work, concerning which the Japanese "Mail" says:

"In reference to the style of the translation we would only remark that, while from certain standpoints it may be criticised, yet bearing in mind the classes the book is meant to circulate among—learned and unlearned—we think that the mingling of the *gagen* with the popular language is a happy choice on the part of the translators. They have avoided the difficult and abstruse language of the literati, and the vulgar expressions of the *zoku-go*, thus furnishing a book acceptable to the higher educated classes and at the same time capable of being understood by those who have not had large educational advantages. The 'Mail' adds this incident: On the desk was lying a beautifully bound copy of the whole Bible in five volumes presented to Dr. Hepburn by the National Bible Society of Scotland, on the last day of last year, immediately after, the completion of the translation. In the course of his remarks, Dr. Hepburn, suiting the action to the word, took the New Testament in one hand and the Old Testament in the other, and, reverently placing them together, laid the book down—a complete Bible. Knowing that he had spent the last sixteen years almost entirely on this work, and knowing the deep interest which he has in it, the audience was visibly moved at the simple but touching action which seemed to unite the work of the two committees into one."

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FINANCIAL.

The change in the money markets still continues toward greater ease; rates range on the very low scale from one and a half to two and a half per cent., with the bulk of call loans at two per cent., with short time loans at three per cent., and four months' loans at three and a half to four per cent. Yet these rates are to the advantage of loaners compared with the rates in the London markets, which are one and three-eighths to one and a half for short discounts. That the banks are amply provided with money these rates are plain proof, the Government accumulations not having as yet made any impression on the drift of money to New York from the interior. The ease in the European markets is due to the threatened disturbance in France, and the dying condition of the German Emperor, in part at least, though for a long time trade and manufactures have not been satisfactory in any of the leading European countries, due to the war apprehensions, which disturb commercial exchanges at home and abroad. The declaration of Congress in both houses, that the present law authorizing the purchase of bonds by the Secretary of the Treasury is quite valid and sufficient, has has finally convinced the Secretary that he has ample power to direct such purchases, and he has accordingly given notice that he will accept and consider offers daily, on and after April 23, from bondholders, to sell bonds to the Government. It will be his purpose, if bonds are forthcoming at reasonable prices, to absorb all the surplus in the future that may accumulate in the Treasury in the purchase of bonds; but every effort will doubtless be made by Congress to pass some bill or bills which will reduce the Government revenue. If it is found impracticable to pass a tariff bill which shall reduce the public revenue, it is believed that both parties will agree on some measure for the abolition of at least a part of the internal revenue taxes.

Exports are fully up to the corresponding periods of last year at present, though during the first quarter of the year the total value of products shipped is a few million dollars less than for the first quarter of 1887. But the continued absorption of our bonds and securities in the foreign markets protects us from any drainage of gold, securities acting as a settlement of exchanges which otherwise would draw away from our specie reserves. Railway building is continuing thus far in the United States on an equally large scale this year with the first three months of last year, though it is to be presumed that new enterprises in this direction will not continue over so extensive a field as they did in the later months of 1887. We may confidently look for a much larger acreage in cereal planting, especially, this year than last, on account of the extended area of cultivation opened by the ten to twelve thousand miles of new railway laid as compared with a year ago. The condition of the crops reported by the Bureau of Statistics this season thus far indicates backwardness; the season is at least two or three weeks behind the average, so that reports of conditions are not measures of relative condition really. The earnings of the railways are beginning again to improve after the extraordinary drawbacks of February and March, and the April returns are showing nearly as many gains as losses. Lean earnings might reasonably be expected, however, for two or three months, considering the great additions to our various railway systems, with which the old roads have to divide, and considering the comparatively small crops of last season. The Southern roads proper are showing gains, and, now that rates have been restored on the Western and Northwestern systems, there is good cause for anticipating a general improvement in these latter roads.

The condition of the coal trade is quite satisfactory, notwithstanding the heavy decline in production during the strike on the Reading line and in the Reading mines, for the aggregate mining of anthracite coal to date from January 1 this year is 9 251 591 tons, against 9 215.553 tons for the same period of 1887, and 1887 was a phenomenal year for coal operations.

The stock market is buoyant at the close of the week at advances ranging from two to five per cent. for some of the active stocks. There seems every prospect that the stock market and bond market will get free from the depressions of the past six months or a year, and make a generous advance. Good bonds are in great demand, while speculative bonds are beginning to feel an impetus toward improvement. The bank statement below is exceptionally favorable, as follows:

Loans, decrease	$3,614.600
Specie, increase	2,002,800
Legal tenders, increase	1,495,000
Deposits, increase	487,700
Reserve, increase	3,875,875

This raises the surplus reserve to $14 246, 295, with money very easy.

WALL STREET.

WHAT ARE THESE IMPURITIES?

The report of the Ohio State Dairy and Food Commission on baking powders shows a large amount of residuum or impurity to exist in many of these articles. The figures given by the Commisson are as follows:

NAME.	IMPURITIES OR RESIDUUM
Cleveland's	10 18 pr. ct.
Zipp's Crystal	11.99 "
Sterling	12 63 "
Dr. Price's	12 66 "
Forest City	24 04 "
Silver Star	31 88 "
De Land's	32 52 "
Horsford's	36.49 "

The question naturally arises in the minds of thoughtful consumers, Of what does this impurity or residuum consist? In the case of the first named powder there has been recently given the result of an analysis made by Professor C. F. Chandler, of Columbia College, late member of the New York State Board of Health, which partially supplies the missing information, and as the manufacturers of this particular powder are continuously calling for the publication of all the ingredients used in baking powders, there can be no objection to its statement here. Among the impurities Professor Chandler found Cleveland's powder to contain a large amount of Rochelle Salts, 5 49 per cent of lime, with alumina, starch, and water, in quantities not stated. Alum is a substance declared by the highest authorities to be hurtful. If the balance of this residuum in all the powders named is made up largely of alum, as it is known to be in some, the public would like to know it. Another official test that shall go quite to the bottom of the matter seems to be demanded.

Equitable MORTGAGE COMPANY.

CAPITAL SUBSCRIBED - $2,000,000
CAPITAL PAID IN (CASH) - 1,000,000

6 PER CENT. DEBENTURES and GUARANTEED FARM MORTGAGES. Interest payable semi-annually at any of our offices. Our mortgages are upon improved FARMS ONLY. We loan no money on the unduly stimulated property of the towns and cities. Also

MUNICIPAL BONDS.

OFFICES:
New York, 20 B'way | Phila., cor. 4th & Chest't;
Boston, 117 Devonshire St. | London, England.
SEND FOR PAMPHLET.

The Farnsworth Loan
Minneapolis, | & REALTY CO. | Minnesota.
Offer strictly choice First Mortgage Loans bearing 6 to 7 per cent. interest, well secured on selected properties in Minneapolis and St. Paul. *Perfect title, absolute security, prompt payment, good character, our invariable requirements.* We collect and remit principal and interest free to lender. Send for pamphlet containing forms and references East and West.

A SOLID 9 PER CENT
per annum first mortgages on productive Real Estate. Loans approved by Tacoma National Bank. BEST OF REFERENCES EAST AND WEST. Correspondence Solicited. Address ALLEN C. MASON, Tacoma, Wash. Ter.

SAFE INVESTMENTS
Capital, $750,000
Surplus, $355,016
Principal and interest both fully guaranteed by Capital and Surplus of $1,105,016. In seventeen years of business we have loaned $11,494,600, paying from
6% TO 12%
interest. $7,056,800 of interest and principal have been returned to investors without delay or the loss of a dollar. Real Estate First Mortgage and Debenture Bonds and Savings Certificates always on hand for sale—In Savings Departments, in amounts of $5 and upward; in the Mortgage Department, $300 and upward. Full information regarding our various securities furnished by
J. B. WATKINS LAND MORTGAGE CO.
LAWRENCE, KANSAS; or
New York Mang'r, HENRY DICKINSON, 319 Broadway.

NATIONAL LOAN & TRUST CO.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
ESTABLISHED 19 YEARS.
PAID-UP CAPITAL INCREASED TO $200,000. | HAVE LOANED NEARLY $5,000,000.
Real Estate Mortgage Loans Debenture Bonds.
Our loans are carefully selected in good localities. Every piece of property personally inspected. We are prepared to give investors the benefit of our judgment and experience, based on the above. Correspondence solicited, and all inquiries cheerfully answered.
Send for pamphlet.
G. F. PARMELEE, President.
E. WILDER, Vice-President.
E. L. SMITH, Treasurer.
T. L. STRINGHAM, Secretary.
Correspondents: Hanover National Bank, New York; National Bank North America, Boston.

BUSHNELL & BUSHNELL,
REAL ESTATE & PRIVATE BANKERS,
365 Robert Street, Cor. 5th, ST. PAUL, MINN.
Investments made. Money loaned. Interest coupons collected. We have a very large list of property in St. Paul and its environs. Reference: First National Bank, St. Paul Trust Co., National German American Bank, St. Paul, Minn. Correspondence solicited.

SAFEST OF ALL
INVESTMENTS.
First Mortgage Bonds 7 to 8 per cent. Semi-Annual Interest. Negotiated by W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO., in sums of $200 and upwards. Prompt Payment of Principal and Interest Coupons made and remitted to lender without charge. BEST LOCATION IN THE UNION. Fifteen years' experience. Ample Capital. Wide connections. Refer to the "Congregationalist." Send for Form, Circular, and references before you invest elsewhere.
W. B. CLARK INVESTMENT CO.,
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

6% GUARANTEED 7%
We invite persons wishing investments absolutely safe to examine the securities of the
American Investment Company.
Assets October 1, 1887, $1,883,9 9.
All loans and debentures fully guaranteed. Full information given by
A. L. ORMSBY, H. E. SIMMONS, Vice Pres'ts.
150 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

THE
WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE
Lawrence, **TRUST CO,** *Kansas.*
Capital, - - - $1,000,000.00
7 Per Cent. Guaranteed Mortgages
6 Per Cent. Gold Debentures.
S. O. THACHER, Prest. Nat. Bank, Lawrence, Kan., *President.*
G. W. E. GRIFFITH, President Merchants' Nat. Bank, Lawrence, Kan., *General Manager.*
F. M. PERKINS, 1st *Vice-Prest.* M. V. B. BULL, 2d *Vice-Prest.*
P. E. EMERY, *Auditor.* L. H. PERKINS, *Secretary.*
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ALBANY, N.Y. M. V. B. BULL & CO., M'rs N.Y. & N.E.
40 & 42 Wall St., N. Y. CITY. WM. T. PRATT, Mgr.
THERESA, N. Y. - - R. C. COLLINS, Agent.
102 S. 4th St., PHILA., PA. FRANK SKINNER, Mgr.
Write for full information.
L. H. PERKINS, Secretary, Lawrence, Kansas

THE MIDDLESEX BANKING CO
MIDDLETOWN, CONN.
Capital Stock, Paid up - - $600.000
6 PER CENT. *FIRST MORTGAGE* DEBENTURE BONDS
and Mortgage Notes Guaranteed. Interest payable at National Bank of the Republic, N. Y. Under same supervision as Savings Banks. Chartered 1872. The amount of outstanding obligation Limited by Statute. Offices: Boston, 54 Equitable Building; New York, 11 Wall St. Philadelphia, 512 Walnut St

ABSOLUTE SAFETY.
KANSAS INVESTMENT CO.
OF TOPEKA, AND
131 DEVONSHIRE ST., BOSTON.
GEO. C. MORRILL, Vice-Pres't. H. E. BALL, Pres't.
P. T. BARTLETT, Ass t Sec. B. R. WHEELER, Sec.
DEBENTURE BONDS
Secured by First Mortgage Loans deposited with the
BOSTON SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.
FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.
Principal and Interest Guaranteed.

Connecticut General Life Insurance Company.
23d ANNUAL STATEMENT,
JANUARY 1st, 1888
(Condensed.)

Receipts in Year 1887,	$296,061 08
Disbursements "	204,412 98
Assets, Jan'y 1st, 1888,	$1,716,606 23
Liabilities, " "	1,296,365 36
Surplus to Policy Holders by Conn. and Mass. Standard,	$420,240 87

Of which $181,001.44 is a special reserve due to Savings Endowment policies.
T. W. RUSSELL, Pres't.
F. V HUDSON, Sec'y.

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y
Its main lines and branches include CHICAGO, PEORIA, MOLINE, ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, MUSCATINE, KANSAS CITY, ST. JOSEPH, LEAVENWORTH, ATCHISON, CEDAR RAPIDS, WATERLOO, MINNEAPOLIS, and ST. PAUL, and scores of intermediate cities. Choice of routes to and from the Pacific Coast. All transfers in Union depots. Fast trains of Fine Day Coaches, elegant Dining Cars, magnificent Pullman Palace Sleepers, and (between Chicago, St. Joseph, Atchison and Kansas City) Reclining Chair Cars, Seats Free, to holders of through first-class tickets.

Chicago, Kansas & Nebraska R'y
"Great Rock Island Route."
Extends West and Southwest from Kansas City and St. Joseph to NELSON, HORTON, BELLEVILLE, TOPEKA, HERINGTON, WICHITA, HUTCHINSON, CALDWELL, and all points in
KANSAS AND SOUTHERN NEBRASKA
and beyond. Entire passenger equipment of the celebrated Pullman manufacture. All safety appliances and modern improvements.

The Famous Albert Lea Route
Is the favorite between Chicago, Rock Island, Atchison, Kansas City and Minneapolis and St. Paul. Its Watertown branch traverses the great
"WHEAT AND DAIRY BELT"
of Northern Iowa, Southwestern Minnesota, and East Central Dakota to Watertown, Spirit Lake, Sioux Falls and many other towns and cities.
The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers superior facilities to travel to and from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other Southern points.
For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office or address
E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager. E. A. HOLBROOK, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt
CHICAGO, ILL.

6% GUARANTEED,
FIRST MORTGAGES UPON IMPROVED FARMS AND CITY PROPERTY IN KANSAS
Always to be had of us at 6 & 7 per cent. Interest semi-annually. Collected and remitted free of such
ESTABLISHED JAN. 1ST. 1874 WE HAVE INVESTED 3,500,000 DOLLARS WITHOUT LOSS

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INVESTMENT BANKERS AND LOAN AGENTS,
TOPEKA, KANSAS,
And get their *Investors' Guide* free, and read the profitable experience of the patrons of this House

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1888.

WHERE TO SEND MAGAZINES AND PAPERS.

We have received a number of letters inclosing a slip cut from the issue of April 12 containing the letter asking where one can dispose of back numbers of magazines. From these letters we print the following extracts:

At Harcourt Place Seminary we have a reading-room of which we are justly proud, and would be glad to avail ourselves of this offer. The pamphlets can be sent, C. O. D., to Harcourt Place Seminary, Gambier, Ohio, care of H. N. Hills.

Editor Christian Union:

I beg to say, in response to the inclosed slip from the Union of the current week, that Worcester Academy, supported by the American Home Missionary Society, is a place where said magazines would be very useful. An account of Worcester Academy and Vinita may be found in the New York "Evening Post," November 4 last, or November 10, I forget which.

As to the "Hearty Indorsement" following said slip, may I second it? What is all this trouble about the theater and amusements but an attempt to put the discipline of the convent and monastery into our social life? All this has been tried and found worse than useless both for the church and the world. The church is not at its best when it isolates itself from the world and frowns and says, "Danger!" when the world knows better. The leaven is for the lump. The gospel of true tastes and high aims must be preached. The dramatic art, like all art, can and must be made the handmaid and not the foe nor victim of the church.

Sincerely yours, J McC.

WORCESTER ACADEMY, VINITA, Indian Territory, April 15, 1888.

There is, in the mountains of North Carolina, a population which for generations has lived in a measure secluded from the rest of the world. They are an intelligent and worthy people, anxious to improve and to give their children better educational advantages than they themselves have enjoyed. There are but few books in the country, and libraries are unknown. It is proposed to establish a free library at Ledger, Mitchell County, N. C. A building has been erected and so far completed as to be ready for the reception of books. Contributions of books, engravings, photographs, music, etc., etc. (old or new), are solicited, and may be sent to Gould & Watson Co., 110 Water Street, Boston, who will pack and forward them. Those wishing more information in regard to this matter will please address Professor C. H. Wing, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.

BOSTON.

Books and magazines will also be gladly received at the following addresses: O. O. Smith, Society of Christian Endeavor, Neponset, Ill.; Edward H. Evans, 252 Broadway, Chairman of Visitation of the Sick Committee of Twenty-third Street Branch of Young Men's Christian Association; Kidder Institute, Kidder, Mo.; Bellevue Hospital, New York City; Brooklyn Railroad Coffee-Rooms, Wyckoff Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Plainville Reading-Room, Plainville, Ohio; and Charles A. Payne, Eau Claire, Wis.

MOTTOES.

[Owing to the extraordinary number of mottoes which have been sent in, it will be possible for us to publish only a fraction of them. A few more will be published next week, but a great many having much literary value will remain unpublished.—PUB C. U.]

Editing is *a trade*. Study, variety, brevity, point, solidity, elegance, brilliancy, truth, wit, justice, mercy, accuracy, pungency, spirituality, worldly wisdom, good nature, snap, grace, and the divine art of "putting things."—[Henry Ward Beecher.

T. D. R.

Look up and not down; forward and not backward; and lend a hand.—[E. E. Hale. M. C.

There is need of a broad, evangelical interpretation of the Gospel which shall be credible by a man's whole nature.—[Rev. C. A Berry.

M. E. P.

Decision is the Soul of Dispatch.—*Lord Bacon.*

An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—[Franklin.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.—[George Eliot. MRS. S. O. W.

ORLANDO, Florida

"Union in spirit and deed,
Not in forms and creed."

"Educating the homes, we evangelize the world."

"Philanthropy, Morality, Spirituality."

BROOKLYN, N. Y. I. O.

Knowing, what all experience serves to show,
No mud can soil us but the mud we throw.
—[Lowell.

Were there no God within to stir the brain,
The God without would speak to us in vain.
—[Goethe.

Die to the old, live to the new;
Grow strong with each to-morrow.
—[Goethe.

BROOKLYN, N. Y. MARY L. B. B.

"Exigent minds say this is true or that is true, and give no other alternative. Tolerant minds say this is true *and* that is true."

"Who dares not speak his free thoughts is a slave."

EDINA, MO. MRS. A. V. L.

Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship as if thou wert to die to-day.
—[Tuscan Proverb. S. J. S.

NEWTOWN, Conn.

. . . I spoke as I saw,
I report as a man may of God's work—all's love, yet all's law.—[Browning. H. B. M.

FALLS VILLAGE, Conn.

Above all nations is Humanity.—[Goldwin Smith(?).

A man who will do faithfully needs to believe firmly.—[Carlyle. O. L. E.

ITHACA, N. Y.

"May the record of to-day bear the light of to-morrow." H. F. P.

TWINSBURG, Summit County, O.

"A molder of character for the young and a comfort for the aged." M. R. M.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont.

"Know the truth, and be able to tell it forcibly, charitably." E. S. P.

MARYSVILLE, O.

Truth is the greatest good that man can receive, and the goodliest blessing God can give.—[Plutarch.

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle." E. J. B.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.—[Goethe. I.

DETROIT, Mich.

Man's life is a progress and not a station.—[Emerson.

Never was a sincere word utterly lost.—[Emerson. A. J. H.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn.

"Let there be light." G. C. H.

ELK RIVER, Minn.

As well to create good precedents as to follow them.—[Lord Bacon.

Keep thy purpose with courage.—[Thomas à Kempis.

Power to do good is the true and lawful end of aspiring.—[Lord Bacon.

The mind drinketh in ideas as flame melteth into flame.—[Tupper.

To choose time is to save time.—[Lord Bacon.

To speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, and make good what we promise.—[Tillotson.

Keep forever in view the momentous value of life.—[John Foster. M. W. S.

JERSEY SHORE, Pa.

Thou knowest not what argument
Thy life to thy neighbor's creed hath lent.
NEW YORK CITY. —[Emerson.

The right to live involves the purpose to live aright.
When growth ceases, decay begins.
PROVIDENCE, R. I. C. A. C.

"Turn from the irreparable past to the available future." M. P. A.

HARTFORD, Conn

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.—Sir Philip Sidney.

NEWBURYPORT, Mass. F. E. P.

"They must upward still and onward
Who would keep abreast with Truth."

HOMER, N. Y. J. E. S.

In the unreasoning progress of the world
A wider spirit is at work for us,
A better eye than ours.—[Wordsworth.

BENSON, Vt. L. N. J.

A CHICAGO IDEA.

This circular explains itself. The project deserves success and imitation:

ECONOMIC CONFERENCES BETWEEN BUSINESS MEN AND WORKING MEN.

It is proposed to endeavor to make business men and working men better acquainted with one another's views.

How many business men have attended workingmen's meetings and know at first hand what their ideas and aims are?

How many workingmen ever hear their employers or other leaders of business enterprise explain their views and the problems with which they have to deal?

What is needed is to bring these people together, and to help each to understand the other. Such is the *aim*, at least, of the proposed Economic Conferences. They have been arranged with a sincere desire to promote a better feeling in the community.

It needs but a glance at the programme appended to see that men fairly representing the great business interests of Chicago, and the different phases of thought and organization among workingmen, are to take part in turn. It would, of course, be most desirable that working people should hear the addresses from the business man's standpoint, and that business men should largely make up the audience of the representatives of the workingmen. At least it is hoped that business men will not allow it to be said that they are unwilling to take the trouble to hear the ideas of the workingmen, when an occasion offers and a special invitation is extended to them. An earnest appeal is hereby made to their patriotism and love of fair play. It is believed that workingmen will come in out good numbers.

The choice of Sunday evening will, it is believed, give offense to no one who remembers that this is the time when workingmen have most leisure.

The meetings will be open to all. No admission fee will be charged.

The programme for the next four weeks is as follows:

April 29, "Is the Board of Trade Hostile to the Interests of the Community?" Charles L. Hutchinson. May 6, "A View from the Labor Sanctum," Joseph R. Buchanan. May 13, "Socialism as a Remedy," Franklin MacVeagh. May 20, "An American Trade-Unionist's View of the Social Question," A. C. Cameron.

SPREADING THE LIGHT.

We clip the following paragraph from "The People's Tabernacle," Cleveland, Ohio:

"In this paper we commence the publication of an article from The Christian Union on "How Shall We Reach the Masses?" by J. H. Ecob. It has the right ring, and is pure coin all the way through. Let every reader of this paper read the article, and when done with the paper pass it around. This is only one of the great number of sterling articles which The Christian Union publishes every week. It is one of the best edited and one of the most enjoyable papers published in the United States."

HOW TO FIND A JOB.

At one of the mills in the city of Boston a boy was wanted, and a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts, so that all the boys could see as they passed by. The paper read:

"Boy wanted. Call at the office to-morrow morning."

At the time named there was a host of boys at the gate All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and he said: "Now, boys, when I only want one of you, how can I choose from so many?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and, driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with the stick a little distance from the tree should have the place.

The boys all tried hard, and, after three hard trials, each failed to hit the nail. The boys were told to come again next morning, and this time when the gate was opened there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up the stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it nearly every time.

And the boy, looking up, said: "You see, sir, we are poor, and I thought I would like to get the place; and after going home yesterday I drove a nail in the barn and practiced throwing at it, and have come down this morning to try again."

The boy was admitted to the place.

Many years have passed since then, and this boy is now a prosperous man; and at the time of an accident at the mills he was the first to step forward with a gift of $500 to relieve the sufferers. It is easy to see how his success came.—[Ex.

THE GATE CITY STONE FILTER.

A FILTER WHICH REALLY FILTERS

Publisher Christian Union:

As the question what constitutes a reall effective and useful filter seems to be at the present time a mooted one, it may be of interest to your readers to place before them some useful information in relation to that filter which is, in cheapness, in simplicity, and in the thorough manner in which it accomplishes its end, unequaled by any similar apparatus of which the writer has any knowledge.

The apparatus consists of two stone jars, one resting upon the other. The bottom of the upper jar is the filtering medium, being made of a natural stone, sufficiently porous to admit of perfectly free percolation, while it retains upon its upper surface all the impurities, so detrimental to health, which are held in suspension in the unfiltered water as placed in the upper receptacle.

This stone, by being brushed off occasionally, remains free and clean from deposits. It also purifies the water by chemical action, owing to the peculiar chemical constitution of the stone.

An excellent evidence of the permanent internal purity of the filtering stone is that the impurities are left deposited upon its surface, and, were they not removed by the brush, as directed, would interfere with and finally put a stop to the filtering process. This also of itself goes to prove that the so-called mode of filtration through sand beds is really of little or no value. These sand beds remain virtually uncleansed, or only partially so, for years, in consequence of which the impurities remain in the sand, constantly increasing, the water, of course, being proportionately impure after passing through such a contaminated medium. The layer of refuse filth on the surface of the sand continually breaks away, for if it did not the water would not percolate through it, as the stone filter proves to us, it becoming useless unless the layer of refuse be brushed away whenever the receptacle is replenished. We have examined fragments of a stone filter which was in constant use for five years, and its white surface is stained, but to an infinitesimally small degree, the thin stain being the only evidence of the use to which it had been put. Chemically, as well as microscopically, the water, after passing through the stone filter, is, to all intents and purposes, perfectly pure, and is rendered entirely harmless to health and delightful as a beverage.

The Gate City Stone Filter is not an unsightly, unwieldy machine, occupying a great deal of space, but an elegant addition to any dining-room, office, or other apartment. It was shown to us in a great variety of designs, and at prices to suit the thrifty housekeeper, or the purchaser who wishes to combine artistic elegance with practical utility. The warerooms are at 46 Murray Street, New York.

A. W. J., M.D.

NEW YORK, April 21, 1888.

"TURN THE RASCALS OUT!"

The following rascally intruders may be turned out, easily, safely, reasonably, and radically. Rheumatic pains; Nervous disorders; Dyspeptic difficulties; Liver derangements and other old and obstinate maladies which have defied ordinary medicines Full particulars free. Address Walter C. Browning, M. D., 1,235 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

MADAM PORTER'S COUGH BALSAM is one of the best remedies for COughs and Colds. Successfully used over fifty years.

FUGITIVE POEMS.

RAMABAI.

By Lucy Larcom

The little Hindu maiden heard a voice amid the lull
Of singing streams and rustling leaves, in groves of Gungamul;
It swept along the mountain wind down to the Western sea—
Heaven whispering to the listening earth "Truth, like the air, is free!"

That word had winged her father's feet from fettering caste away,
To give his fledglings liberty for flight in ampler day
Than Manu's cage-like code allowed; and so the maiden grew
To reach of thought and insight clear so dim zenana knew.

Child of the lone Ghaut Mountains! flower of India's wilderness!
She knows that God unsealed her lips her sisters dumb to bless;
Gave her the clews to lead them forth from where they blindly grope;
Bade her unlock their dungeon doors, and light the lamps of hope.

Bravest of Hindu widows! how dare we look at thee,
So fearless in love's liberty, and say that we are free?
We, who have heard the voice of Christ, and yet remain the slaves
Of indolence and selfishness, immured in living graves!

O Ramabai, may we not share thy task, almost divine?
Thy cause is womanhood's, is Christ's, our work no less than thine.
The Power that unseals sepulchers will move thy little hand!—
The stone rolls back; they rise—they breathe! the women of thy land! —[Selected.

OUR OLD FRIEND NEVERFAIL.

By James Whitcomb Riley.

Oh, it's good to ketch a relative 'at's richer and don't run
When you holler out to hold up, and 'il joke and have his fun;
It's good to hear a man called bad and then find out he's not,
Er strike some chap they call lukewarm 'at's really red-hot;
It's good to know the devil's painted just a leetle black,
And it's good to have most anybody pat you on the back;
But just the best thing in the world's our old friend Neverfail,
When he wags yer hand as honest as an old dog wags his tail.
I like to strike the man I owe the same time I can pay,
And take back things I've borried, and su'prise folks thataway;
I like to find out that the man I voted fer last fall
That didn't get elected was a scoundrel after all;
I like the man that likes the pore and he'ps 'em when he can;
I like to meet a ragged tramp 'at's still a gentleman;
But most I like—with you, my boy—our old friend Neverfail,
When he wags yer hand as honest as an old dog wags his tail. —[Selected.

IN A LIBRARY.

By Richard E. Burton.

A wealth of silence, that is all. The air
Lacks life and holds no tint of tender spring,
Of flowers wholesome-blowing, birds a-wing,
Of any creature much alive and fair.
Perchance you guess a murmur here and there
Among the tomes, each book a gossip thing,
And each in her own tongue—yet slumbering
Seems more the bookish fashion everywhere.

But ah! could but the souls take flesh again
That wrought these words, their hearts all passion-swirled,
What companies would flock and fill the stags,
Resuming now their old imperious reign!
Knight, noble, lady, priest, the saint and sage,
The valor, bloom, and wisdom of a world.
—[American.

TEMPEST-TOSSED.

By Elizabeth Oakes Smith.

I saw a fair white bird with bleeding wing,
Her bosom lay aslant the driving rack
Beating an upward way; anon would ring
A burst of song borne by the tempest back.
I could have wept to see her snowy breast
Flecked with the purple of her wounded heart,
Save that my soul a kindred joy confessed
To see the bird quailed not beneath the smart
But onward held her way with upward eye;
Though gathering clouds embraced her quivering form
And hurtling arrows round her threatening fly,
Still landward came her song all through the mighty storm. —[Exchange.

"LIGHT FROM ABOVE."

In the days when nature and revelation were pitted against each other, David Hume, the skeptic, wrote an essay on the sufficiency of the light of nature. Dr. Robertson, the historian, replied to it by an essay on the insufficiency of the light of nature, and the necessity of revelation. The two gentlemen were friends, though antagonists. One evening at Robertson's house, where a literary party had assembled, nature and revelation was the topic of conversation.

Hume was present, and joined in the conversation, and urged his view with his usual subtlety; while Dr. Robertson set forth his faith in revelation with great clearness and power.

Hume rose to depart before the other guests, to whom he bowed as he retired through the door, followed by the host with a light to show him the way.

"Pray don't trouble yourself," said Hume to his host: "I find *the light of nature always sufficient.*"

He walked on, along the hall, stumbled over something, pitched through the open front door down the steps and into the street. Dr. Robertson ran after him with the light, and, holding it over him and assisting him to rise, said, quietly, "You had better have *a light from above*, Mr. Hume."—[Youth's Companion.

A sensational putting of things about the church and church members is the rage of the time, says the "Christian Advocate," referring to some newspaper misreports of Methodist conventions. A Bohemian (a person who goes about gunning, fishing, or, according to his grade, *scavengering* for items which he sells to the papers) heard that a wealthy member of a Christian church had been drunk in a prayer meeting, had risen up to address the minister, and was so much under the influence of liquor that he fell to the floor. He hurried to the church for the facts and when informed that the brother was subject to epileptic fits, and had merely been seized in church, expressed great disappointment, stating that he could have gotten $25 for *a case of drunkenness in a church member at prayer-meeting*, but could not hope to get over five for a simple case of *fits*."

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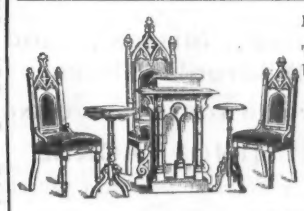

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OFFICE OF THE

ATLANTIC

Mutual Insurance Company,

NEW YORK, January 24, 1888.

The Trustees, in Conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st of December, 1887.

Premiums on Marine Risks from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,642,969 00
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st January, 1887		1,417,600 18
Total Marine Premiums		$5,060,569 22
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1887, to 31st December, 1887		$3,072,331 21
Losses paid during the same period	$1,592,468 95	
Returns of Premiums and Expenses	$788,846 38	
The Company has the following Assets, viz.:		
United States and State of New York Stock, City, Bank, and other Stocks		$8,622,565 00
Loans secured by Stocks and otherwise		1,559,100 00
Real Estate and Claims due the Company, estimated at		474,439 88
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable		1,362,956 07
Cash in Bank		218,192 40
Amount		$12,237,283 35

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof or their legal representatives on and after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1883 will be redeemed and paid to the holder thereof, or their legal representatives, on an after Tuesday, the Seventh of February next from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and canceled.

A dividend of forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1887, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the First of May next.

By order of the Board,

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary

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SIXTY-NINTH SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT,
JANUARY, 1888.

CASH CAPITAL,	$3,000,000 00
Reserve Premium Fund,	3,274,761 00
Reserve for Unpaid Losses, Claims and Taxes,	400,118 80
Reserve for Sinking Fund,	10,612 06
Net Surplus	1,375,690 75
CASH ASSETS,	$8,061,182 61

SUMMARY OF ASSETS.

Cash in Banks	$189,913 06
Bonds and Mortgages, being first lien on Real Estate	621,300 00
United States Stocks (market value)	2,051,900 00
Bank and Railroad Stocks and Bonds (market value)	2,036,567 50
State and City Bonds (market value)	226,000 00
Loans on Stocks, payable on demand	608,750 00
Interest due and accrued on 1st January, 1888	88,251 57
Premiums uncollected and in hands of Agents	341,583 89
Real Estate	1,349,067 59
Total,	$8,061,182 61

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